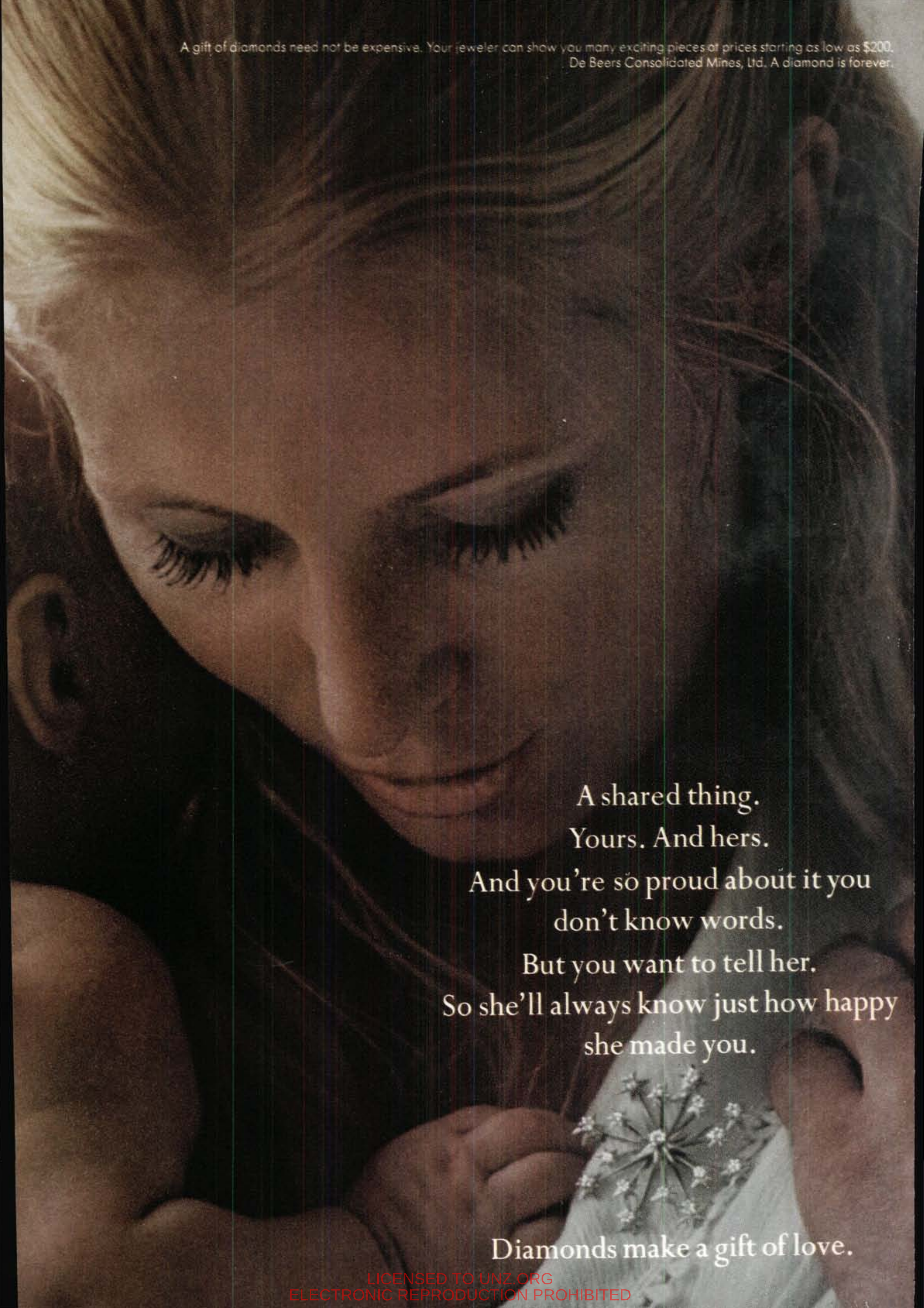
June 27, 1970

Price 50 cents

VERNIER RADCLIFFE MEMORIAL LIBRARY
LOMA LINDA UNIVERSITY
LOMA LINDA, CALIF.
JUN 30 1970

THE NEW YORKER

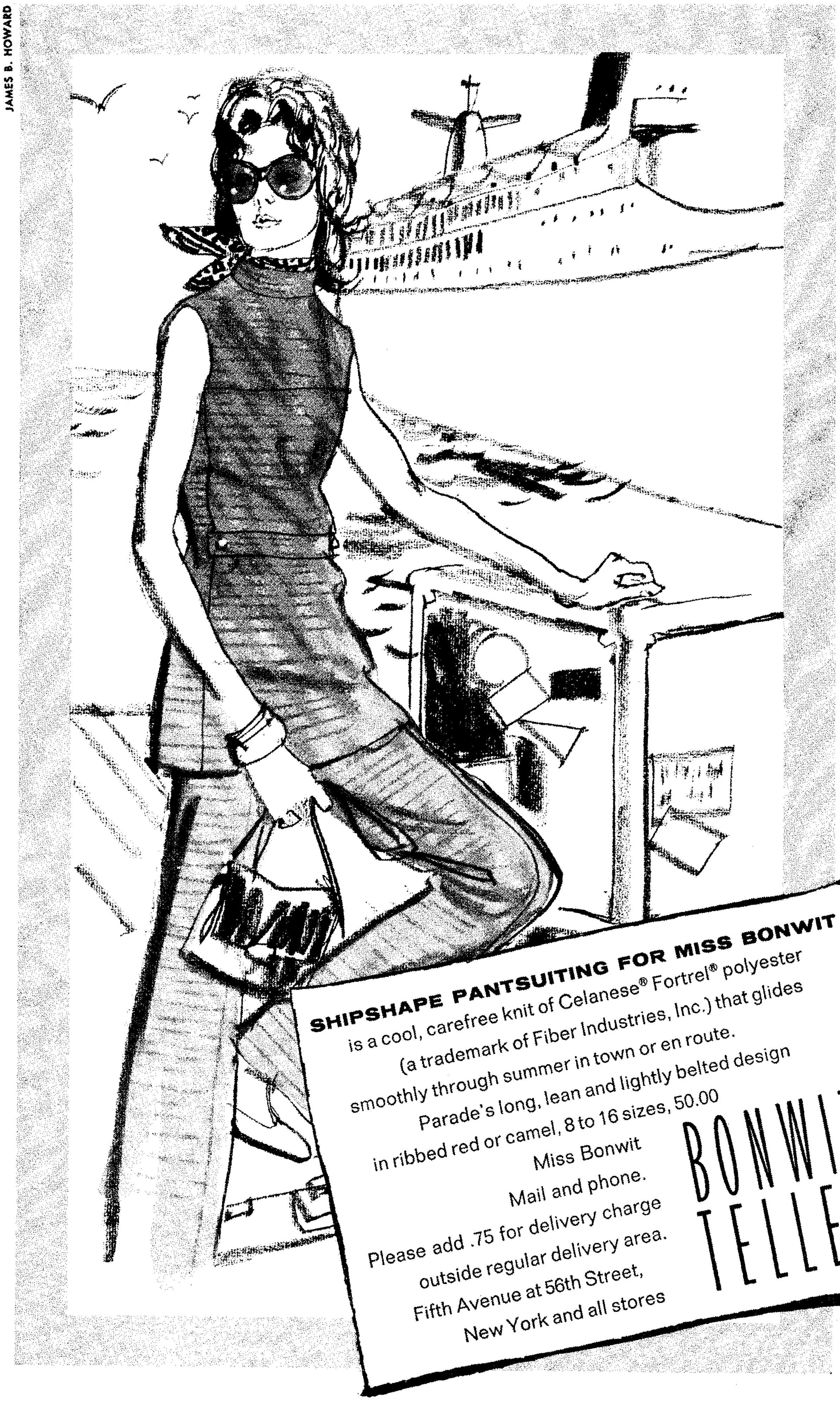
Ronald Searle



A gift of diamonds need not be expensive. Your jeweler can show you many exciting pieces at prices starting as low as $200.
De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd. A diamond is forever.

A shared thing.
Yours. And hers.
And you're so proud about it you
don't know words.
But you want to tell her.
So she'll always know just how happy
she made you.

Diamonds make a gift of love.



SHIPSHAPE PANTSUITING FOR MISS BONWIT
is a cool, carefree knit of Celanese® Fortrel® polyester
(a trademark of Fiber Industries, Inc.) that glides
smoothly through summer in town or en route.
Parade's long, lean and lightly belted design
in ribbed red or camel, 8 to 16 sizes, 50.00
Miss Bonwit
Mail and phone.
Please add .75 for delivery charge
outside regular delivery area.
Fifth Avenue at 56th Street,
New York and all stores

BONWIT TELLER

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Awake and Sing!—A satisfactory revival after thirty-five years of Clifford Odets' masterpiece—a moving and funny play that is much less dated than you might expect. (Bijou, 357 W. 48th St. 541-9820. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Boesman and Lena—James Earl Jones, Ruby Dee, and Zakes Mokae are the entire cast of this play by Athol Fugard. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Borstal Boy—A violent and merry evening with Brendan Behan, brilliantly reincarnated by Niall Toibin and Frank Grimes. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Butterflies Are Free—A slick and heartless little comedy that may make you laugh in spite of yourself. The best things about it are Keir Dullea, Eileen Heckart, and Blythe Danner. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Cage—The horrors and brutality of prison life, as portrayed by six actors, all of them ex-convicts, including the play's author, Rick Cluchey. The situation depicted is indeed dreadful, but the play could be a lot better. (Playhouse, 357 W. 48th St. 541-9820. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 2:30.)

Charley's Aunt—A revival of Brandon Thomas's comedy, with Louis Nye, Maureen O'Sullivan, Martyn Green, Melville Cooper, and Eric Berry. Directed by Harold Stone. Previews Tuesday through Saturday matinée, June 30-July 4. Opens officially on Saturday, July 4, at 8:30. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Child's Play—Demonic hanky-panky in a Catholic boys' school, cleverly written by Robert Marasco and starring Fritz Weaver, Pat Hingle, Ken Howard, and a passel of murderous adolescents, all mercifully speechless. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Colette—Zoe Caldwell gives a great and totally satisfying performance in this fine dramatization of Colette's autobiographical writings, and she is ably supported by the rest of the cast. Elinor Jones is the dramatist. Harvey Schmidt and Tom Jones have written a number of delightful songs, which are scattered throughout. (Ellen Stewart, 240 E. 3rd St. 477-4400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. There is a parking lot across the street from the theatre. A bus leaves the theatre after each performance and eventually winds up at Times Square.)

The Dirtiest Show in Town—A play by Tom Eyen. Previews through Friday, June 26. Opens officially on Saturday, June 27, at 8. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8.)

The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-in-the-Moon Marigolds—What matters most in this domestic play is the character of its scornful, wisecracking, funny, and very touching heroine. She is given a fine performance by Sada Thompson, who gets much assistance from Pamela Payton-Wright, Amy Levitt, and Judith Lowery. The dramatist is Paul Zindel. Melvin Bernhardt directed. (Mercer-O'Casey, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3937. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			24	25	26	27
28	29	30	1	2	3	4

Last of the Red Hot Lovers—Another Neil Simon certitude. James Coco is exceedingly funny as a fat, middle-aged man in search of dalliance, and he is ably assisted by Linda Lavin, Marcia Rodd, and Doris Roberts, who don't dally much. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—A deplorable revival of **BEGGAR ON HORSEBACK**, an old play by George S. Kaufman and Marc Connelly. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Nightly at 8. Matinée Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, June 27.)

Room Service—The nineteen-thirties farce about hard times off Times Square is as funny as ever. Ron Leibman heads an excellent cast. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. PL 7-7164. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

What the Butler Saw—A devilishly wicked and devilishly funny farce, by the late Joe Orton, about a psychiatrist whose troubles begin when he tries to seduce a young applicant for the job of his secretary. The production, as directed by Joseph Hardy, is appropriately nutty and always clear. (McAlpin Rooftop Theatre, Broadway at 34th St. 239-6688. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**ADAPTATION** and **NEXT:** Two one-acters—the first by Elaine May, the second by Terrence McNally, and both directed by Miss May. (Greenwich Mews, 141 W. 13th

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 25
"THE ORPHANED SWIMMING POOL" . . . . . *John Updike* 30
"BY DAYLIGHT AND IN DREAM" (POEM) . . . . . *John Hall Wheelock* 33
"PATERNITY" . . . . . *Richard Berczeller* 34
"LATER STILL" (POEM) . . . . . *Philip Levine* 38
U.S. JOURNAL: WEST CHESTER, PENNSYLVANIA . . . . . *Calvin Trillin* 42
THE THEATRE (OFF BROADWAY) . . . . . *Edith Oliver* 50
"DESCENT" (POEM) . . . . . *Margaret Atwood* 50
OUR LOCAL CORRESPONDENTS (DUKE ELLINGTON) . . . . . *Whitney Balliett* 52
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE (FEMININE FASHIONS) . . . . . *Kennedy Fraser* 57
LETTER FROM PARIS . . . . . *Genêt* 59
THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . . . *Susan Lardner* 62
LETTER FROM BERLIN . . . . . *Joseph Wechsberg* 69
"JULY AND THE BOAT" (POEM) . . . . . *Thomas Snapp* 72
THE RACE TRACK . . . . . *Audax Minor* 75
BOOKS . . . . . *Naomi Bliven* 76
  BRIEFLY NOTED 82

COVER: *Ronald Searle*

DRAWINGS: *William O'Brian, Alan Dunn, Joseph Farris, William Steig, Barney Tobey, George Price, Warren Miller, Frank Modell, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Peter Porges, Stan Hunt, Mischa Richter, James Stevenson, Eldon Dedini, Edward Frascino, J. B. Handelsman, Lee Lorenz*

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, OXFORD 5-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, OXFORD 5-1414

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give two weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code for both addresses.

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman and president; David D. Michaels, publisher; Milton Greenstein and Marvin Rosenthal, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee, treasurer; Myra L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; William P. Buxton, advertising director; Leigh Doorly, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 6 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60602; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90005; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30309; 437 Boylston St., Boston, Mass. 02116; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W. 1. Vol. XLVI, No. 19, June 27, 1970. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1970 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: U.S. and possessions, 1 year, $10.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $11.00; other foreign, $13.00.

REVSON 1970

‘Because summer’s the time
to go light on clothes,
jewels, whatever touches skin,
I have made this the
lightest nightcream possible.’

Charles Revson

New Warm Weather Wrinkle Creme

The first fluffed-to-a-cloud *summer-weight* cream that deals—smashingly—with problems of dryness.

This pillowy, peachy cream feels refreshingly cool. Clean. Buoyantly light on your skin. Gets taken in completely (your face sleeps virtually bareskinned). Yet it *teems* with rich, rare concentrated oils. Enough to light into the toughest dry-skin problems you’re likely to face. Now that summer’s upon us could the timing be shrewder?

‘Ultima’ II
by Charles Revson

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

St. 243-6800. Mondays through Thursdays, at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE BOYS IN THE BAND:** A comedy about a birthday party at which the host and at least seven of his eight guests are homosexuals. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE CONCEPT:** A drama about the rehabilitation of heroin addicts at a community called Daytop, on Staten Island. (Pocket, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Thursday and Friday at 8:30, and Saturday at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesday at 2 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, June 28, for the summer.) . . . **FORTY CARATS:** A bauble that gives off a very pleasant sparkle. With June Allyson and Tom Poston. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **NO PLACE TO BE SOMEBODY:** Charles Gordone's play, set in a West Village saloon owned by a Negro. The actors include Nathan George (prop.), Henry Baker, Nick Lewis, and Marge Eliot. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **PLAZA SUITE:** Three playlets by Neil Simon that defy you not to laugh at them, cruel as they sometimes are. Peggy Cass and Don Porter are the stars. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

AKOKAWE—A loosely knit but quite entertaining evening of words, music, and dancing out of Africa, as assembled by the Nigerian actor Afolabi Ajayi. Perhaps the show's greatest attraction is a dynamic young beauty from Tanzania named Amandina Lihamba. This is the Negro Ensemble Company's final production of the season. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Wednesday through Friday, and Sunday, at 8:30, and Saturday at 7 and 10:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, June 28.)

APPLAUSE—Lauren Bacall, Len Cariou, Penny Fuller, and Brandon Maggart in a rip-roaring version of the movie "All About Eve." Miss Bacall burns energy like the sun, and to something like the same effect. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

THE BOY FRIEND—Judy Carne and Sandy Duncan in a jaunty revival of the mock-musical of the early fifties, if you remember that far back. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

COCO—Katharine Hepburn is the making of this curiously ineffectual account of a year or so in the life of the great couturière, Gabrielle Chanel. Book and lyrics by Alan Jay Lerner, music by André Previn, and sets and costumes by Cecil Beaton. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

COMPANY—A prize-winning musical, and it richly deserves to be. With Larry Kert, Susan Browning, Elaine Stritch, and lots of others romping their sweet/sour way through Stephen Sondheim's engaging music and lyrics and George Furth's succinct book. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

JOY—A program of songs by and with Oscar Brown, Jr. It has indeed some joyful moments, although it seems more appropriate to a cabaret than a theatre. Mr. Brown and the stunning Jean Pace split most of the songs between them, but they leave a few for their irresistible maestro, entirely named Sivuca, who treats us to agreeable samples of Brazilian scat. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE LAST SWEET DAYS OF ISAAC—This buoyant musical, with a lively score by Nancy Ford and nimble words of Gretchen Cryer, tells of a young man, as *engagé* as they come, and of his brief encounter with a couple of droll, pretty girls. The show loses a little steam in

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			24	25	26	27
28	29	30	1	2	3	4

the second act, but it holds up quite well anyway. The performances—by Austin Pendleton as the hero, and a delightful rock group called the Zeitgeist—are just about perfect. Word Baker directed. Ed Wittstein designed the stylish setting. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE ME NOBODY KNOWS—A musical that is both bracing and sobering, and almost always beautiful. It is based on an anthology (same forgettable title) of the writings of children from the slums of this city. Gary William Friedman is the composer and arranger, and the young cast—black and white—performs to a fare-thee-well under the direction of Robert H. Livingston. (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

PURLIE—Cleavon Little and Melba Moore are the best reasons for seeing this dated adaptation of the play "Purlie Victorious." (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

LONG RUNS—**JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 8; Fridays at 7:45; and Saturdays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** Memories beset his brooding brain. Her glass of water from the kitchen tap when she had approached the sacrament. A cored apple, filled with brown sugar, roasting for her at the hob on a dark autumn evening. Her shapely fingernails reddened by the blood of squashed lice from the children's shirts. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** In a dream, silently, she had come to him, her wasted body within its loose graveclothes giving off an odour of wax and rosewood, her breath bent over him with mute secret words, a faint odour of wetted ashes. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.) . . . **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Her glazing eyes, staring out of death, to shake and bend my soul. On me alone. The ghostcandle to light her agony. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **HAIR:** A psychedelic pandemonium that ought to make anybody feel twenty years old and full of promise. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** Dale Wasserman's adaptation of "Don Quixote," with music by Mitch Leigh. Charles West plays the title role; Jack Dabdoub substitutes for him at the matinée performances. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches, which purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 982-9815. Mondays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30.) . . . **PROMISES, PROMISES:** A musical starring Jerry Orbach and Jill O'Hara. The book is by Neil Simon, and the music and lyrics are by Burt Bacharach and Hal David. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **1776:** A musical about the laborious debates of the Continental Congress. William Daniels is John Adams. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** "Peanuts" turned into a musical. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2.)

BALLET

AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE—Wednesday, June 24, at 8:15: "Concerto," "Paquita," "Fall River Legend," and "Gala Performance." . . . ¶ Thursday, June 25, at 8:15: "Les Noces," "Le Corsair Pas de Deux," "The River" (première), and "Fancy Free." . . . ¶ Friday, June 26, at 8:15: "Swan Lake." . . . ¶ Saturday, June 27, at 2:15: "Pulcinella Variations" and "Giselle." . . . ¶ Saturday, June 27, at 8:15: A new production of "The Moor's Pavane" and "Giselle." . . . ¶ Sunday, June 28, at 1:15 and 7:15: "Swan Lake." . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 30, at 8:15: "Brahms Quintet," a new production of "The Traitor," "The Eternal Idol," and "Gaieté Parisienne." . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 1, at 8:15: "The Traitor," "Paquita," "Cole Porter Ballet" (première), and "Theme and Variations." . . . ¶ Thursday, July 2, at 8:15: "Dark Elegies," "Jardin aux Lilas," "Pillar of Fire," and "Gala Performance." . . . ¶ Friday, July 3, at 8:15: "Petrouchka," "Gaieté Parisienne," "Don Quixote Pas de Deux," and "The River." . . . ¶ Saturday, July 4, at 2:15 and 8:15: "Swan Lake." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, July 12.)

OUTDOORS

NEW YORK SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL—Free performances of **KING HENRY VI, PART II:** Wednesday, June 24; Wednesday, July 1; and Saturday, July 4. . . . **RICHARD III:** Thursday, June 25, and Thursday, July 2. . . . **KING HENRY VI, PART I:** Tuesday, June 30, and Friday, July 3. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Evenings at 8. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.) . . . **NOTE:** All three plays will be presented, seriatim, on Saturday, June 27, starting at 7. That's the plan, anyway.

JONES BEACH THEATRE—A revival of **THE SOUND OF MUSIC,** with Constance Towers, John Michael King, Beatrice Krebs, and Christopher Hewett, is this summer's production. Opens Wednesday, July 1. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call 516-CA 1-1000.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

BITTER END, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Barely bitter, hardly the end. David Steinberg offers relevance, caustic comments, and a coherent slew of inventive comic bits. Performances are at nine-fifteen and eleven Sundays through Thursdays, and at eight-forty-five, ten-thirty, and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Coffee and tea abound. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting entertainers.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Evenings pass at an unhurried pace. From eleven to three, Joe Beck fingers a provocative electric guitar, while another musician assists

WOLFSCHMIDT
GENUINE
VODKA

"Some people say all vodkas are alike.

Wolfschmidt's won 33 medals that say otherwise."

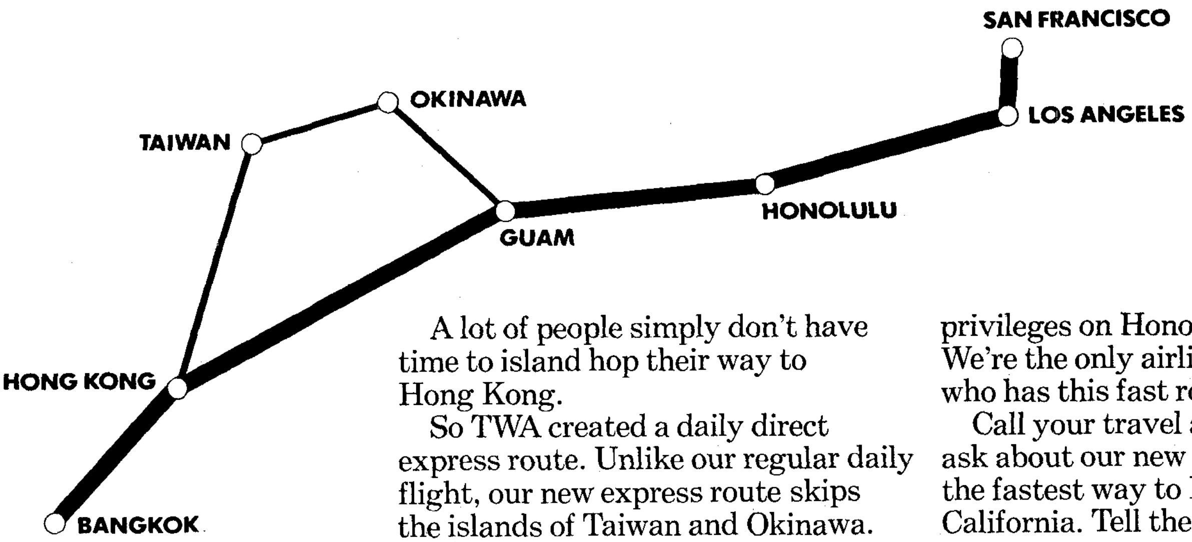
"I'll drink to that!"

Wolfschmidt.

The genuine vodka with all the medals.

Frankfort Distillers Co. New York N.Y. 10022. Made from grain, 80 and 100 proof. Product of U.S.A.

TWA OPENS A NEW FAST ROUTE TO HONG KONG.


SAN FRANCISCO
LOS ANGELES
OKINAWA
TAIWAN
HONOLULU
GUAM
HONG KONG
BANGKOK

A lot of people simply don't have time to island hop their way to Hong Kong.

So TWA created a daily direct express route. Unlike our regular daily flight, our new express route skips the islands of Taiwan and Okinawa.

Yet you still get stop-over privileges on Honolulu and Guam. We're the only airline in the industry who has this fast route to Hong Kong.

Call your travel agent or TWA and ask about our new express flight 745: the fastest way to Hong Kong from California. Tell them you're pressed for time.

SOMEHOW, YOU FEEL MORE IMPORTANT ON TWA.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			24	25	26	27
28	29	30	1	2	3	4

him on bass. Dinner, from a responsible kitchen, is served until one.

Casey's, 142 W. 10th St. (989-8925)—Some worthy contemporary jazz on piano and bass from eleven to one, in a brick-walled setting that's conducive both to listening and to conversation. Dining. No music Sundays. Closes for two weeks after Thursday, July 2.

Guitar, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—A headquarters for the six-stringed instrument after which it is named, but one where finger dexterity takes precedence over strumming. Gene Bertoncini is on guitar, with Ron Carter assisting him on bass. Music Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty until three or four. A Southern menu.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—The Roy Eldridge quartet—which includes journeymen Mousey Alexander, Victor Sproles, and Ross Tompkins—plays well-made jazz until Tuesday, June 30, when Zoot Sims takes over from Eldridge, the sidemen remaining and the well-made jazz continuing. Fridays through Sundays, Anita O'Day sings along, bringing her established, throaty style to old and new songs. Customers may wear open collars, and light Italian dishes are served. Closed Mondays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—There's nothing special about this bar except the music. The atmosphere is calm, comfortable, and genuine. A group that at one time or another includes Max Kaminsky, Bobby Pratt, Joe Muranyi, Claude Hopkins, and Oliver Jackson plays Dixieland from nine-thirty to three. Closed Sundays.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—They seem a little confused about their epoch, but most of the paraphernalia recalls the eighteen-nineties. The banjo band—a pretty good one—plinks and plunks from the back of a fire engine, and now and then old movies flicker. Closed Mondays.

Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—More banjos. More claptrap. More peanuts. A piano player at an upright and two banjoists perched on top. They play winningly from nine until three or four each night. Closed Sundays.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—A frabjous sort of place in a somewhat vorpal neighborhood. A long wooden bar, some tables, and, beginning at nine, music by the Rashied Ali quartet. Alice Coltrane, pianist, will participate on Friday and Saturday, June 26-27, and on Tuesday, June 30, the Gary Bartz NTU Troop will come in. Mondays are turned over to various jazz groups, with Art Blakey acting as host.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Upstairs, starting at about nine-thirty, Billy Taylor's nearly impeccable trio entertains. Grilled dinners are served. On Tuesday, June 30, the skillfully refulgent Bill Evans trio will arrive. On Mondays, when the regulars are off, new talent is auditioned. . . . ¶ Downstairs, on Friday and Saturday, June 26-27, Nina Simone will sing like no one else—the voice is where the heart is.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—Freddie Hubbard's quintet is onstage in this dim and amiable cellar. Beginning Tuesday, June 30, the Roy Haynes quintet will perform. Mondays are reserved for the big Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

C'Est Moi, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (935-1282)—They move at several speeds in this second-story establishment, whose first story is a restaurant named Sam's. The upstairs room, which is darkish and arched, stays open from nine until three-thirty every night.

Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—Pin-striped wallpaper, red velvet draperies, and moody muted murals are reminiscent of the years 1795-99, when France wasn't quite making it. The cuisine—dinner and supper—is good, and one can dance to records on a small dance floor from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays.

Electric Circus, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080)—A Day-Glo tunnel, a wide-screen light show, and nook-and-cranny hiding places. Dancing starts at nine on Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, and at eight on Fridays and Saturdays. Live groups alternate with high-powered recorded sounds. Alcohol is banned. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays.

L'Etoile, 1 E. 59th St. (PL 1-7025)—An established restaurant that has added dancing on its lower level, but only on Fridays and Saturdays. A wide assortment of records can be heard from eleven to three. Dinner and supper are available.

L'Interdit, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—Continental traffic signs are the motif, and neckties or the equivalent are expected. The recorded music doesn't really go anywhere. Crowded on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed on Sundays and Mondays.

Later at Act I, 1 Times Square. (695-1880)—On the fifteenth floor of the Allied Chemical Tower, plate-glass windows look out on neon glitter and in on décor that is of no particular time or place. Dancing to live and preserved music, Mondays through Fridays from ten until three. Supper. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

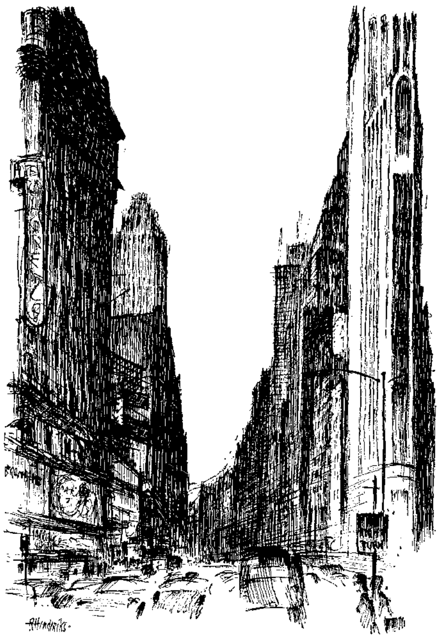
Salvation Too, 30 Central Park S. (PL 2-4365)—Limited in size but activated with light and sound. The mood is suave and the view is magnificent, and late dinners are available for those who are not too busy dancing. Things run until three or four each night. Sundays through Wednesdays, a rock band called Chartreuse alternates with records. Reservations are recommended.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Tell old Pharaoh that his sphinxes are ensconced in the land of gilded schmalz. Sphinxlike table companions are frequent, since the records are played at a more than Nilotic volume. Three times nightly, some gentlemen who call themselves the Gentlemen make music. Substantial dining. Closed Sundays.

Wednesday's, 210 E. 86th St. (535-8500)—A fabricated street lined with shops, a bar, an amusement gallery, and other small establishments. The trees are false, but the records are real. Dancing from six to three except on Saturdays, when the doors open at eight.

Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—Are you looking for a place to dance to some now-type music, where you can just sit and have a beer and wear your tie-dyed, with-it threads? The 45 r.p.m.s alternate with the live sounds of C.S.C. Closed Sundays.

Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—Dark, small, and out of sight. Downstairs—below the street-level crêpe parlor that bears the same name—there are white cubes for tables, consistently swinging records, and swarms of coolly dressed people. (On weekends, the coolly dressed people swarm so thickly that reservations—for whatever they're worth—are needed.) It makes it.



OTHER DANCING

(Dining, too, unless noted.)

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): Domestic bliss is the idea in the restaurant, and it often works out in that peaceful fashion. Ernie Warren's crew is now and again on the bandstand, usually until one or two in the morning. No sound, though, on Sundays and Mondays. . . . **Roseland Dance City,** 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200): This community was not founded upon rock; a more mellifluous music is dispensed. The floor is ample, and so is the sound—a full house of Latin bandsmen and a pair of Up North orchestras. Eight until about one, in general, though Sundays begin at two-thirty. Wednesdays run from six-thirty until midnight, and Thursdays from two until midnight. The dining is minimal. Closed Mondays. . . . **Tavern-on-the-Green,** Central Park W. at 67th St. (873-3200): The annual lawn party, right out in what now passes for open air. Every night, music included, from seven-thirty or so until fairly late.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Dangerfield's, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650)—Less tongue in cheek and more tongue *and* cheek is Rodney Dangerfield, the narrator here; whichever, the conversation is both brusque and bright. It's Las Vegas in a way, but without a lot of the handicaps. Steaks and what goes with them. Closed Sundays.

El Avram, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661)—Any port of the Eastern Mediterranean in a storm, but the storm is all a matter of weird and vigorous instruments. The going is best when Avram Grobard, prop., and whatever friends are on hand conspire. The dining can be as Israeli as you wish, and so can the dancing. Mondays are holidays.

Downstairs at the Upstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—"Weigh-In, Way-Out," a pocket-size revue, is also a complaint department dealing with what ails our manner of living. Some of the dealings are crisp, some are just burned to a crisp. The cast of six is eager, which is not always enough. Sessions at nine-thirty and midnight. Closed Sundays.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and a show.)

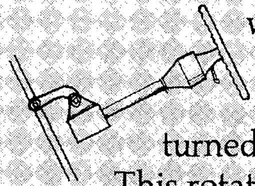
Alpine Cellar, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—A Bavarian *Brauerei*, thinly disguised as an operetta: merry villagers, dancers, singers, brass-bandsmen, on permanent and powerful duty from six to one every night but Sunday and Monday. The provender is garnished with red cabbage and draft beer.

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—The Dells, dispensers of rhythm (a particular effect produced by the proportionate time value of thesis and arsis) and blues (blues), depart from the Royal Box on Saturday, June 27. So does Irwin C. Watson, the accompanying wit, and the Lee Evans band. I.e., season's end.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—The prevailing night wind is from Portugal: the voice (soft, sad, but insistent) of Amalia Rodrigues entwined in her *fado* songs. In advance of her séances, a flamenco troupe. Every single night. . . . ¶ Juan Jimenez (guitar) and José Sordiall (tenor), the flamencans in the minute Flamenco Room, are men of affairs—of the heart, though, for which they offer a perfect form of musicianship. Their lament begins at ten, likewise every single night.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—Gary Puckett & the Union Gap, an undoubted appeal to the lower edge of the Generation Gap, ends its rocking on Wednesday, June 24. Next evening, the team of Robert Kole and Ernest Param, a very mild set of rhythm-and-repartee workers, take over. Everyone

What makes a car's wheels turn when you turn the steering wheel.



Most cars turn by means of a steering system called Recirculating Ball. Here's how it works (bear with us, please):

When you turn the steering wheel, the steering column is turned.

This rotates the spiral drive gear.

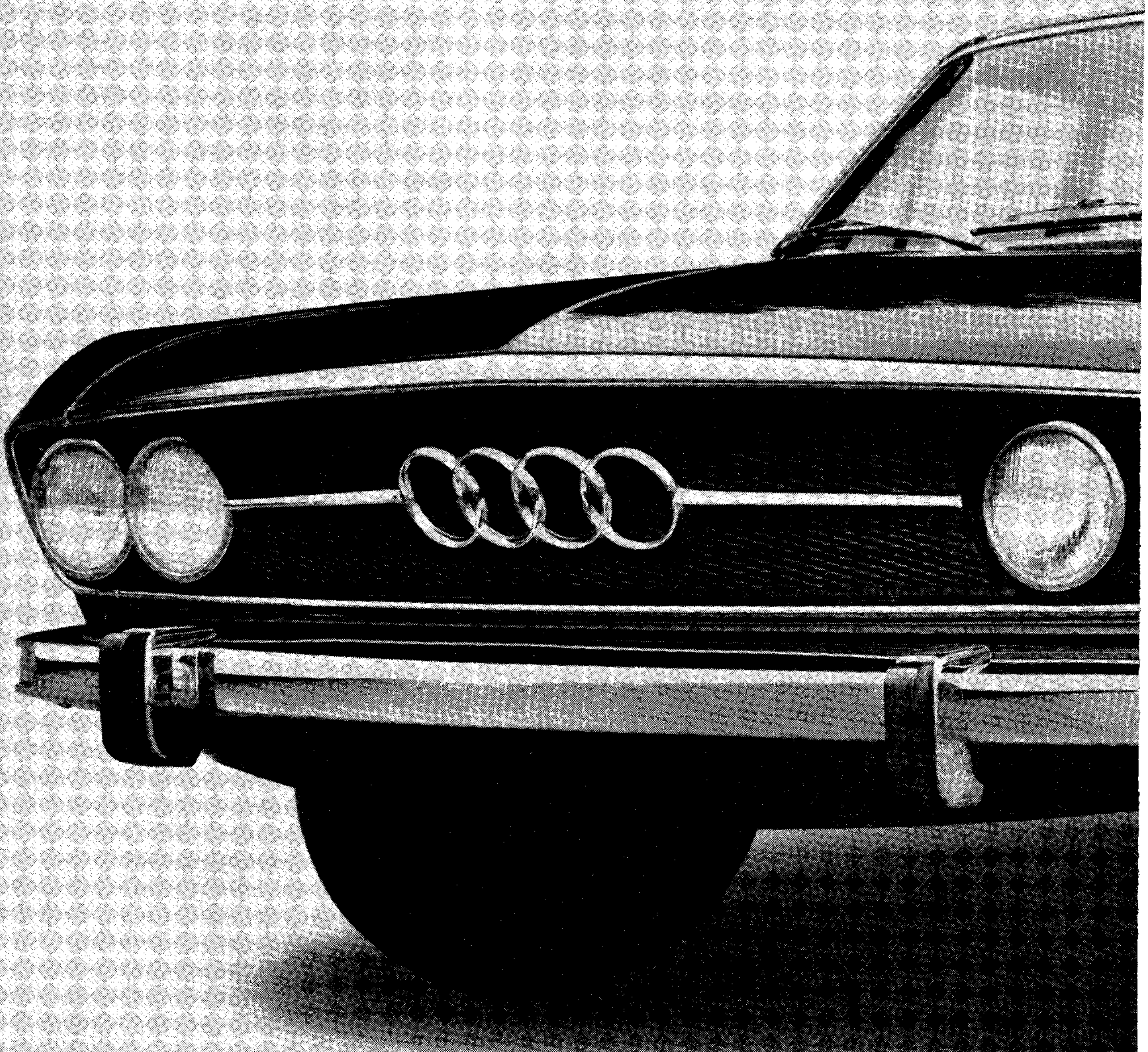
Which moves the recirculating ball segment.

Which rotates the sector shaft.

Which moves a lever.

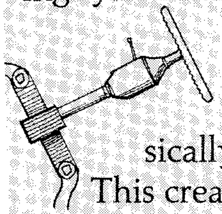
Which, through the tie rods, turns the wheels.

Sounds complicated? That's precisely our point.



What makes the Audi's wheels turn when you turn the steering wheel.

The Audi's wheels turn by means of a steering system called Rack-and-Pinion. And here's how *it* works:



When the steering column is turned, a pinion (which is basically a gear) is rotated.

This creates horizontal movement of the rack.

Which, through the tie rods, turns the wheels.

Though you may not understand all the words, we're sure you can see how much simpler and more direct our system is. (Fact is, considering the number of moving parts, it's the simplest steering system in the world.)

This simplicity and directness is why you get a better feel of the road with our steering system than you do with the others. And the better your feel of the road, the more control you have over the car—especially in those situations where split-second correction is so vital.

Rack-and-Pinion steering is just one of the Audi's many points of difference. It also has front-wheel drive. Inboard front disc brakes. Why this remarkable car even uses gas differently than most other cars.

And as for the interior, well, it's just as advanced as the rest of the Audi. With posture-fitted seats specifically designed to help prevent fatigue. Vital controls located right on the steering column. And, well, why not come in and see for yourself. (You can find out where your nearest Porsche Audi dealer is by calling 800-553-9550 free. Or, in Iowa, call 319-242-1867 collect.)

While you're down there, you'll have an opportunity to drive the Audi, too, naturally—and see that the things we say in our advertising aren't just things we say in our advertising.

Audi®

Porsche Audi: a division of Volkswagen of America, Inc.

Suggested price, East Coast P.O.E., for 100 LS (as shown) $3,795. Other models start at $2,995. (West Coast P.O.E. slightly higher.) Local taxes and dealer delivery charges, if any, additional.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			24	25	26	27
28	29	30	1	2	3	4

works twice a night, and thrice on Saturdays. . . . ¶ In the ground-floor lounge, the eastern border of Nevada, there is music from ten o'clock on.

Downbeat, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (889-5100)—Dakota Staton, backed up by the Norman Simmons' trio, will do her brand of jazz singing as far as Thursday, June 25. Then she and the Saints and Sinners (Charlie Richards, Buddy Tate, Eddie Barefield, and Herman Autrey—a jolly bunch of bandsmen) move out. Next evening, Marian McPartland, to whom the piano is an outlet for several healthy emotions, brings in her trio, and Urbie Green brings in his trombone and his sextet. The romp runs from six-thirty until two. No dancing; closed Sundays.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—It can be stormy weather when Carmen McRae sings her dinner and supper sets, for she meets life and love head on, and we can all benefit from the sight and sound of her. She departs on Saturday, June 27; on Monday, June 29, the Modern Jazz Quartet moves in. The dance music starts at eight, and Sundays are dark.

Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (759-2444)—It simply can't be true that the world has reached mid-1970, for the terse, snap-the-whip orchestrations built years ago by Sy Oliver are too vivid a memory of our past. He and his craftsmen (Leonard Gaskin, Britt Woodman, Harold Johnson among them) stick around until two during the week, and do a long Sunday matinée, too (one to eight). All this is augmented by the sunny vocals of Mr. Oliver, in concert with Buddy Smith and Candy Ross. Nothing else matters, especially the perfunctory rock crew, which begins at six.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The Empire Room shuts down for the summer on Saturday, June 27, bringing to an end the dinner and supper sessions of Trini Lopez, who goes down life's road (and down in history) on tune and on guitar, blithe as Ariel. The orchestra of Charles Turecamo will stay on until then, too.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

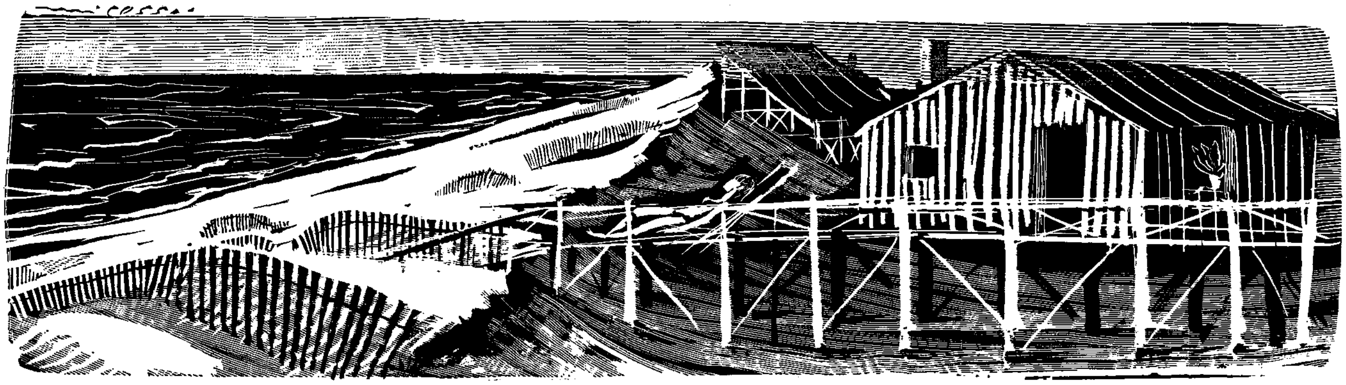
(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

CAFÉ CARLYLE, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Almost the only word game in town, which is to say the lyrics sung by Bobby Short, who, along with his right and left bowers, Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan, keeps the evenings bright, shiny, and sly. Closes for the summer on Saturday, June 27. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): It's easy to get the impression that no one over twenty-one will be admitted unless accompanied by a parent, but that would not be completely accurate; anyway, no one minds the scarcity of even semi-senior citizens. The occasional music comes from the Joel Shulman duo, which stays home Sundays. Closed Friday and Saturday, July 3-4. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Housewarmings by the lady of the manor, Rita Dimitri, happen five nights a week (no Sunday, no Monday). A docile dance crew makes music during the evening, and at nine-thirty weekdays and at dinner and supper Fridays and Saturdays Mlle. D. climbs to the roof of a piano and sings, Toulouse-Lautrec style, for friends and their guests. In between there are guitar sonnets by Mirko, whose antecedents are Adriatic. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Budapest Mon Amour. The tributes are issued by Tibor Rakossy (tenor and host). Béla Babai's gypsy encampment, and whatever other singers are in the house. Dancing. The annual summer shutdown begins on Saturday, June 27. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): *Schola cantorum,* in which the waiters double in brass tones and the diners frequently serve as spear- and tune-carriers. The amiable rumble takes place every night. No more until the fall after Sunday, June 28. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER,** belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): A bumper-to-bumper traffic jam that bothers none of the guests, who have no intention of moving on. The best of the music in this bar-and-grill comes from Scott Reed, whose love-life piano serves from nine-thirty until three Tuesdays through Saturdays. He is also given to bursts of song. . . . **CHEZ VITO,** 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): The foursome at the next table, unable to restrain itself as the circumnavigating fiddlers ply their trade, suddenly goes operatic in the midst of your bœuf à la mode—or operettic, anyway—but it's all part of the act. This can happen as late as two o'clock in the morning. Closes Friday, July 3, for a brief vacation. . . . **DIONYSOS,** 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): A really original Greek-letter fraternity, translated, and literally, from the original Greek. Eat, dance, and be merry from nine until very, very late, every night but Sunday, and admire the scenery. . . . **LA PAELLA,** 3 Hamilton Pl., Broadway at 136th St. (690-1300): Meet the neighbors in this Iberian neighborhood. This arborway is buoyantly fitted out for a fiesta; a strong-arm squad of flamencan guitar, voice, and clap-hands is constantly active; and the chef knows his onions—Spanish, naturally. Seven-thirty until two, but no squad on Mondays.

SMALL AND SERENE

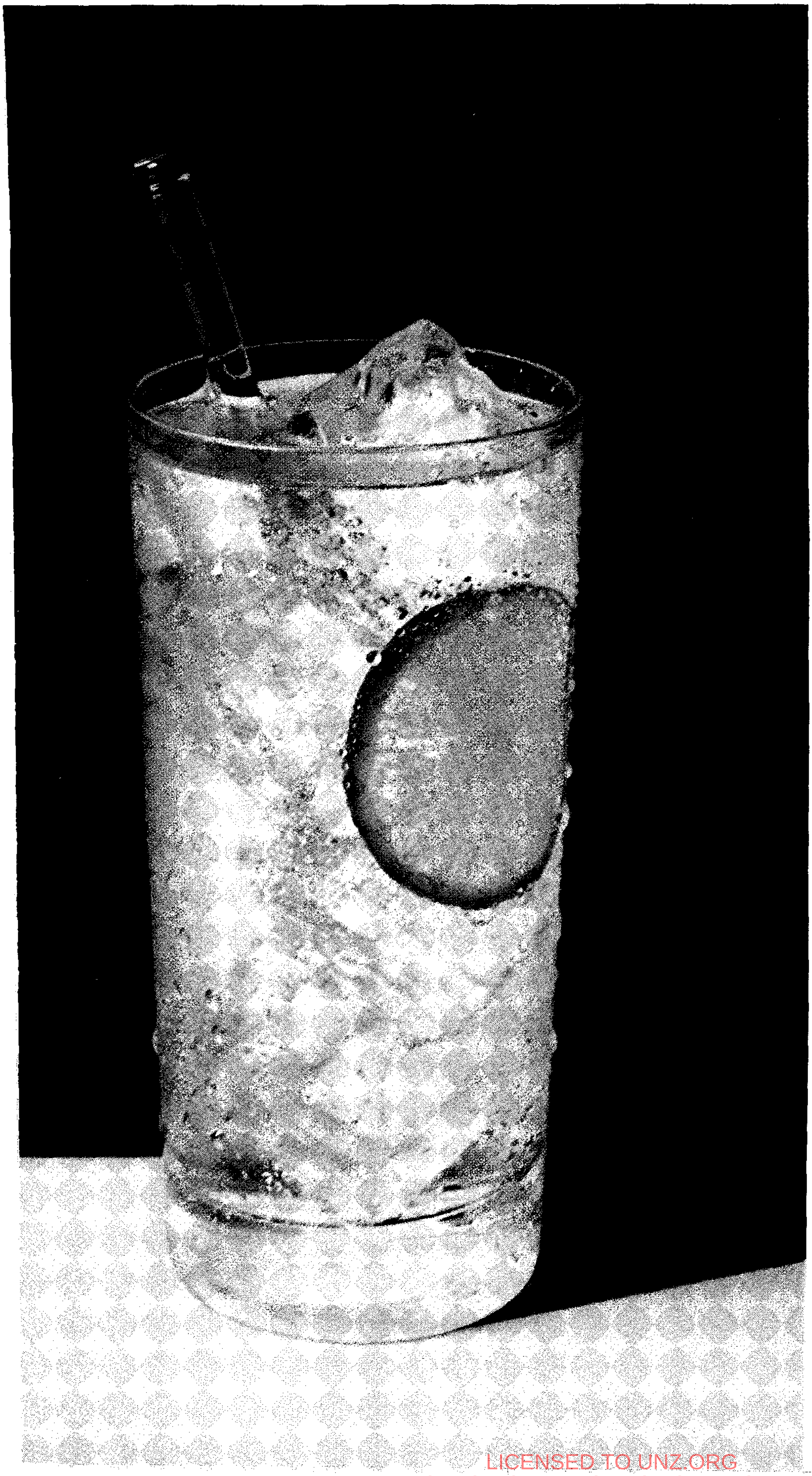
(Dining, but no dancing.)

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000): The Space Age could learn a great deal by studying the lofty lineaments of the Palm Court. Piano and violin (Sandu Marcu) commune blissfully from four-thirty until six-thirty for crumpets and tea, and violin (nearly always Gunnar Hansen's worldly, Old Worldly one) takes flights of fancy from eight until one. Mr. Hansen commences his sabbatical on Saturday, June 27. . . . ¶ The Marcu pair, which also operates in the Edwardian Room from seven until ten-thirty, retires on Saturday, June 27, when this enterprise begins its annual vacation. . . . **ST. REGIS-SHERATON,** Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500): Julius Monk's long-awaited return to metropolitan life is enacted between Tuesday and Saturday every week in the ground-floor cocktail lounge, where his piano, which has an elephant's memory for the best of everything, is in session from five until ten. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Where every prospect pleases—life in rural Umbria in the back rooms, life in a leisured New York in the bar, in which Lynn Mullinax, from six to midnight, except Sundays, plays his buoyant piano. . . . **SALUM SANCTORUM,** 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9492): The upper half of the same enterprise, but worlds apart in every aspect. In one of the alcoves on display there is a piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): No difficulty about living like kings, for the appurtenances—moat, armor, medieval architecture—were left behind intact when Henri IV moved into a modern co-op. The violin plied by George Cardini is in service Tuesday through Saturday every week, and there is contemplative piano (Herman Arminski) every night but Sunday. The restaurant is pastoral; the bar can be rumbustious. . . . **IPERBOLE,** 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): In this well-ordered Roman way of life, dining becomes a career instead of a wee pause for refreshments. The *mise-en-scène* is 1970, but the music (voice and guitar) belongs to a great Old World. Seven until one, and every night. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The ancient watering place, newly upholstered, is open for business (and pleasure) once more. From cocktails until after-the-theatre supper, the piano is in the hands of Dick Hankinson, who is on duty every evening but Sunday. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Maison de style* and music room, too, for there is piano (five-thirty to eight, nine to twelve-thirty) every night except Sunday and Monday. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The Grand Tour of Spanish architecture. The accompaniment is the guitar, classic in its simplicity and authenticity, of Rogelio Reguera, who sets to between seven and twelve during the week, between seven-thirty and twelve-thirty Fridays and Saturdays; the nourishment is both American plan and Andalusian. Closed Sundays. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): The piano in this posh purlieu is the property of George Feyer. Like the other property holders of the neighborhood, he is all for law and order, as his music, which runs from eight-thirty until one-thirty, makes clear. He is invisible on Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ PIERRE,** Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000): *Grand-prix,* and distinctly not *prix-fixe,* are the night and the nourishment. Once more, dancing every night (eight-thirty to one-thirty, mostly, but seven-thirty to twelve-thirty on Sundays and Mondays), plus (and a large plus) Tony Bujka and Ernest Hirsch-Haramaty, whose musical sounds (violin and piano) are all tributaries of the Danube; from five-thirty until ten-thirty every evening but Sunday and Monday. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Walking-around music by an assortment of tireless serenaders, who are on their feet at the stroke of seven. Closed Sundays. . . . **WINE CELLAR,** 531 Hudson St., at Charles St. (242-6769): Dream life that is more San Francisco or Sausalito than Manhattan, both visually and spiritually. The staff includes a perambulatory balladier and an imaginative chef. Never a dark night. . . . **MCALPIN GRILL,** in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700): Wayne Sanders, who for so many years dispensed well-thought-out piano at the demised Goldie's New York, is repeating the act here from five to ten. His last evening is Saturday, June 27. . . . **BLUE WHALE,** 1117 First Ave., at 61st St. (838-6501): The



THE RUM & TONIC.

IT'S A GIN & TONIC MADE WITH RUM. DON'T KNOCK IT TILL YOU'VE TRIED IT.



We know what you think it tastes like. But that's not what it tastes like.

If you like your tonic with gin or vodka, you're certain to like it with rum. And probably better.

Some of the tonic tartness is gone, so it tastes a little smoother. That's what the rum does. At least that's what Puerto Rican Rum does.

It's not dark and sweet and syrupy like rum from some other countries.

Ours is light and clear and dry. With no bite or strong aroma. Because all Puerto Rican Rums are distilled at high proof. And aged. And filtered with charcoal for added smoothness.

Try the taste. You make it like a gin & tonic but make it with Puerto Rican Rum.

You'll believe what we're saying when you've heard it from your own mouth.

PUERTO RICAN RUM

A FREE RUM RECIPE BOOK IS YOURS FOR THE ASKING.
WRITE RUMS OF PUERTO RICO, 666 FIFTH AVE., N.Y. 10019.

San Juan. You can have a good time even if you never make it to the beach.

Be leery of islands that tell you about their beautiful beaches. And that's all.

Once you come off the beach on most islands, there really isn't that much to do.

Not true in San Juan.

San Juan stands on its own without its beaches.

With interesting hotels. Good food. Unique shows. Rocking discotheques. Quiet romantic places. And plenty of singles.

With 400-year-old plazas. With old churches and aging Spanish forts. With flamenco dancing. Art and antiques.

With sailing, surfing, diving, racing and golf.

And after you've seen the city of San Juan, see the rest of Puerto Rico.

See the red, black, green and yellow firehouse in Ponce.

Sail the phosphorescent bay. You have to see it at night to believe it.

Spend the night in the hills of Barranquitas. You'll never need an air-conditioner up there.

Get wet in the El Yunque rain forest.

Catch fish. Watch old men carving santos. Smell tobacco growing. Pick bananas. Eat bacalaitos.

There's more to do in Puerto Rico than the rest of the Caribbean put together.

And at off-season rates, you can do it for less.

Three hours on a beach is enough for anybody.

Puerto Rico gives you something to do when you get off.

Puerto Rico. Because there's so much more to do.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Beau Brummellian Buddy Barnes has moved his pianoforte into this seaside resort, and he occupies the boardwalk (a real one) from dinnertime until around two. Closed Mondays and Saturday, July 4. . . . **PROMENADE CAFÉ**, in the lower plaza of Rockefeller Center. (PL 7-5731): The out-in-the-open sunken living room is in summer bloom, and real live Pop Concert music sounds (but only for the ear, never for the feet) from noon to two-thirty and eight to one Mondays through Saturdays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

HARRY BOURAS—Drawings with social intimations by a Chicago artist; through Tuesday, June 30. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed mornings.)

CHILDE HASSAM AND ERNEST LAWSON—Paintings by these prominent Americans; through Saturday, June 27. (Danenberg, 1000 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

REUBEN NAKIAN—Bronzes, terra-cottas, and drawings by this veteran Expressionist sculptor; through Tuesday, June 30. (Egan, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays; open Saturday afternoons.)

ROBERT RAUSCHENBERG—Collages and silkscreens, one huge; through Saturday, June 27. (Automation House, 49 E. 68th St. Daily, 10 to 6.)

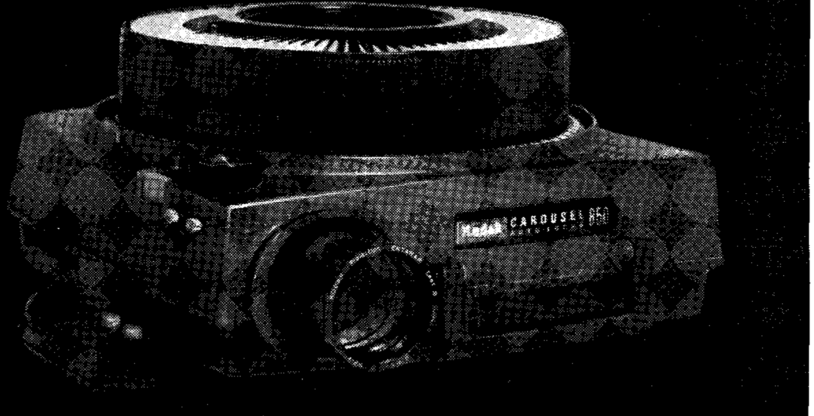
DAN RICE—Abstract Expressionist paintings; through Friday, July 3. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

OSAMU SHIMODA—Fifteen white geometric sculptures; through July 31. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Friday, July 3.)

H. C. WESTERMANN—Twelve sculptures and a suite of drawings by this inventor of unusual combinations of images; through Saturday, June 27. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

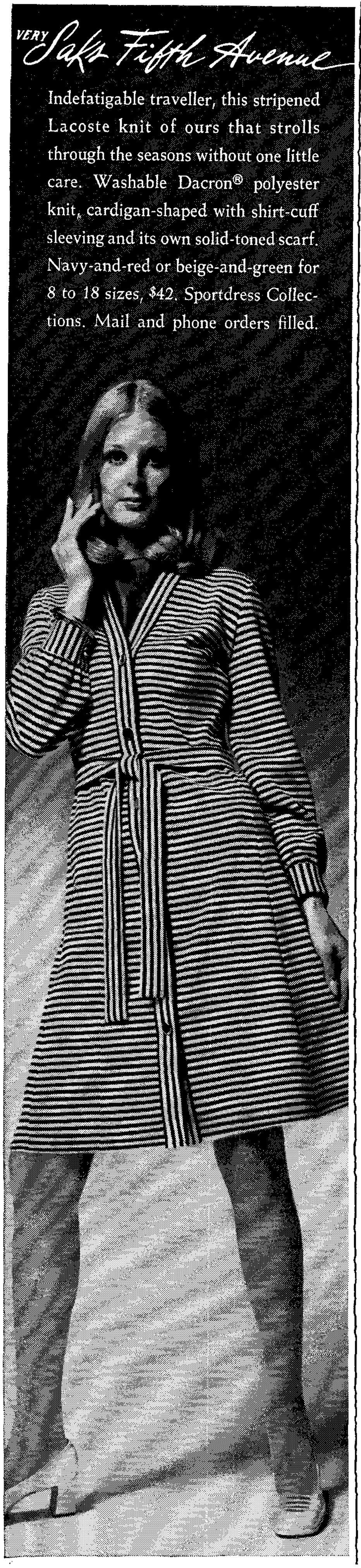
GROUP SHOWS—At the **ACA**, 25 E. 73rd St.: Works in all mediums by scores of artists—Shahn, Sheeler, Sloan, Avery, Bellows, Dove, Henri, and Marin, to mention a few; through Aug. 28. . . **ALONZO**, 26 E. 63rd St.: Paintings, drawings, collages, and sculptures by, among others, Ben Bishop, Ernest Briggs, Don David, Lynne Drexler, and William McCartin; through July 30. (Open Saturday, June 27; closed Mondays and Friday, July 3.). . . **DEITSCH**, 24 E. 81st St.: Woodcuts by Beckmann, Feininger, Kirchner, Munch, Nolde, Schmidt-Rottluff, and other German Expressionists; through Saturday, June 27. . . . **DINTENFASS**, 18 E. 67th St.: Works by gallery artists expressing their concern about current social and political problems; through Friday, June 26. . . . **FEIGEN**, 141 Greene St., at Houston St.: Works by nineteen artists, including Breder, Castro-Cid, Ray Johnson, Gerald Laing, and Alphonse Schilling; through Sept. 4. (Weekdays, except Saturday, July 4, from 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.). . . **FRENCH & CO.**, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Works by young artists in a variety of modes; through Aug. 28. (Closed Friday, July 3.). . . **GALLERY OF ISRAELI ART**, 4 E. 54th St.: Paintings and prints on the subject of Jerusalem, from the seventeenth century to the present; through Tuesday, June 30. . . . **GIBSON**, 27 E. 67th St.: Data on happenings and earthworks by Christo, Hutchinson, Insley, Kaprow, and Oppenheim; through Aug. 28. (Closed mornings.). . . **GRAHAM**, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: "Romantic" paintings, sculptures, and drawings; through July 31. (Closed Friday, July 3.). . . **KENNEDY**, 20 E. 56th St.: Works on Western wildlife themes by, among others, Remington, Charles Russell, Albert Bierstadt, and Paul Kane; through July 31. (Closed Friday, July 3.). . . **LEWISON**, 30 E. 60th St.: Nineteenth-century American paintings by Bierstadt, Sully, Kensett, and others; through Friday, July 3. (Closed Mondays.). . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Works by gallery artists; through July 17. . . . **O. K. HARRIS**, 465 West Broadway, at W. Houston St.: Experiments in modes of the day by some thirty artists; through Friday, July 3. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.). . . **PACE**, 32 E. 57th St.: Works by Larry Bell, Craig Kauffman,

Automatic focus.
Automatic showing.
Instant editing.
Random access.
Remote control.
Spillproof.
Halogen lamp.
500-watt power.
Fast f/2.8 lens.
Easy carrying.
All-metal body.



Make the most of your color slides with our popular Kodak Carousel 850 projector that has the best of everything. Less than $190. Other Carousel projectors start at less than $60. See your dealer. Now.

Kodak Carousel 850 projector.
Prices subject to change without notice.
Kodak



Indefatigable traveller, this stripened Lacoste knit of ours that strolls through the seasons without one little care. Washable Dacron® polyester knit, cardigan-shaped with shirt-cuff sleeving and its own solid-toned scarf. Navy-and-red or beige-and-green for 8 to 18 sizes, $42. Sportdress Collections. Mail and phone orders filled.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and Robert Irwin; through July 31.... **SABARSKY**, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Paintings and drawings by German Expressionists; through Saturday, June 27.... **SAIDENBERG**, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Klee, Léger, Masson, Picasso, and Trivigno; through July 31. (Closed Mondays.)... **SCHOELKOPF**, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Paintings by Davies, Joseph Stella, Gorky, Hartley, and other American artists; through July 31. (Closed Friday, July 3.)... **TIROCHE**, 818 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Paintings by Impressionist, Post-Impressionist, and School of Paris artists; through July 24.... **WHITE**, 42 E. 57th St.: Works by gallery artists; through Friday, June 26.... **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: A benefit exhibit of a privately assembled collection that includes Picasso, Matisse, Braque, Gris, and Léger, as well as prominent American artists, such as Prendergast, Marin, Demuth, and Hartley; through Friday, July 3. (Open Saturdays.)... **WISE**, 50 W. 57th St.: Works by artists employing this gallery's specialties—prisms, reflections, motions, and changing colors; through July 31. (Closes Friday, July 3, at 2.)... **ZABRISKIE**, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St.: Paintings by thirty or so twentieth-century American "primitives;" through July 31.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—More than two hundred paintings, thirty-five pieces of sculpture, and three hundred pieces of furniture and decorative objects of nineteenth-century America, as well as period rooms and fixtures; through Sept. 7. Except on Mondays, admission is $1.... ¶ A hundred masterpieces (Duccio to Picasso) from the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston; through July 26. Except on Mondays, admission is $1. (Weekdays, 10 to 4, and Tuesday evenings until 9; Sundays and Saturday, July 4, from 1 to 4.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Works in which photographs are given the illusion of solidity through various mediums; through July 5.... ¶ Recent acquisitions, which include a drawing by Matisse, a sculpture by Melotti, and paintings by Braque, Klee, Kokoschka, Miró, and Sophie Taeuber-Arp; through Sept. 11. (No admission charge on Mondays, 1 to 8; the rest of the week—Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, Thursday evenings until 10, and Sundays, noon to 6—the usual $1.50 will be charged.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The tenth annual show of selections, arranged chronologically, from the Museum's permanent collection of works done since 1900 by Kandinsky, Chagall, Klee, Delaunay, Miró, Léger, and many others; through Sept. 13. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, except July 4, from 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A hundred and fifty-eight recently acquired paintings and sculptures by a hundred and twenty-two artists, sixty-two of them newcomers to the Whitney's permanent collection; through July 5.... ¶ Trompe-l'oeil paintings by such American artists as Harnett, Peto, Haberle, and Raphaelle Peale; through July 5. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays and Saturday, July 4, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The seventeenth national print biennial, comprising a hundred and fifty works by artists (among them Al Held, Robert Indiana, Roy Lichtenstein, and Saul Steinberg) from every section of the country; through Sept. 6. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Saturday, July 4, from 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The new Hall of Mexico and Central America houses an outstanding collection of sculpture, pottery, jade, gold, and archeological artifacts dating from 1500 B.C. to the advent of the Spanish Conquest in 1521 A.D. Except on Mondays, admission is $1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Large steel and glass sculptures, models for projects, and prints by the Israeli artist Menashe Kadishman; through Aug. 4.... ¶ Works executed directly on the Museum walls by Artschwager, Bollinger, Lewitt, Morris, and others; through Aug. 4. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center—Behind the scenes with Rouben Ter-Arutunian—original costume and stage designs; through Saturday, June 27. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 9; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—An exhibit of books, manuscripts, letters, and drawings in honor of the centennial of the death of Charles Dickens, documenting not only his achievements as a novelist but also his dramatic and philanthropic interests; through July 31.... ¶ Twenty-one watercolors by William Blake for the "Book of Job;" through July 31. (Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—A new collection of folk art: paintings, furniture, carvings (including an arresting figure of Father Time), and the like; through July 5. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—A hundred and seventy-five objects from Africa, the Americas, and the South Pacific representing birds, beasts, and fantastic creatures; through Sept. 13. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—A hundred color linocuts by Picasso, done from 1958 to 1963; through Sept. 20.... ¶ Works consisting of photographic documentation, labels, tape recordings, slides, maps, charts, and texts by thirty-one "conceptual" artists from seven different countries; through Aug. 25. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A charming group of watercolors and sketches, done by Baroness Hyde de Neuville during her stays in the United States from 1807 to 1814 and 1816 to 1822, of landscapes and figures (many of Indians, understandably).... ¶ Paintings, lithographs, and engravings depicting New York Harbor in its early idyllic days, when the air was fair. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, except July 4, from 10 to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Paintings and garments by a group of Chicago artists; through Aug. 30. ... ¶ Over a hundred African objects (masks, figures, musical instruments, textiles, jewelry, and artifacts), together with a sampling of the Western art they inspired; through Tuesday, June 30. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Final performances of a four-week non-subscription season at the **OPERA HOUSE**—Wednesday evening, June 24: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Marie Collier, Joann Grillo, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Morley Meredith; and "Pagliacci," with Raina Kabaivanska, Richard Tucker, Cornell MacNeil, Dominic Cossa, and Andrea Velis.... ¶ Thursday evening, June 25: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with "Roberta Peters, Sándor Kónya, Mario Sereni, and John Macurdy.... ¶ Friday evening, June 26: "Madame Butterfly," with Raina Kabaivanska, Shirley Love, Ion Buzea, and Theodor Uppman.... ¶ Saturday matinée, June 27: "Carmen," with Ruza Baldani, Mary Ellen Pracht, Richard Tucker, and Robert Merrill.... ¶ Saturday evening, June 27: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Pilar Lorengar, Judith Raskin, Rosalind Elias, Giorgio Tozzi, William Dooley, and Paul Plishka. (Evenings at 8. Matinée at 2.)... **CONCERT PRODUCTIONS OUTDOORS** (In the event of threatening weather, call 734-1002 for news)—**CENTRAL PARK'S SHEEP MEADOW**: Tuesday, June 30, at 8:30 (rain date, July 2), "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Anna Moffo, Sándor Kónya, Frank Guarrera, and John Macurdy.... **PROSPECT PARK**, Brooklyn: Wednesday, July 1, at 8:30 (rain date, July 2), "Pagliacci," with Lucine Amara, Richard Tucker, Cornell MacNeil, and Robert Goodloe.... **BOTANICAL GARDEN'S**

INTERNATIONAL PAPER ANNOUNCES A $101 MILLION, FOUR-YEAR PLAN TO COMBAT POLLUTION.

International Paper Company believes that the aspirations of our society for a better life can be met, that the pollution of our environment can be controlled, and that the vital quality of the basic resources we all share can be maintained within the framework of our economy. International Paper is dedicated to do its part as an industrial citizen to achieve these goals.

I can now report to you that the Company has adopted a four-year plan, to be completed by 1974. This plan places International Paper in the forefront of those taking positive, constructive measures to solve the problem of environmental quality.

We estimate the total cost of this program will be $101 million.

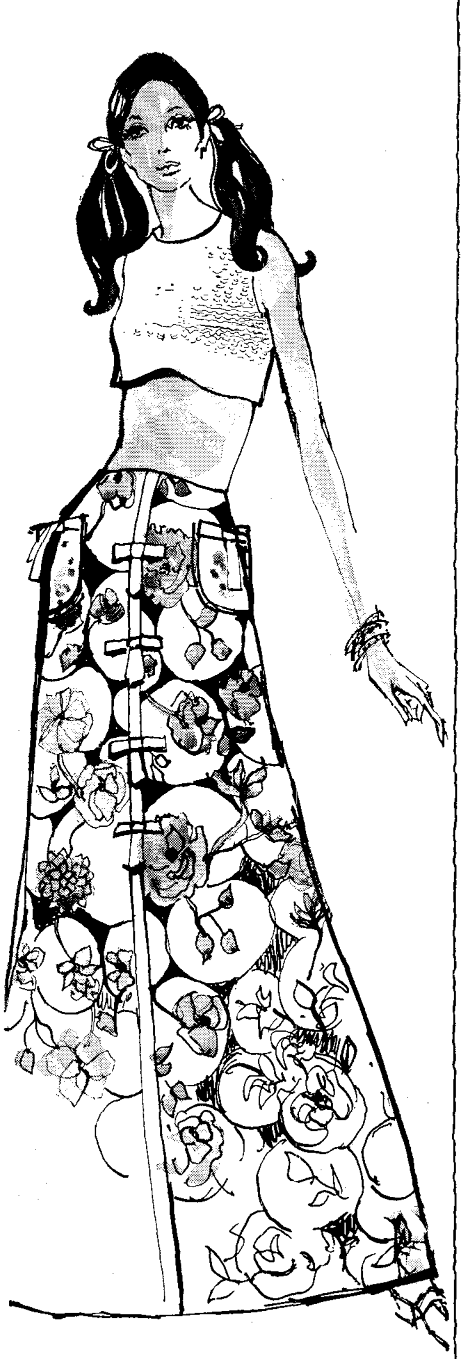
When this program is completed every one of our U.S. pulp and paper mills will be equipped with primary and secondary waste water treatment systems.

Water so treated does not adversely affect the complicated life chain in natural waters—from bacteria to plankton, to plants and fish life.

In terms of air quality this program will utilize the latest technology, which will permit us to remove over 99% of particulate matter from mill emission points. Presently installed equipment has an efficiency factor of about 90%. It will also include adaptation of new technical developments that will control the odors of a kraft paper mill.

International Paper pledges to apply its technology, its resources, and the efforts of its people to this end.

EDWARD B. HINMAN
President, International Paper Company



skins in . . .

Long pique skirt in assorted prints, sizes 4-16 $45. Specify color choices. Blouse in white pique sizes 4-16 $13.

Send check or money order to Lilly Pulitzer, Inc., 400 Royal Palm Way, Dept. NY8, Palm Beach, Fla. 33480. No charges. Florida residents add 4% sales tax. Postage and handling — $1.00.

LILLY PULITZER

PALM BEACH • BEVERLY HILLS • BOCA RATON • EDGARTOWN • LA JOLLA • NAPLES • NEW ORLEANS • NEWPORT • NORTHEAST HARBOR • ORLEANS • OSTERVILLE • PALM SPRINGS • PETOSKEY • SARASOTA • SOUTHAMPTON • WATCH HILL

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

DAFFODIL HILL, BRONX: Friday, July 3, at 8:30 (rain date, July 5), "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Anna Moffo, Sándor Kónya, Frank Guarrera, and John Macurdy. . . . **CROCHERON PARK,** Bayside: Saturday, July 4, at 8:30 (rain date, July 5), "Pagliacci," with Teresa Stratas, Richard Tucker, Abe Polakoff, and Robert Goodloe.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

TEN YEARS AFTER AND ILLINOIS SPEED PRESS—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Wednesday and Thursday, June 24-25, at 8 and 11:30.

STARS OF FAITH GOSPEL SINGERS—Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. 956-6100. Thursday, June 25, at 7:30. In the event of rain, the concert will be cancelled.

CHICAGO, BLODWYN PIG, AND JERRY HAHN BROTHERHOOD—Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday, June 26-27, at 8 and 11:30.

ELVIN JONES GROUP—Museum of Modern Art. Thursday, July 2, at 7:30.

THREE DOG NIGHT—With Tony Joe White. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, July 3, at 7:30 and 11.)

MUSIC OUTDOORS

(In the event of threatening weather, call 734-1002 for news.)

CENTRAL PARK MALL—Richard Franko Goldman and Ainslee Cox conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts, which will run through Sunday, Aug. 16. (First concerts on Sunday, June 28, at 8, and Thursday, July 2, at 7, for picnickers; thereafter on Thursdays and Sundays at 8.) . . . ¶ Frank Brieff conducting the Naumburg Orchestra, with Stanley Plummer, violin. (Saturday, July 4, at 8:30.)

WOLLMAN RINK—The Schaefer beer people's summer upheaval, running through Saturday, Aug. 22. Thursday, June 25, at 7 and 9:30: Ray Charles and his orchestra with the Raylettes. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 27, at 8:30: Buddy Rich and his orchestra. . . . ¶ Monday, June 29, at 7 and 9:30: The Band. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 1, at 7 and 9:30: Eddie Harris, Les McCann, and Roberta Flack. . . . ¶ Friday, July 3, at 7:30 and 10: Four Seasons. (*For information about tickets, call* 249-8870.)

DAMROSCH PARK, Lincoln Center—Richard Franko Goldman and Ainslee Cox conducting the Goldman Band in another series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts, which will start on Wednesday, June 24—in the event of rain, next evening—and will run through Friday, Aug. 14. (Wednesdays and Fridays at 8.)

RIVERSIDE PARK—Frédérique Petrides conducting the Festival Symphony Orchestra in the second of two concerts, this one with Yuval Waldman, violin. (Wednesday, July 1, at 8:15. In the event of rain, the concert will be given at the Wollman Auditorium, Ferris Booth Hall, Broadway at 115th St.)

IN THE COUNTRY

BERKSHIRE FESTIVAL—Opening performances of the season, which will run through Sunday, Aug. 23—Friday, July 3, at 7: Richard and Rose Taylor in a program of Mahler songs. . . . ¶ Friday, July 3, at 9: Seiji Ozawa directing the Boston Symphony, with Robert Puleo, boy soprano; the Harvard Glee Club; the Radcliffe Choral Society; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 4, at 8:30: Seiji Ozawa conducting, with Joseph Silverstein, violin. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 5, at 2:30: Leonard Bernstein conducting Mahler's "Resurrection" Symphony, with Lorna Haywood, soprano; Christa Ludwig, mezzo-soprano; the Harvard Glee Club; the Radcliffe Choral Society; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass.)

WATERLOO VILLAGE MUSIC FESTIVAL—Pablo Casals and Alexander Schneider conducting a chamber orchestra in a benefit program, with Mieczyslaw Horszowski, piano. (Stanhope, N.J. Saturday, June 27, at 8:30.)

BERKSHIRE MUSIC BARN—Saturday, July 4, at 2:30: Arlo Guthrie. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 5, at 7:30: Paul Butterfield Blues Band. (Lenox, Mass.)

SARATOGA PERFORMING ARTS CENTER—The New York City Ballet will open a four-week season with performances of "The Nutcracker." (Saratoga Springs. Wednesday through Saturday, July 1-4, at 8:30, and Sunday, July 5, at 3:30. Through Sunday, Aug. 23. For information about tickets, call 644-4400, in New York.)

JACOB'S PILLOW DANCE FESTIVAL—Opening performances of the season of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing—Thursday through Saturday, June 25-27: Patricia McBride and Edward Villella and the North Carolina Dance Theatre. . . . ¶ Thursday through Saturday, July 2-4: Pauline Koner and the North Carolina Dance Theatre. (Lee, Mass. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays, Saturdays, and Friday, July 3, at 3.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At **YANKEE STADIUM:** Yankees vs. Cleveland, Wednesday, June 24, at 1 (doubleheader), and Thursday, June 25, at 8. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Boston, Friday, June 26, at 8; Saturday, June 27, at 2; and Sunday, June 28, at 1 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Washington, Friday, July 3, at 8, and Saturday, July 4, at 2. . . . **SHEA STADIUM:** Mets vs. Pittsburgh, Monday and Tuesday, June 29-30, at 8:05, and Wednesday, July 1 at 2:05.

POLO—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3:30.

RACING—At **BELMONT:** Daily at 1:30; through Saturday, June 27. The National Stallion (for fillies), Wednesday, June 24, and the Saranac Handicap, Saturday, June 27. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Wednesday through Friday between 11 and 1:45, and Saturday between 10:30 and 1:45.) . . . **AQUEDUCT:** Weekdays at 1:30, from Monday, June 29, through Saturday, Aug. 1. The Tremont, Monday, June 29; the Astoria, Friday, July 3; and the Suburban Handicap, Saturday, July 4. . . . **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Aug 8. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 11:48.)

SPORTS-CAR RACING—At Lime Rock Park, Lime Rock, Conn.: Saturday, July 4, at 9.

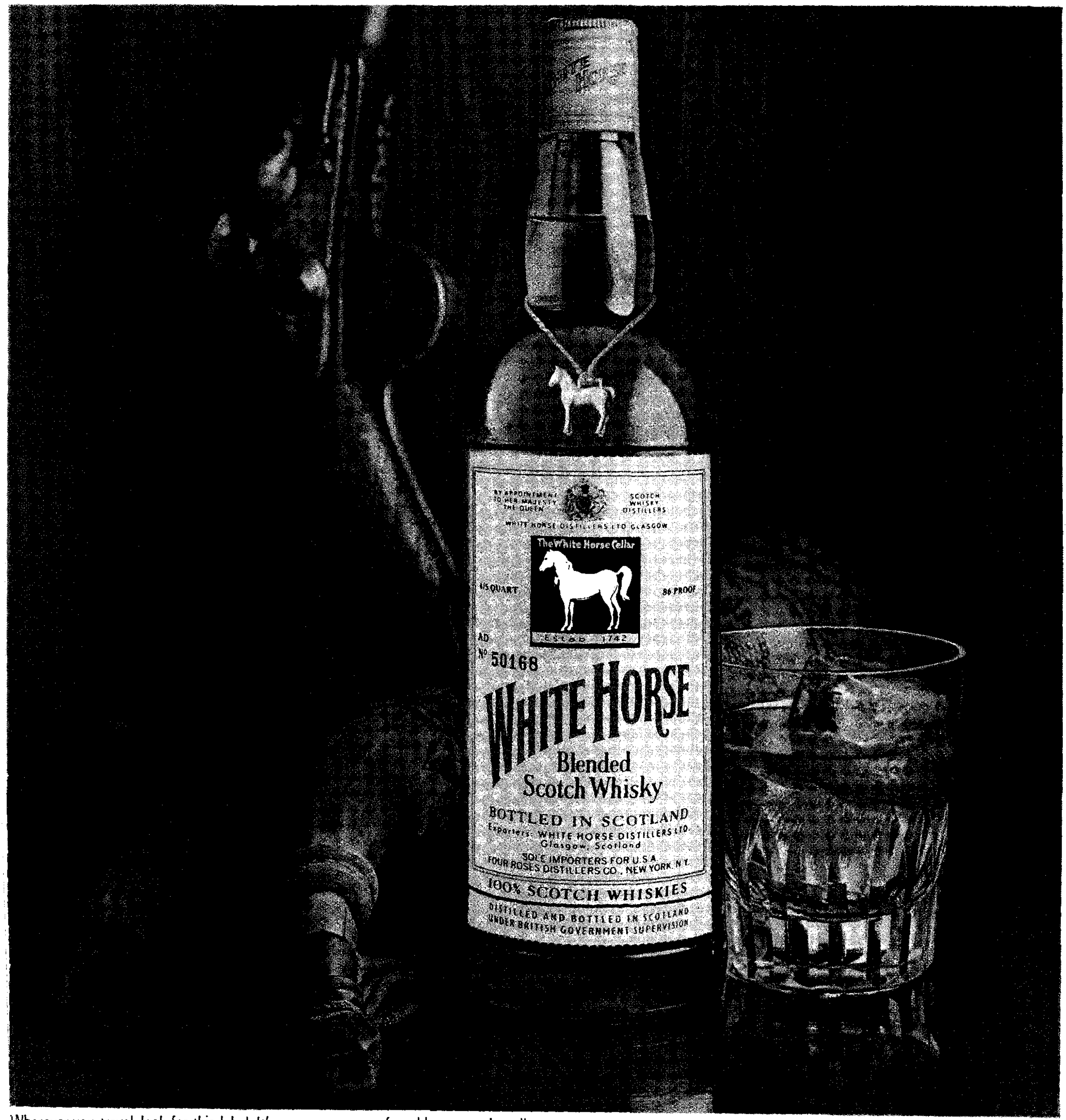
TROTTING—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY,** Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, July 25. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 6:43 on Fridays and Saturdays.) . . . **HISTORIC TRACK,** Goshen: Monday through Friday, June 29-July 3, at 1:30. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 14.

ET ALIA

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Nine programs in a series of Japanese films, some without English titles: June 24 at 2, "Our Neighbor, Miss Yae" (1934); June 24 at 5:30, "The Loves of Kojuro" (1938); June 25 at 2, 5:30, and 8, "Clouds at Sunset" (1967); June 26 at 2 and 5:30, "What Did the Lady Forget?" (1937); June 27 at 3, "The Scent of Incense" (1964); June 28 at 2 and 5:30, "Late Autumn" (1960); June 29 at 8 and June 30 at 2 and 5:30, "Night Drum" (1958); July 1 at 2 and 5:30, "Souls on the Road" (1921); July 2 at 2, 5:30, and 8, "Kagero" (1969). . . . ¶ June 27 at 11:30: "Triumph of the Will" (1934), in German, directed by Leni Riefenstahl for the Nazi Party; no English titles. . . . ¶ June 29 at 2:30 and 5:30: "Mickey" (1918), a Mack Sennett film. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon, or, if a Monday, after 2. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30.)

Before a shot was fired in '76, we were already a Tradition.


WHITE HORSE
By Appointment to Her Majesty the Queen
Scotch Whisky Distillers
White Horse Distillers Ltd Glasgow
The White Horse Cellar
4/5 QUART
86 PROOF
Estab. 1742
AD
Nº 50168
WHITE HORSE
Blended Scotch Whisky
BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
Exporters: WHITE HORSE DISTILLERS LTD.
Glasgow, Scotland
SOLE IMPORTERS FOR U.S.A.
FOUR ROSES DISTILLERS CO., NEW YORK, N.Y.
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
UNDER BRITISH GOVERNMENT SUPERVISION

Wherever you travel, look for this label. It's your assurance of world-renowned quality.

The White Horse Cellar
Estab. 1742

White Horse Scotch.

The difference between ordinary and legendary.

How do passengers like the Boeing 747?

It's restful . . . It's fun. "There are so many people to meet and there is so much room to stretch out. It's just hard to describe all the great things about this airplane. It's restful and it's fun . . . that's what I like the best."

Mrs. Judith Mullins
Los Angeles, California

It's exceptionally smooth. "This is the way to fly. As a businessman, I can see all kinds of possibilities for group travel. The airplane is exceptionally smooth. It has plenty of quiet and the amount of room is nearly unbelievable. I'll continue to fly on the 747 whenever possible."

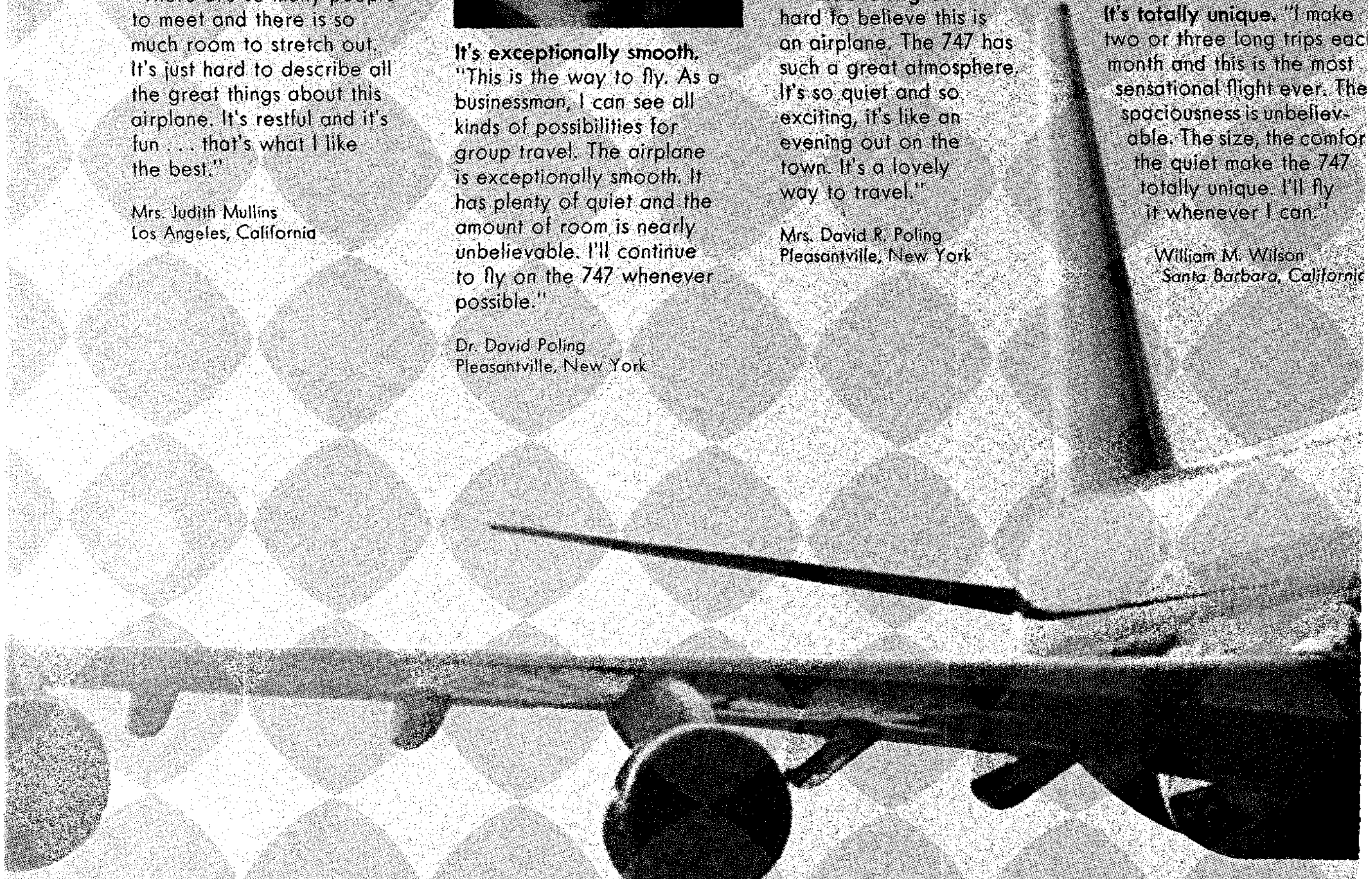
Dr. David Poling
Pleasantville, New York

It's an evening out. "It's hard to believe this is an airplane. The 747 has such a great atmosphere. It's so quiet and so exciting, it's like an evening out on the town. It's a lovely way to travel."

Mrs. David R. Poling
Pleasantville, New York

It's totally unique. "I make two or three long trips eac month and this is the most sensational flight ever. The spaciousness is unbelievable. The size, the comfor the quiet make the 747 totally unique. I'll fly it whenever I can."

William M. Wilson
Santa Barbara, Californi



Boeing 747s now serve Barcelona, Bermuda, Boston, Chicago, Frankfurt, Hong Kong, Honolulu, Lisbon, London, Los Angeles, Madrid, Minneapolis-St. Paul, Montreal, New Y
Later: Air Canada, Air-India, BOAC, Braniff, Delta, Eastern, El Al, Iberia, Irish-Aer Lin

sten...

e a big city. "I love it.
st an elegant way to
l. It's hard to believe
really an airplane. It's
big city. The upstairs
e is a beautiful touch.
t The Spacious Age. This
only way to travel."

Meister
ork City

It's fascinating. "The 747 makes flying a wonderful new experience. The bigness is impressive, yet it has the intimacy and feel of a private plane. It's fascinating, it's luxurious. It's a great way to travel."

Fred W. Beaucar
Arcadia, California

It's an engineering marvel. "I travel long distances very frequently and this is the way to travel. I just love riding on the 747. It's very well designed, it has a great feeling of luxury . . . it's an engineering marvel."

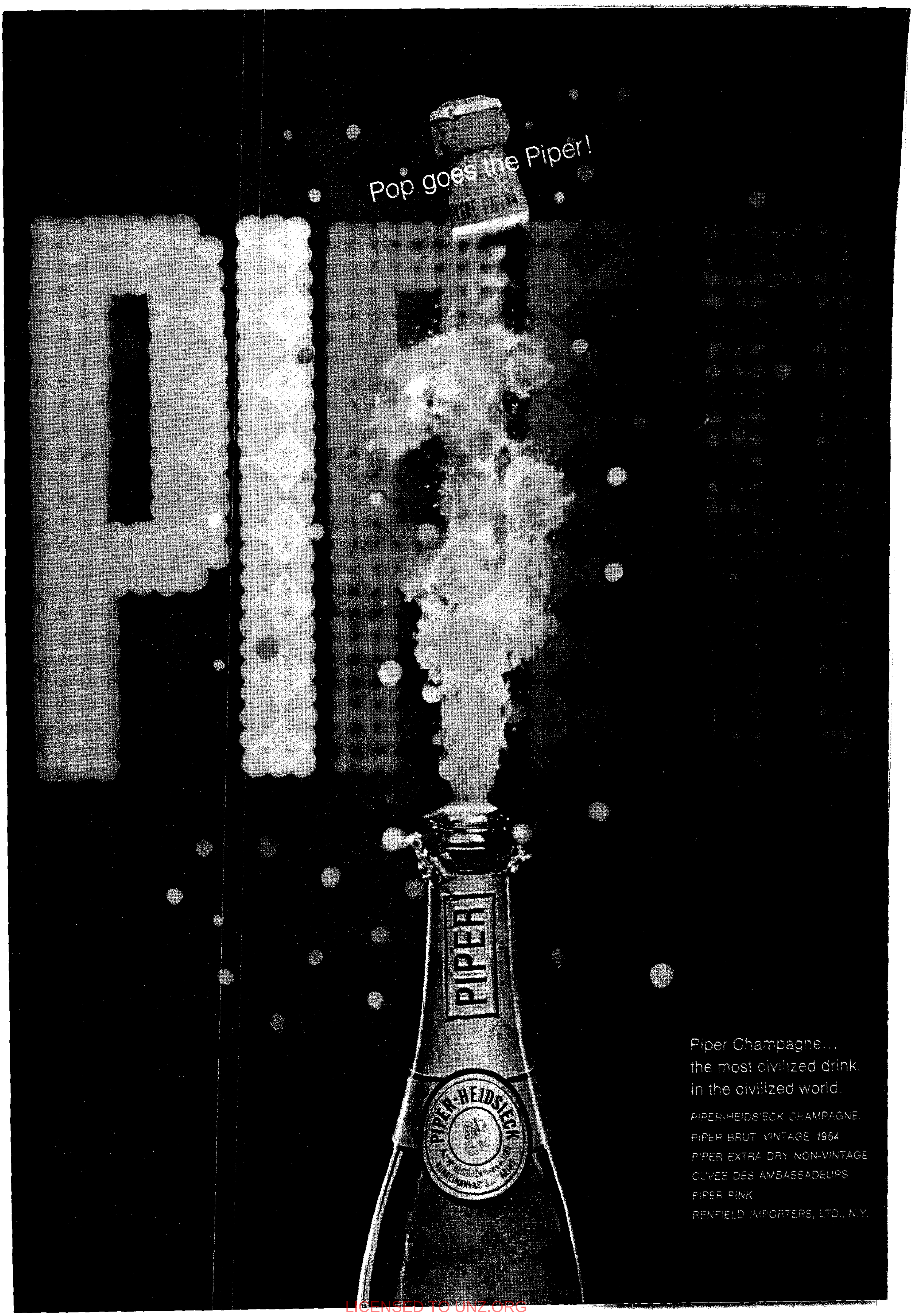
Mrs. Berniece L. Spornhauer
Seoul, Korea

It's the only way to fly. "It's the greatest airplane I've ever flown. The 747 offers so much. It has great roominess, vastly better service and the takeoff is a remarkable experience. It's the only way to fly."

Robert E. Weaver
Hilo, Hawaii

BOEING 747

ome, San Francisco, San Juan, Tokyo, Washington, D.C. Fly Boeing 747s with: Air France, Alitalia, American, Continental, Lufthansa, Northwest, Pan Am, TWA.
, National, Qantas, SAS, Sabena, South African, Swissair, United, Universal, World.


Pop goes the Piper!
PIPER
PIPER-HEIDSIECK

Piper Champagne...
the most civilized drink
in the civilized world.

PIPER-HEIDSIECK CHAMPAGNE
PIPER BRUT VINTAGE 1964
PIPER EXTRA DRY NON-VINTAGE
CUVEE DES AMBASSADEURS
PIPER PINK
RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			24	25	26	27
28	29	30	1	2		

Anne of the Thousand Days—Richard Burton as a mild Henry VIII, who lets himself be pushed around by Anne Boleyn (Genevieve Bujold). Well written, well acted, but rather wan. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting July 1.)

À Nous la Liberté (1931)—René Clair's imaginative social comedy on the mechanization of modern life begins with a man who escapes from prison and then builds a business that turns into a prison. Paced to Georges Auric's memorable score. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 2.)

L'Atalante (1934)—Jean Vigo's sensuous, poetic love story about a young barge captain on the Seine, who takes a bride and loses her and nearly goes mad before he gets her back. Jean Dasté and Dita Parlo are the lovers, Michel Simon is the tattooed barge hand. A wonderfully spontaneous, unarranged-looking film, photographed by Boris Kaufman and with a lovely score by Maurice Jaubert. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 27.)

Bay of the Angels (1962)—Jacques Demy's virtuoso sense of film rhythm makes this flimsy, capricious story of a gambling lady (Jeanne Moreau, in dazzling form) a lyrical study in compulsion and luck. A magical, whirling film, photographed by Raoul Coutard, and edited by Michel Legrand's music. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 2.)

Beauty and the Devil (1949)—The American title is deceptive; it should be "The Beauty of the Devil." Michel Simon, as Mephistopheles, tempts the dashing young Faust of Gérard Philipe. There are no spiritual conflicts; in this René Clair film, the dangers of science and of absolute power are the targets, and the fantasy is urbane. The whole elaborate joke gets awfully smug. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 1-2.)

Belle de Jour (1967)—Buñuel's color film of a well-bred girl's rapt fantasies of sadomasochism. Catherine Deneuve as the heroine. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; starting July 1.)

Bizarre, Bizarre (1937)—Jacques Prévert wrote and Marcel Carné directed this Dadaist comedy about the English mania for detective fiction, improbably set in Edwardian England. Jean-Louis Barrault is the detective-story reader who decides to commit his own perfect crime by murdering the author (Michel Simon). With Françoise Rosay as Barrault's inamorata, Louis Jouvet as a clergyman, and Jean-Pierre Aumont as a romantic milkman. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 30.)

Boudu Saved from Drowning (1931)—Despite the problems of sound recording in 1931, Jean Renoir went out of the studio and shot this film on the streets and along the banks of the Seine, and so it is not only a lovely fable about a bourgeois attempt to reform an early hippie (Michel Simon is the shaggy-bearded tramp who spills wine on the table and wipes his shoes on the bedspread) but a photographic record of an earlier France. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; June 24.)

Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid—Some kind of cute cross between a contemporary put-on and a stylized Western legend, and it doesn't quite work. Paul Newman and Robert Redford are, however, among the most attractive performers around. George Roy Hill directed, from William Goldman's screenplay. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through June 30.)

Cactus Flower—Broadway quips delivered by Ingrid Bergman, who looks majestic; Walter Matthau, who looks a little weary (he has every right to); and Goldie Hawn, whom God must have sent to us. But why didn't He provide her with better material? Directed by Gene Saks. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting July 1.)

Catch-22—The great novel, by Joseph Heller, has been turned into a pretty good movie, directed by Mike Nichols, worth seeing more than once to watch the work of a great actor, Alan Arkin, as Captain Yossarian. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411; and Paramount, B'way at 61st; no phone yet.)

César (1936)—The last film of the Marcel Pagnol trilogy is named for the pivotal character of the entire series, played by Raimu. After Raimu's death, J. B. Priestley wrote, "The French should erect a monument to the memory of this player, who reminded us that France had known a Rabelais, a Molière, a Balzac." In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; June 26-27.)

Chronicle of a Summer (1960)—A pioneer work of *cinéma vérité* on which anthropologist-filmmaker Jean Rouch and sociologist-film critic Edgar Morin collaborated. A Negro student, a factory worker, a girl survivor of the concentration camps, and others are interviewed; later they discuss whether they "acted." Some revealing moments, though the confessional atmosphere gets a bit thick. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; June 29-30.)

The Circus (1928)—Chaplin at his most clown-with-a-breaking-heart masochistic. Not top-drawer Chaplin, but still pleasant. With Merna Kennedy. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, 924-3363; through June 30.)

Cotton Comes to Harlem—Grave Digger Jones and Coffin Ed Johnson, two New York City police detectives, on the trail of various villains. A mixture of hardboiled detective story and very broad farce, with an intricate plot skillfully directed by Ossie Davis. Based on the novels of Chester Himes and featuring Raymond St. Jacques, Godfrey Cambridge, Calvin Lockhart, and Redd Foxx. (86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th, 249-1144; and Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th, 877-4040.)

The Cousins (1959)—Claude Chabrol's subtle, glittering film about a naïve, plodding country cousin (Gérard Blain) who destroys his gifted, bohemian city cousin (Jean-Claude Brialy). One of the major New Wave films, it now has added interest for its portrait of the French student life of the fifties. With Juliette Mayniel. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; June 28-29.)

The Crime of Monsieur Lange (1935)—Directed by Jean Renoir. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 30.)

Don't Look Back (1967)—Bob Dylan on a concert tour of England, recorded by Donn Pennebaker's camera. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; through June 30.)

Fellini Satyricon—Man without God running photogenically amok. Gawd. In Italian. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, 246-5123. Nightly at 7:15 and 9:45. Matinées Mondays through Fridays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 4:45.)

The Fifth Horseman Is Fear (1964)—A Czech film of great baroque brilliance, about a Jewish doctor fighting to hang on to a core of honor in Prague under an anti-Semitic totalitarian regime. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 26.)

The Gold Rush (1925)—Charlie Chaplin's classic, stepped up with narrative and music. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, 924-3363; through June 30.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. (Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th, 765-7600; through June 30.)

Hello, Dolly!—The extraordinary Barbra Streisand, in the biggest rabble-rousing musical of them all. Directed by Gene Kelly. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, 247-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesday, June 24, and Saturday, June 27, at 2:30; thereafter, Sundays at 1:30 and 5, and weekdays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Ikiru (1952)—The last days of a Japanese Everyman (Takashi Shimura) doomed by cancer, as he explores the ways of confronting death. Directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 24.)

The Italian Straw Hat (1927)—René Clair took the Eugène Labiche and Marc Michel play that Bergson used to illustrate his theory of comedy and turned it into a model of visual wit. This silent satire on middle-class pretention is so elegantly directed that farce becomes ballet. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; June 25-26.)

The Last Millionaire (1934)—The bankrupt mythical kingdom of Casinario (modelled on Monaco) invites the world's richest banker, who imposes a dictatorship. He gets hit on the head and lapses into childish ways, and the people go on taking his idiotic edicts as signs of genius. In 1934, the political atmosphere in Europe was so sensitive that this light satire on dictatorship (by René Clair—not quite at his best) was banned in Italy and Germany. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; June 30-July 1.)

The Lion in Winter (1968)—A comic melodrama, inflated by the prestige treatment, about the Plantagenets as a family of monsters. Peter O'Toole, Katharine Hepburn. Directed by Anthony Harvey. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

The Lovers (1959)—The romantic sex film that made Jeanne Moreau infamously famous. As a modern-day Emma Bovary, she makes love very elegantly in water—maybe because the director, Louis Malle, was once Jacques-Yves Cousteau's assistant. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 29.)

Loving—A beautifully sustained piece of moviemaking by Irvin Kershner. It is an unusual American movie in that it has the sensibility and feeling for character generally associated with Czech films or prewar French films. George Segal is the middle-class man trying to live without giving up his illusions that he can be an artist. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through June 30.)

Marry Me! Marry Me! (1969)—A slight but truly done film by Claude Berri, about a Jewish boy who gets shoved gently into rather the wrong marriage. In French. (Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd, SC 4-6745; through June 30.)

M*A*S*H—A gloriously sane comedy about the insanity of war. With Elliott Gould, Donald Sutherland, and Tom Skerritt. Directed by Robert Altman. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663.)

Mayerling (1937)—This beautifully made version of the royal romance is perhaps the most memorable of all French romantic movies. (Its chief rival is "Pépé le Moko.") Anatole Litvak directed, and the doomed lovers are Charles Boyer and Danielle Darrieux. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 2.)

The Misfits (1961)—An erratic, sometimes personal in the wrong way, and generally unlucky picture that is often affecting. With Marilyn Monroe as a lonely young divorcée, Clark Gable as an aging cowhand, and Montgomery Clift as an accident-prone cowhand. Written by Arthur Miller and directed by John Huston. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 1.)

Monterey Pop (1969)—Donn Pennebaker's direct-cinema film about a gathering of fifty thousand kids in Monterey, California. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; through June 30.)

My Life to Live (1962)—Anna Karina as a shopgirl who drifts into prostitution and doesn't do too well at it (though she looks lovely). Jean-Luc Godard's film has some brilliant moments—and some foolish ones. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; June 27-28.)

My Night at Maud's—Eric Rohmer's marvellous report on behavior between intimates. Questions about love, choice, luck, and religion are talked about and lived out by four characters in Clermont-Ferrand. In French. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through June 28. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting July 1.)

The Out-of-Towners—A Neil Simon screenplay about some of the more notorious perils of life in New York City. Likely to seem funnier to visitors than to natives, but funny enough to keep a native happy for a couple of hours. Jack Lemmon and Sandy Dennis in the title roles. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, PL 7-3100.)

The Passion of Anna—A wonderful new piece of work by Ingmar Bergman, even better than "Persona." Its clear sight of characters in predicaments irremediably their own—in the uttering of lies for anxious reasons, in reenactments of past crises that make them unable to move and to renew their lives—is expressive about Bergman's wish that people should extend charity to themselves. Max von Sydow, Liv Ullmann and Bibi Andersson are all at the top of their powers. In Swedish. (Festival, 6 W. 57th, 581-2323.)

Patton—George C. Scott in an epic that can be taken as the story of a maniac or of a great hero, depending on your point of view. Directed by Franklin J. Schaffner. (U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th, 249-5100.)

The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie (1969)—Maggie

Smith's Miss Brodie, Celia Johnson's magnificent Miss Mackay, and an excellently selected cast more than compensate for Ronald Neame's rather stodgy direction of the Muriel Spark material. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through June 30.)

The Sicilian Clan—An expert, glossy thriller by Henri Verneuil, with some good set-piece ideas, and holes in the plot that aren't noticeable at the time. Jean Gabin plays the patriarchal bastard who heads a Mafia family. Alain Delon joins the clan in a jewelry raid that is carried out with high style. (In French at the Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, 929-3350. . . . ¶ In English at the Regency, B'way at 67th, 724-3700; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200.)

La Strada (1956)—The fortunes of a professional strong man (Anthony Quinn), a half-witted girl (Giulietta Masina), and a carnival clown (Richard Basehart). Directed by Federico Fellini. In Italian. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; starting June 25.)

The Strawberry Statement—A luscious idyll on the subject of student unrest, strong on fancy camerawork, scenery, and pop music, weak on the issues, topped off with a beautifully staged and bloody police raid. Based on the book by James Kunen. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

Tell Them Willie Boy Is Here—An ideological Western that sets out to demonstrate that America is a brutal, racist nation. Robert Blake plays Willie the Indian, Robert Redford the sheriff who hunts him down. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting July 1.)

Ten Days That Shook the World (1927)—Eisenstein's classic on the October Revolution, and, for good or ill, a chief example of his "dialectic" montage. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 25.)

They Shoot Horses, Don't They?—Heavy-handed but compelling version of Horace McCoy's novel about the thirties. With Jane Fonda as the marathon dancer and Gig Young as the promoter, and both are first-rate. Sydney Pollack directed. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through June 30. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd, SC 4-6745; starting July 1.)

Time in the Sun (1940)—"Que Viva Mexico," the only film that Eisenstein directed outside the Soviet Union, was never completed. But out of the fabulous footage that he and his cinematographer, Edouard Tissé, shot in Mexico in 1930 and 1931 the film "Time in the Sun" was edited by his disciples, who attempted to approximate his original plan—from Aztec cults through Conquistadores and peonage to Christian feasts. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 24.)

2001: A Space Odyssey (1968)—Stanley Kubrick's prophetic myth. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668.)

A View from the Bridge (1962)—A complicatedly wrong-headed attempt to make a neo-realist Greek tragedy about a longshoreman in Brooklyn. Sidney Lumet directed, from Arthur Miller's play; acted by Raf Vallone, Maureen Stapleton, Raymond Pellegrin, Carol Lawrence, and Jean Sorel. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 1.)

Women in Love—Ken Russell's overheated version of the great D. H. Lawrence novel sacrifices character and meaning in order to make an extravagant, sensuous movie—which turns out to be rather like Lawrence's accounts of bad sex. The wild Gothic tableaux and Glenda Jackson's fascinating, stony performance will make more sense if you read the book first. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, 755-6030.)

Woodstock—An amiable gloss on the Woodstock Festival. None of the troubles are shown, none of the muddles of organization, none of the freak-outs. Michael Wadleigh directs. The good-natured hippies who put up with so much are depicted in a way that is perfectly true, but not enough of the whole truth. (Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

Z—A political thriller (based on the Lambrakis affair) that is one of the most exciting melodramas ever made. With Yves Montand, Jean-Louis Trintignant, Irene Papas. Directed by Costa-Gavras. In French. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; through June 30.)

Zabriskie Point—Antonioni's picture about America suffers from lassitude and inanity. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; starting June 26.)

Zero for Conduct (1933)—School as seen through the eyes of children. Jean Vigo's forty-four-minute-long comedy-fantasy about a schoolchildren's revolt is one of the most famous and most influential films ever made, in theme (as in "The 400 Blows" and "If . . .") and in its leaping continuity (as in "Breathless"). In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 27.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ABOVE

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through June 25: "Hi, Mom!," Robert De Niro.
From June 26: **ZABRISKIE POINT.**

Evergreen, 53 E. 11th. (533-5325)
"Censorship in Denmark."

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through June 30: **THE CIRCUS** (silent); and **THE GOLD RUSH.**
From July 1: To be announced.

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through June 30: **BUTCH CASSIDY AND THE SUNDANCE KID**; and **THE PRIME OF MISS JEAN BRODIE.**
From July 1: **CACTUS FLOWER**; and "Otley" (1969), Tom Courtenay, Romy Schneider.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through June 30: **LOVING**; and "The Looking Glass War," Christopher Jones, Ralph Richardson.
From July 1: **ANNE OF THE THOUSAND DAYS.**

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Watermelon Man," Godfrey Cambridge, Estelle Parsons.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Hawaiians," Charlton Heston.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
CATCH-22.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
WOODSTOCK.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
WOMEN IN LOVE.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Rider on the Rain" (in French), Charles Bronson.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
M*A*S*H.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Landlord," Beau Bridges, Lee Grant.

Pacific East, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"A Walk in the Spring Rain," Anthony Quinn, Ingrid Bergman.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Getting Straight," Candice Bergen, Elliott Gould.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
THE STRAWBERRY STATEMENT.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through June 30: **Z** (in French).
From July 1: "Tell Me That You Love Me, Junie Moon," Liza Minnelli.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through June 28: **MY NIGHT AT MAUD'S** (in French).
From June 29, at 8: "The Virgin and the Gypsy," Joanna Shimkus, Franco Nero. (Opening night by invitation only.)

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Myra Breckinridge," Mae West, John Huston, Raquel Welch.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through June 30: "Events," Ryan Listman
From July 1: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through July 2 (tentative): "The Hawaiians," Charlton Heston.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
PATTON.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"Kelly's Heroes," Clint Eastwood.

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"On a Clear Day You Can See Forever," Barbra Streisand, Yves Montand.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
COTTON COMES TO HARLEM.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
Through June 30: **DON'T LOOK BACK**; and **MONTEREY POP.**
From July 1: **BELLE DE JOUR** (in French); and "Dear John" (1966; in Swedish), Jarl Kulle.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through June 30: **THEY SHOOT HORSES, DON'T THEY?**
From July 1: **ANNE OF THE THOUSAND DAYS**; and **TELL THEM WILLIE BOY IS HERE.**

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through June 30: "Let It Be," the Beatles.
From July 1: **MY NIGHT AT MAUD'S** (in French).

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
June 24: "Jovita" (in Polish).
From June 25: **LA STRADA** (in Italian).

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
THE SICILIAN CLAN (in French).

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
"Brand X," Taylor Mead, Sally Kirkland.

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
"Airport," Burt Lancaster, Dean Martin.

Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (265-5711)
"Two Mules for Sister Sara," Shirley MacLaine, Clint Eastwood.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
HELLO, DOLLY!

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Beneath the Planet of the Apes," James Franciscus, Kim Hunter.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
THE OUT-OF-TOWNERS.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through June 30: **GONE WITH THE WIND.**
From July 1: "The Boatniks," Robert Morse.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
THE PASSION OF ANNA (in Swedish).

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
FELLINI SATYRICON (in Italian).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"The Dreamer" (in Hebrew).

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
THE LION IN WINTER.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"The Magic Garden of Stanley Sweetheart," Don Johnson.

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (No phone yet.)
CATCH-22.

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
COTTON COMES TO HARLEM.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
THE SICILIAN CLAN.

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through June 30: **MARRY ME! MARRY ME!** (in French); and "Daddy's Gone A-Hunting" (1969), Carol White, Paul Burke.
From July 1: **THEY SHOOT HORSES, DON'T THEY?**; and "The April Fools" (1969), Jack Lemmon, Catherine Deneuve.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
June 24: **BOUDU SAVED FROM DROWNING** (in French); and "Le Joli Mai" (1963; in French).
June 25: **THE ITALIAN STRAW HAT** (silent); and "Le Joli Mai" (1963; in French).
June 26: **THE ITALIAN STRAW HAT** (silent); and **CÉSAR** (in French).
June 27: **MY LIFE TO LIVE** and **CÉSAR** (both in French).
June 28: **MY LIFE TO LIVE** and **THE COUSINS** (both in French).
June 29: **THE COUSINS** and **CHRONICLE OF A SUMMER** (both in French).
June 30: **CHRONICLE OF A SUMMER** and **THE LAST MILLIONAIRE** (both in French).
July 1: **BEAUTY AND THE DEVIL** and **THE LAST MILLIONAIRE** (both in French).
July 2: **BEAUTY AND THE DEVIL** and **BAY OF THE ANGELS** (both in French).

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through June 30: "Let It Be," the Beatles; and "One More Time," Sammy Davis, Jr., Peter Lawford.
From July 1: **ANNE OF THE THOUSAND DAYS**; and **TELL THEM WILLIE BOY IS HERE.**

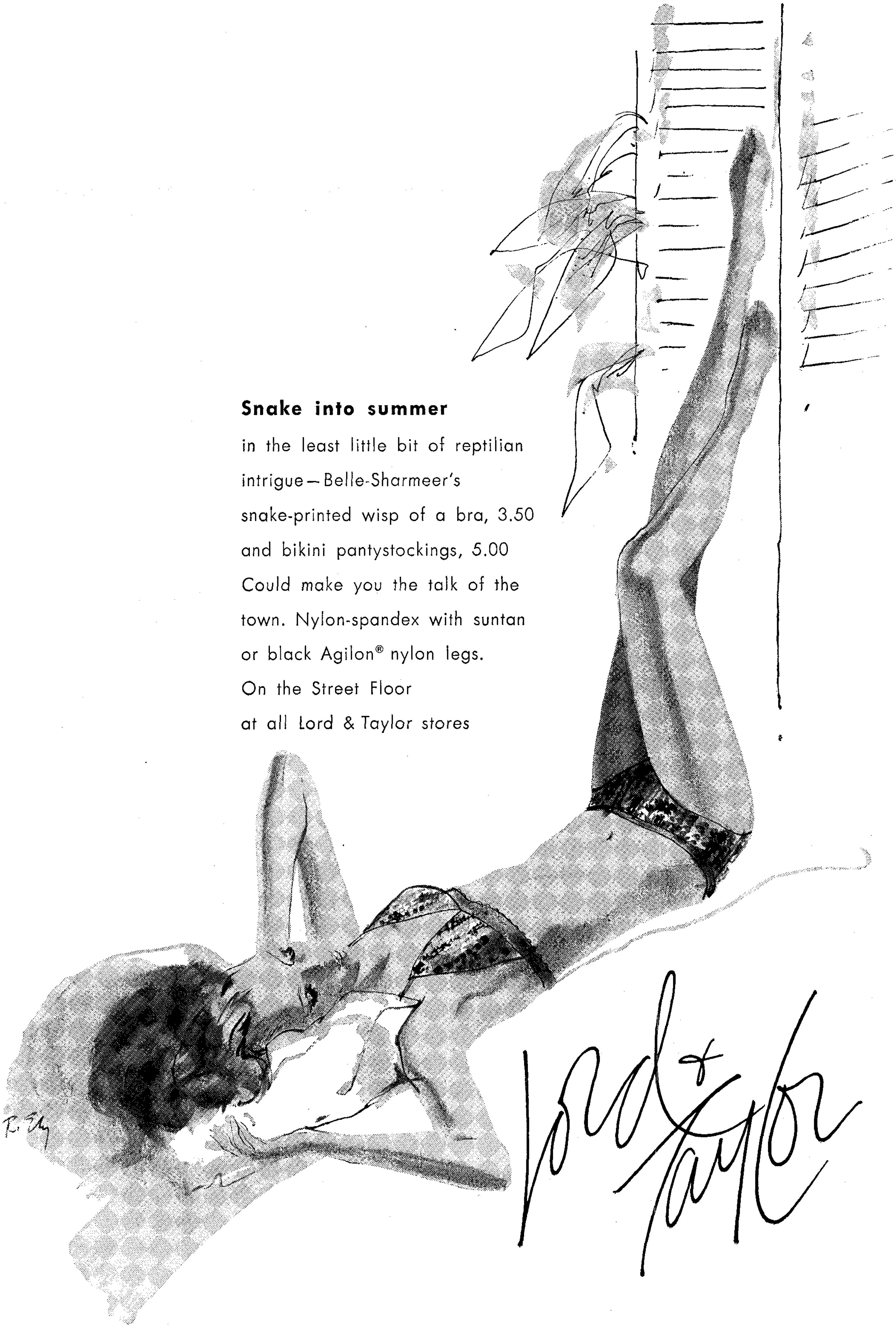
Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
June 24: **IKIRU** (in Japanese); and **TIME IN THE SUN.**
June 25: **TEN DAYS THAT SHOOK THE WORLD** (silent); and "Portrait of Lenin" (1967; in Russian).
June 26: **THE FIFTH HORSEMAN IS FEAR**, a Czechoslovakian film; and "The Witnesses" (1967), a documentary on the Warsaw Ghetto.
June 27: **ZERO FOR CONDUCT** and **L'ATALANTE** (both in French).
June 28: "Woman in the Dunes" (1964; in Japanese), Eiji Okada; and "Yanco" (1964), a Mexican film.
June 29: **THE LOVERS** (in French); and "Swedish Wedding Night" (1965; in Swedish), Jarl Kulle.
June 30: **THE CRIME OF MONSIEUR LANGE** and **BIZARRE, BIZARRE** (both in French).
July 1: **THE MISFITS**; and **A VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE.**
July 2: **À NOUS LA LIBERTÉ** and **MAYERLING** (both in French).

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
THE SICILIAN CLAN.

THE MILK CAN: TO SHAKE UP A PARTY, BRIGHTEN A BAR
Cocktail shaker in heavy silverplate, 32 oz. capacity, $48.50;
64 oz. capacity, $58.50. At finer silverware stores.

REED & BARTON

SILVERMASTERS SINCE 1824 · TAUNTON, MASSACHUSETTS



Snake into summer

in the least little bit of reptilian intrigue—Belle-Sharmeer's snake-printed wisp of a bra, 3.50 and bikini pantystockings, 5.00 Could make you the talk of the town. Nylon-spandex with suntan or black Agilon® nylon legs.

On the Street Floor
at all Lord & Taylor stores

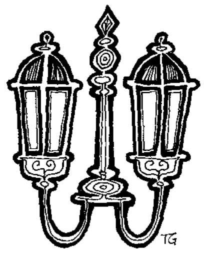
Lord & Taylor

THE NEW YORKER

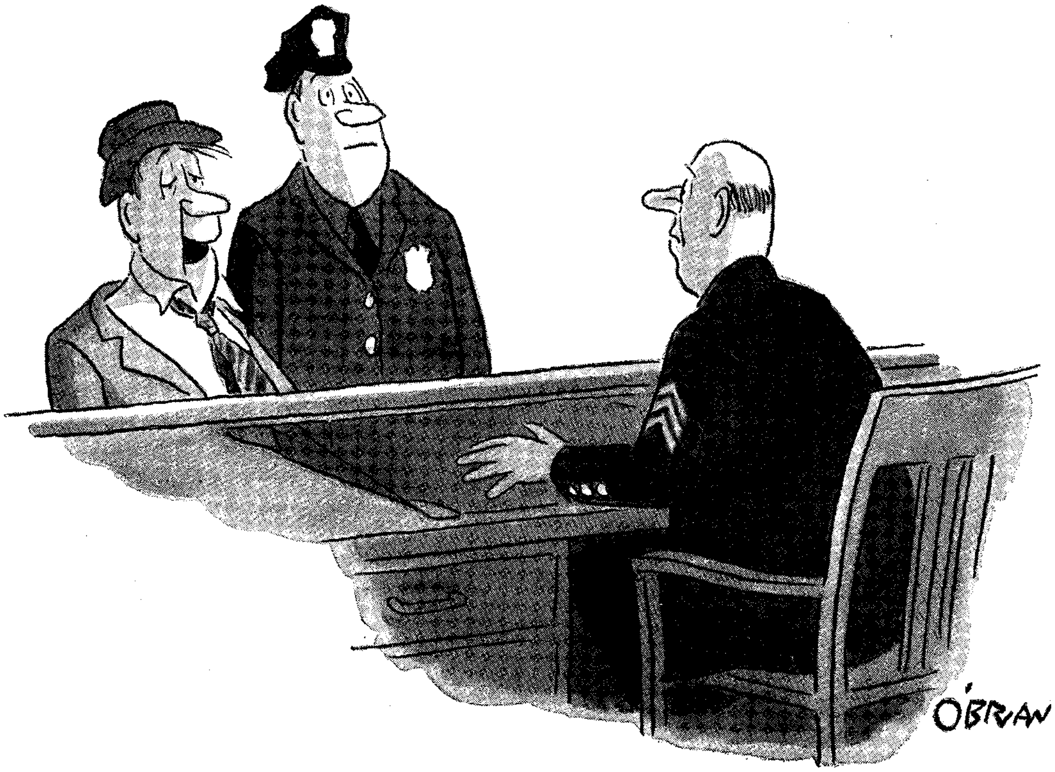
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

SINCE the beginning of the Cold War, this country has had an extraordinarily difficult time preserving its sense of proportion in matters that concern the political left. Even when the influence of the left has been virtually negligible, men like Senator Joseph McCarthy have been able to create an atmosphere of panic and suspicion among large parts of the public by falsely claiming the existence of leftist conspiracies in high places. In recent years, the problem has been complicated by the appearance of a small, disorganized, but indubitably real and active extreme-left-wing movement, which, although it has almost no support in the nation as a whole, has been able, through the actions of some of its more militant members, to do real damage to the functioning of many universities. The current Administration's response to this new danger has been to exploit and exaggerate it by creating the impression that just about anyone who questions the Administration's war policies is an extremist, and in so doing it has created a threat to the freedom of the nation as a whole which is vastly greater than any threat that the extreme left could ever have posed in the first place. This campaign has put university administrators, who must actually deal with the dangers of disruption, in a very difficult position. At the time the campaign was launched, many of them had already had to face the awful choice of suffering the occupation of university buildings, the destruction of university property, and the disruption of classes or calling in police and National Guardsmen who were likely to use a degree of force that might bring about serious injuries—perhaps even death—and would almost certainly aggravate the crisis rather than solve it. Now, in addition to the task of opposing the real dangers that threaten their universities, the administrators, because of the inflamed state of public opinion, have been burdened with the task of opposing the circulation of unreal fears that have been spread publicly by political leaders. In recent weeks, some of the most distinguished and respected voices in the country have spoken on the question of campus disruptions. In their remarks, they have met the problem of disruption within the universities head on, but they have met less forcefully the problem of the spreading public misinformation outside the universities, and we fear that some of the statements they have made about the nature of the radical left have been inaccurate in a way that will further inflame the public, rather than reassure it. Senator Margaret Chase Smith, who was one of the few senators who had the courage to speak out against McCarthy's campaign of intimidation, and whose voice carries tremendous weight in matters that concern our freedom, has likened the disruptive activities of today's radical groups to McCarthyism. In a recent speech to the Senate, she said, "I spoke as I did twenty years ago because of what I considered to be the great threat from the radical right—the threat of government repression. I speak today because of what I consider to be the great threat from the radical left that advocates and practices violence and defiance of the law—again the threat of the ultimate result of a reaction of repression. . . . The Senate was silenced and politically intimidated by one of its own members; so today many Americans are intimidated and made mute by the emotional violence of the extreme left." President Nathan Pusey, of Harvard, another of those who opposed McCarthy in the nineteen-fifties, has added his voice to that of Senator Smith, saying, "Now, less than twenty years later, our campuses are experiencing a not dissimilar period of torment, whiplashed as they are by a resurgence of his [McCarthy's] hateful technique. Again people are looking for scapegoats. But this time the attack comes not from the outside but from within, from extremist splinter groups of the New Left." President Pusey also likened both McCarthy and the New Left to Hitler and the Nazis, on the ground that all of them relied on the tactic of telling "the big lie" in order to gain support. The *Times*, too, has likened the American left to the Nazi movement, saying in a recent editorial that "it is not surprising that the new breed of campus revolutionaries intent on destroying all freedom except their own are now turning to what they call 'trashing'—the setting of fires, hurling of rocks, smashing of windows—ominously reminiscent of the shattered storefronts with which the Nazis sought to intimidate their political opponents of a generation ago."



On the whole, the comparison between today's radical left and McCarthyism and Nazism is a confusing one—and anything that adds to the already vast current confusion is dangerous. It is true that none of these groups have respected democratic freedoms, but in almost every other respect the differences between today's radical left and the two other movements seem to us immense. (Most of the comparisons that have lately been made—by all sides, including the radical-left side—between Germany in the nineteen-thirties and forties and America in the nineteen-sixties and seventies have been confusing. The Vietcong are not the Nazis. Americans are not the Nazis. Ho Chi Minh was not Hitler. Nixon is not Hitler. The radical students are not the Hitler Youth.) What is perhaps most striking is the disproportion between the danger posed by today's left and the dangers that were posed by McCarthyism and by Nazism. McCarthy had widespread public support, and he had access, as a United States Senator, to the enormous power of the govern-



"Well, if I am allowed only one call, let's try Raquel Welch."

• •

ment. Today, the extreme left has almost no support in the general public and no chance of winning access to state power, whether through revolution or through electoral politics. McCarthy, because of his power, succeeded in frightening scores of politicians as well as millions of citizens into silence, and even greatly respected public figures like Senator Smith could oppose him only at great political risk to themselves. Today, there is not even one politician who is so afraid of the extreme left that he does not dare to denounce it; in fact, the nation's politicians have denounced the left almost unanimously and have found it very advantageous politically to do so. McCarthy was able to prevent people from speaking out anywhere, at any time—to silence them completely. The left today is able to prevent people from speaking at certain times, from certain platforms, but it cannot prevent them from speaking at some other time or in some other place. In this society, although groups with anti-democratic tendencies who work outside the government can have a damaging effect on American political life and can mount dangerous attacks on certain institutions, such as the universities, it is only groups who have the backing of state power, or might be able to gain access to state power, who can pose a mortal threat to American democracy.

Senator Smith, after levelling her most strongly worded denunciation at the left, went on to recognize these crucial distinctions when she pointed out that, ultimately, it would be not the extreme left but the government that, in the name of opposing the left, would actually impose repression. In other words, the left is important because it could provide the government with a pretext for intimidating the public, not because it could do the intimidating itself. McCarthy, on the other hand, was able to intimidate the public through his own efforts. And this, of course, suggests that the analogy should be not between McCarthyism and the left but between McCarthyism and government attempts—and potential attempts—to intimidate citizens into silence.

We know from the McCarthy period that the fear of an imaginary danger from the left can inflame a large section of the population with anti-democratic passions just as surely as any real danger from the left. Comparisons like the ones that have recently been drawn, which tend to make the left seem more powerful and dangerous than it is, may build up still further the public's already exaggerated fear of the left and thus serve to create public support for repressive tendencies in the government. Moreover, these comparisons have been drawn at a time when, as a result of the invasion of Cambodia, the minority of students who are inclined to violence has been swamped in a gigantic outpouring of sentiment and energy on the part of students who are dedicated to nonviolent political activity. Thus, oddly, the comparisons have come just when the influence of the extreme-left groups is the weakest it has been in several years. Indeed, one of the few hopeful signs of the moment is that on many campuses—perhaps on most—students have been able to break away from their futile and destructive but peculiarly fascinating internal grappling and, together with faculties and administrators, turn their energies outward. It would be a tragic irony if, at just the moment when the power of the extreme left is fading, an artificial intensification of the fear of the extreme left were to provoke the repression we all hope to avoid.

Concerned Businessmen

SOME three hundred and fifty New York businessmen calling themselves the Corporate Executives Committee for Peace gathered in the West Ballroom of the Commodore last Wednesday evening for an anti-war meeting, which had been thought up only two weeks before. Seven members of the group's steering committee of fifteen work for Revlon, and one of its chief organizers was George J. Poris, a Revlon vice-president, who told us, "The day after Kent State—the day that picture ran in the papers—I couldn't work. My son happens to be a college student, and I could have been looking at a picture of him. I wandered into the offices of some of my associates, and they were feeling the same way, and the idea occurred to me that we businessmen ought to do something. The students, the housewives, the ministers, the ballet dancers—they'd all been out there, but the business establishment, which has some clout, hadn't done enough. That's why we're here—not representing our companies officially but ourselves." He passed us along to the chairman of the steering committee, Paul P. Woolard, who is an executive vice-president of Revlon, and Woolard said, "It's time for the *really* silent majority—the businessmen—to be heard, for them to reach other businessmen and also reach the Administration and the Congress and let them know they don't have the wholehearted support of the business community. We feel that students and others have made most of the moral and humanitarian arguments. But we, as businessmen and defenders of the system, have a role to play, too, and that is to say what we feel as loudly as we can. And what we are saying is that hostilities must be over by the end of this calendar year and all our troops must be out of Indo-China by the end of the next fiscal year—June, 1971, of course."

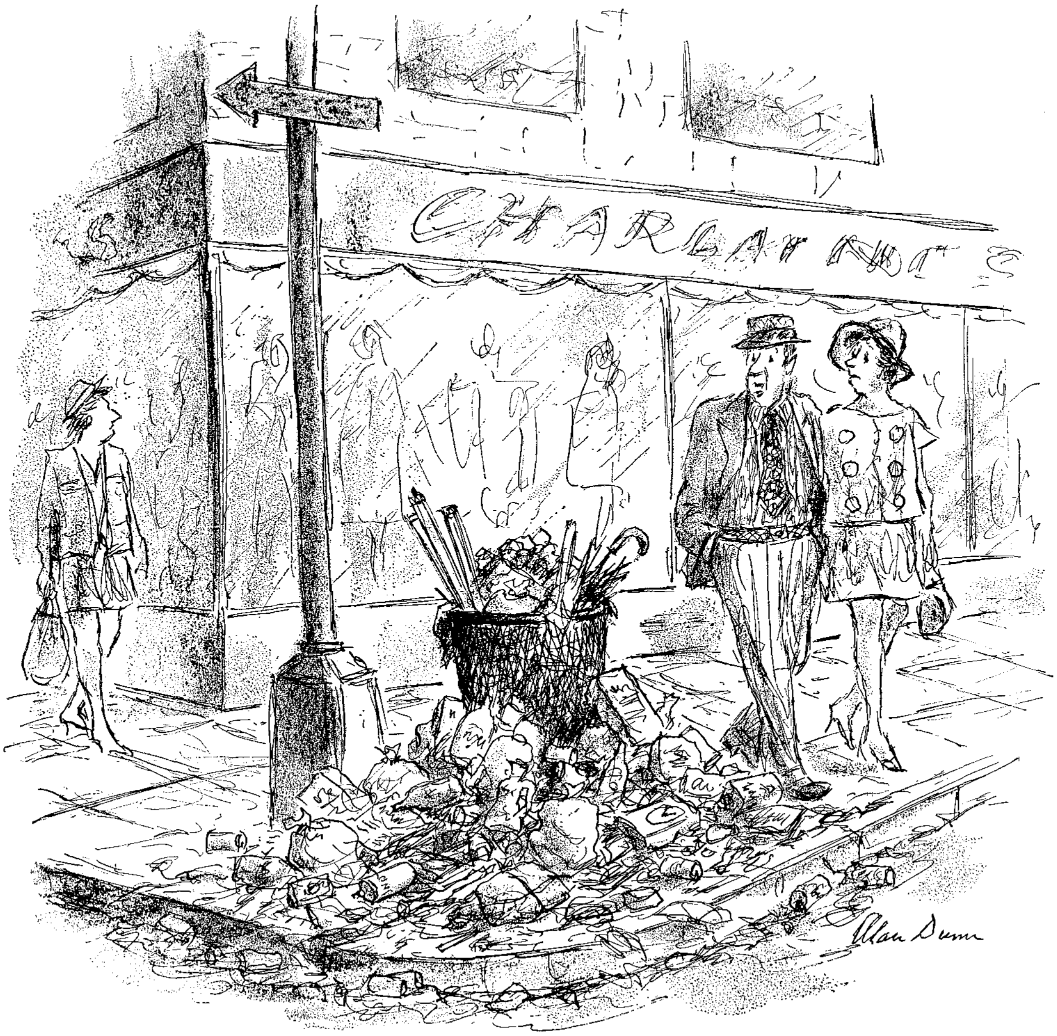
The business meeting was set for seven-thirty, and by seven the ballroom was beginning to fill up with conservative-looking men (plus a few men sporting muttonchops), many of whom, we gathered, were in manufacturing, advertising, or public relations. Some were clustered around a cash bar, which in itself must have been a novelty to the crowd. A girl handed us a meeting roster disclosing that the committee had already interested thirteen chairmen of the board, seventy-six presidents, and, among the rest, a man who was a chairman *and* president, and a Twentieth Century-Fox executive with perhaps the grandest title of all—Senior Assistant to D. Zanuck. We buttonholed one of the presidents—Hal Davis, of Grey & Davis, public relations. "This is the first anti-war organization in the city to operate in the area that Nixon's own people, like Haldeman and Ehrlichman, came out of," Mr. Davis said. "Maybe under another Administration some of the guys in this room would have been on the White House staff. These people are just beginning to realize that the situation we have in America today is Charlie Wilson in reverse: The war has been bad for business, and what's bad for business is bad for the country." Mr. Davis introduced us to one of the speakers of the evening, John Kerry, who graduated from Yale in 1966, spent three and a half years in Southeast Asia as a naval officer, was wounded and decorated, and has lately been making anti-war speeches. "I think the peace movement is at the point now where we definitely need businessmen," Mr. Kerry told us.

The meeting was called to order at seven-thirty sharp. Mr. Woolard presided. "We are neither pro-right nor pro-left but pro-peace," he said. "We are hawks for peace. . . . The time has come for businessmen to draw up a profit-and-loss statement on the war. If we owned that venture, we would liquidate it, and without delay, before it bankrupted the rest of the corporation." He presented former Attorney General Ramsey Clark, who got a warm hand, and Senator Alan Cranston, of California, who had flown up from Washington after a three-o'clock roll call and had to go straight back. "I thank you for being here," the Senator said. Then came Harold Willens, an ex-Marine captain who is president of the Factory Equipment Supply Corporation, in Los Angeles, and also chairman of the Businessmen's Educational Fund. "The nation is disintegrating," Mr. Willens said. "You and I would never sit by and see our businesses disintegrate. We must recognize our error and cut our losses. . . . We have to choose between our children and our myths. . . . The last great hope for healing our broken land lies in the visible involvement of business citizens." Mr. Woolard announced that businessmen's Peace Planes would be leaving for Washington on June 25th, and that a delegation of corporation presidents would seek a president-to-President meeting with Mr. Nixon. "Clear your calendar to take a clear step to help end the war," he said. Blank forms were distributed. "One small point I've left out—a crucial one for a businessman," Mr. Woolard said. "That little slip in front of you is a blank check, in case you don't have a personal one or a fifty-dollar bill in your jeans." The man next to us fished his wallet out of his trousers, opened it, seemed surprised not to find a fifty in it, and wrote out a check.

As we were leaving, we ran into Mr. Davis again. "Well, we're involved," he said cheerfully. "The only kind of talk this Administration is going to listen to is from businessmen who'll say, 'Mr. President, you asked for responsible dissent. Well, we're responsible and we're dissenting.' "

Écrevisses

THE Charles Jourdan shoe people, of Paris, opened a salon in the Gotham Hotel a couple of weeks ago. They held an elaborate reception for



"I call that progress—in a way."

the press in the afternoon and an even more elaborate dinner for themselves in the evening. A friend of ours at the Gotham named John Krimsky called us up on the day of the reception and dinner to say that he hadn't been invited to the dinner, either, but he had arranged to be served in the wine cellar, and would we like to join him? He also said that the famous M. Jacques Pic, of Valence, in Drôme, had been flown over to cook the dinner, and that he and a *sous-chef*, who had also been flown over, were even then busily at work in the Gotham's kitchens. We accepted with pleasure. Then Mr. Krimsky called back to say would we mind coming an hour later, since the dinner had just been put back an hour because the *queues d'écrevisses*, or crayfish tails, which were also being flown over, had missed their plane and were now scheduled to arrive an hour later. So could we come at nine? We said sure.

Mr. Krimsky greeted us enthusiastically and suggested we just take a peek at the diners and then spend the rest of the evening belowdecks. That suited us fine. We peeked in at the door of the hotel's main dining room, which was closed to the public for the evening to accommodate the dinner, and saw what Mr. Krimsky said were fifty-six people just settling down to a first course of *terrine de foie gras frais des landes* at a long table gleaming with silver. Mr. Krimsky handed us a mimeographed piece of paper entitled “Summary of the Service Procedure and Set-Up.” The procedure for the first course went like this:

SET-UP OF THE TABLE:
Champagne glass/not to be removed until coffee/
Red wine glass/removed after the cheese course/
Water glass/remains EMPTY, water only on request of the guest/
PLACE PLATE/used with the first two courses only/
French bread / Butter
FIRST COURSE
Goose Liver/only one slice served, on an iced plate, on place plate/
Toast served on butter plate
CHAMPAGNE WITH FIRST COURSE AND CONTINUED/

We checked it out, and all the water glasses were empty and only fifty-six slices of goose liver had been served. Everything was running smoothly.

In the wine cellar, we found a small round table for two, also gleaming with silver. There was a candle, lighted, and some flowers, and two slices of goose liver had already been set out by our waiter, whose name is Sal Santella. Sal is a Hawaiian. Mr. Krimsky told Sal it was time for the champagne, which turned out to be Veuve Clicquot Ponsardin Brut Rosé '64, a pink champagne. We set to on the *terrine*, which had been flown over the day before. It was delicious.

The *écrevisses* were the second course, and they were slightly delayed, so Mr. Krimsky suggested that we both make a tour of the kitchen. The kitchen of the Gotham employs about thirty people. M. Pic was not to be seen, so we watched the pastry chef applying a glaze to some grapes, and we were introduced to William, the *garde-manger*, who is one of the top five men in the kitchen. The *garde-manger* looks after cold dishes and garnitures. Then we went back and ate *gratin de queues d'écrevisses Belle Aurore*. They were everything one could have wished.

The main course was *poularde de Bresse truffée en vessie renaissance*, which was boiled chicken. We watched three waiters carry three trays of chicken upstairs. Each of them carried his tray at shoulder height, and as they marched upstairs one of them started whistling the “Marseillaise.” A St. Émilion, Château Cheval Blanc, was served with the chicken, and after we had sampled it William S. Roohan, the general manager of the Gotham, stopped by to take a glass of it with us and relax for a few minutes, since everything was going swimmingly. He proposed a toast to Mrs. Ellen McCarthy, the hotel's executive housekeeper, who because of the importance of the occasion had washed and ironed all of the hotel's Irish linen herself, by hand. The chicken was fine, by the way, and it came with artichoke hearts and truffles.

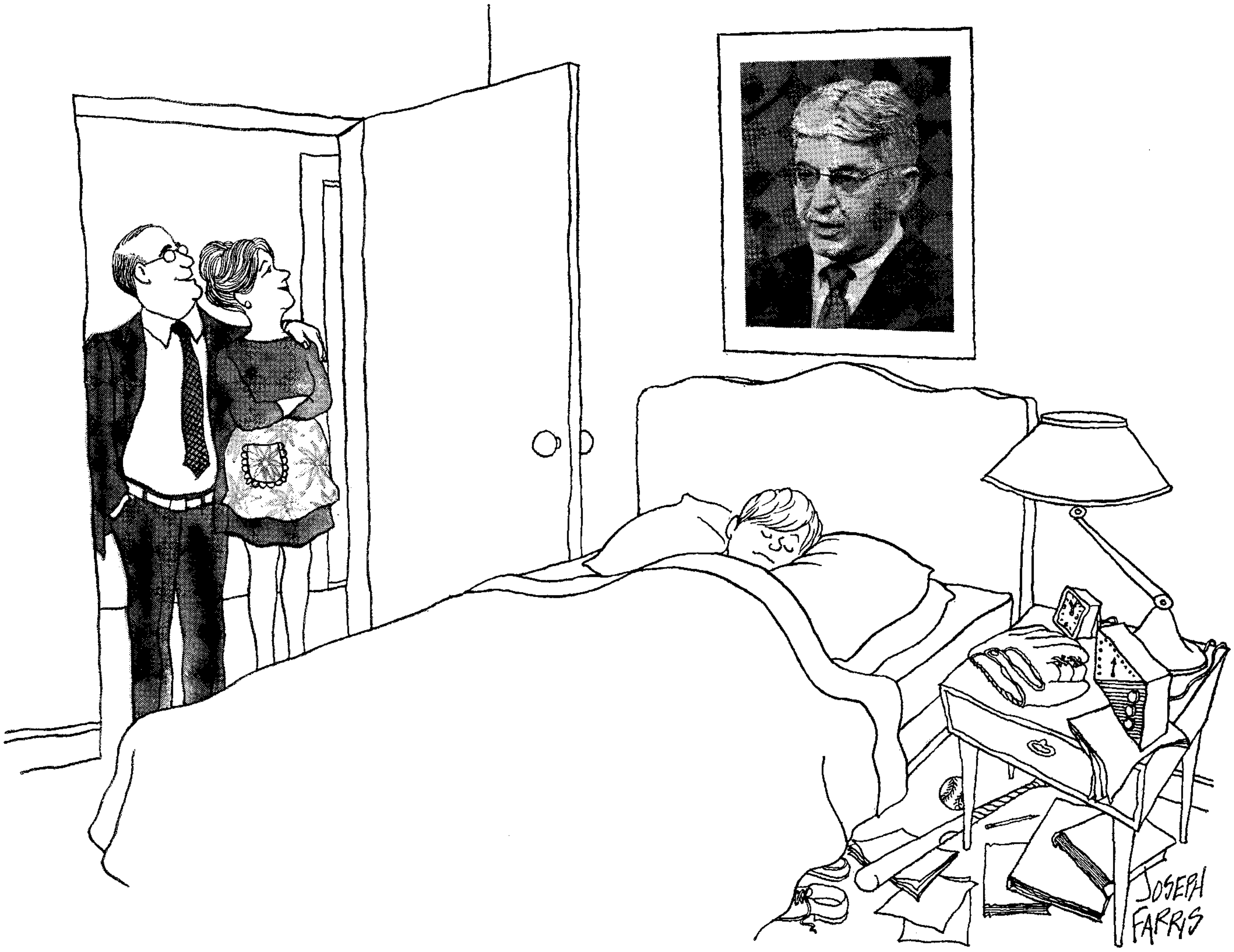
The *pièce de résistance* turned out to be the dessert—two enormous ice-cream cakes. M. Pic had gone all out. On top of each cake was a large sugar replica of a high-button shoe, in tasteful shades of brown, in honor of the Charles Jourdan people. Mr. Krimsky suggested that we sneak upstairs, and we got to the service door of the dining room just in time to hear “Ooh!”s and applause.

After the dessert, and some *friandises*, which included the glazed grapes, we drank some Calvados and caught up with M. Pic. He had just been presented to the guests upstairs, and he was sitting at a kitchen table beaming and sipping champagne and chatting happily with his *sous-chef* and two old friends who had just arrived, the chef and *sous-chef* of the Café Chauveron. We asked M. Pic what had been the most satisfying and the most dangerous moments of the enterprise. He said that he had had a faint shudder of misgiving when the crayfish missed their plane, and that his triumph had been the sugar shoes. We told him that the shoes had been a veritable triumph but that the *écrevisses* had been unequalled. He did not look displeased.

Gibson's Victory

IN 1967, the City of Newark applied to Washington for a Model Cities grant. The application opened with a general description of Newark's problems, and cited the following statistics: Of cities in the United States with populations of two hundred and fifty thousand or above, Newark had the highest percentage of substandard housing; the most crime per hundred thousand citizens; the heaviest per-capita tax burden; the highest rates of venereal disease, of new cases of tuberculosis, and of mothers who died in childbirth; the second-highest rate of infant mortality; and the second-highest birth rate. Newark was also reported to be second-highest in population density, and to rank seventh in the absolute number of narcotics addicts.

Mayor Hugh J. Addonizio, of Newark, whose administration compiled these statistics, was elected to the mayor's office for the first time eight years ago by a coalition of Italian and black voters. At that time, about thirty-four per cent of Newark's citizens were black; today the figure is about fifty-eight per cent. This year, the Mayor, who is of Italian descent, faced a black opponent, a civil engineer named Kenneth J. Gibson. The two men—both Democrats—faced each other in a runoff election last week, and we spent Election Night at Gibson headquarters. The headquarters were in an enormous rented ballroom, and the ballroom was filled with tense people who had come prepared to be either jubilant or frightened, depending on the outcome. By the time we arrived, about an hour after the polls closed, jubilation was already in the ascendant, even among the many security guards, who were nevertheless still taking their jobs very seriously.



"I think our boy's going to turn out all right."

• •

As we entered the ballroom, a woman on the dais announced that she had some late returns to give out, and the crowd quieted down. "With one hundred and eighty-three out of two hundred and seven districts reporting," she said, "the figures are: Addonizio, forty-one thousand four hundred and eighty-seven; Gibson, forty-six thousand—" The remaining figures were lost in a storm of cheers and whistles, and a woman near us said, "Ain't it beautiful! I'm gonna die if it's not true."

We fell into conversation with Charles N. Haugen, a white executive of the Prudential Insurance Company of America, who had been doing volunteer work in the Gibson campaign. (Prudential employs about eight thousand people in Newark.) We asked him how he had got involved in the campaign. "I think this is the first mayoral fight I've ever taken a real interest in," he told us. "I used to figure—and my friends thought along roughly the same lines—that what City Hall did was its business and what I did was my business, and that was that. I now know that that is not a very useful attitude for either a city or the business community to have. Most of us don't live in the city, but we are interested in viable government. What the hell, I'm a Republican, but this is a matter of conscience—a matter of middle-class conscience, if you will."

We asked him to assess his candidate, and he said, "By and large, Gibson is a very middle-class guy, with the advantages and some of the hang-ups of the middle class. A guy I can identify with. He's a civil engineer, and he looks like one."

The crowd began to chant "Power to the people!" and "We want Gibson!" A big man with a powerful voice sang out, "We *want* Gibson? Hell, we *got* Gibson!" And the woman on the dais said, "Hold on to your hats. Here's the final count." The final count gave Gibson 55,097 votes and Addonizio 43,086.

A local newsman told us he was glad we had come. "Every New Yorker should come to Newark, if only to see what can happen to a city," he said. "I'm sure you saw the burned-out, boarded-up, and bulldozed buildings, and I think it's just as hard to miss the fear. The Mayor has spent the last two weeks running against LeRoi Jones, not against Gibson, and harping on all the old kill-Whitey-and-rape-his-daughters slogans."

A man on the dais then read a gracious concession telegram that had just been received from Mayor Addonizio, and another man urged the crowd to go straight home immediately after the Gibson victory statement.

Finally, the Mayor-elect got a chance to speak. He said, "Right on! Robert Treat, the man who founded Newark three hundred years ago, never realized that someday Newark would have *soul*. This is an important victory for all the four hundred thousand people of Newark, and an important victory for the nation. This will be an administration of all the people—black, white, Puerto Rican, and all colors. We will work for everyone, and we will work on and on—right on, as we say!"

THE ORPHANED SWIMMING POOL

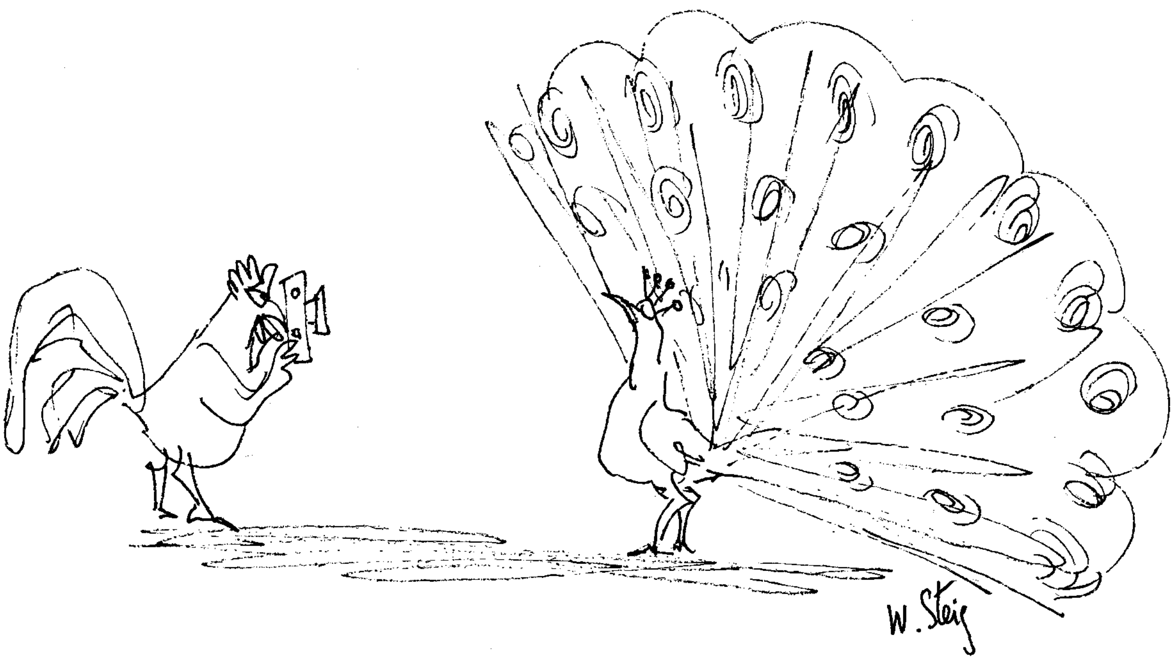
MARRIAGES, like chemical unions, release upon dissolution packets of the energy locked up in their bonding. There is the piano no one wants, the cocker spaniel no one can take care of. Shelves of books suddenly stand revealed as burdensomely dated and unlikely to be reread; indeed, it is difficult to remember who read them in the first place. And what of those old skis in the attic? Or the doll house waiting to be repaired in the basement? The piano goes out of tune, the dog goes mad. The summer that the Turners got their divorce, their swimming pool had neither a master nor a mistress, though the sun beat down day after day, and a state of drought was declared in Connecticut.

It was a young pool, only two years old, of the fragile type fashioned by laying a plastic liner within a carefully carved hole in the ground. The Turners' side yard looked infernal while it was being done; one bulldozer sank into the mud and had to be pulled free by another. But by midsummer the new grass was sprouting, the encircling flagstones were in place, the blue plastic tinted the water a heavenly blue, and it had to be admitted that the Turners had scored again. They were always a little in advance of their friends. He was a tall, hairy-backed man with long arms, and a nose flattened by football, and a sullen look of too much blood; she was a fine-boned blonde with dry blue eyes and lips usually held parted and crinkled as if about to ask a worrisome, or whimsical, question. They never seemed happier, nor their marriage healthier, than those two summers. They grew brown and supple and smooth with swimming. Ted would begin his day with a swim, before dressing to catch the train, and Linda would hold court all day amid crowds of wet matrons and children, and Ted would return from work to find a poolside cocktail party in progress, and the couple would end their day at midnight, when their friends had finally left, by swimming nude, before bed. What ecstasy! In darkness the water felt mild as milk and buoyant as helium, and the swimmers became giants, gliding from side to side in a single languorous stroke.

The next May, the pool was filled as usual, and the usual after-school gangs of mothers and children gathered, but Linda, unlike her, stayed indoors. She could be heard within the house, moving from room to room, but she no longer emerged, as in the other summers, with a cheerful tray of ice and a brace of bottles, and Triscuits and lemonade for the children. Their friends felt less comfortable about appearing, towels in hand, at the Turners' on weekends. Though Linda had lost some weight and looked elegant, and Ted was cumbersomely jovial, they gave off the faint, sleepless, awkward-making aroma of a couple in trouble. Then, the day after school was out, Linda fled with the children to her parents in Ohio. Ted stayed nights in the city, and the pool was deserted. Though the pump that ran the water through the filter continued to mutter in the lilacs, the cerulean pool grew cloudy. The bodies of dead horseflies and wasps dotted the still surface. A speckled plastic ball drifted into a corner beside the diving board and stayed there. The grass between the flagstones grew lank. On the glass-topped poolside table, a spray can of Off! had lost its pressure and a gin-and-tonic glass held a sere mint leaf. The pool looked desolate and haunted, like a stagnant jungle spring; it looked poisonous and ashamed. The postman, stuffing overdue notices and pornography solicitations into the mailbox, averted his eyes from the side yard politely.

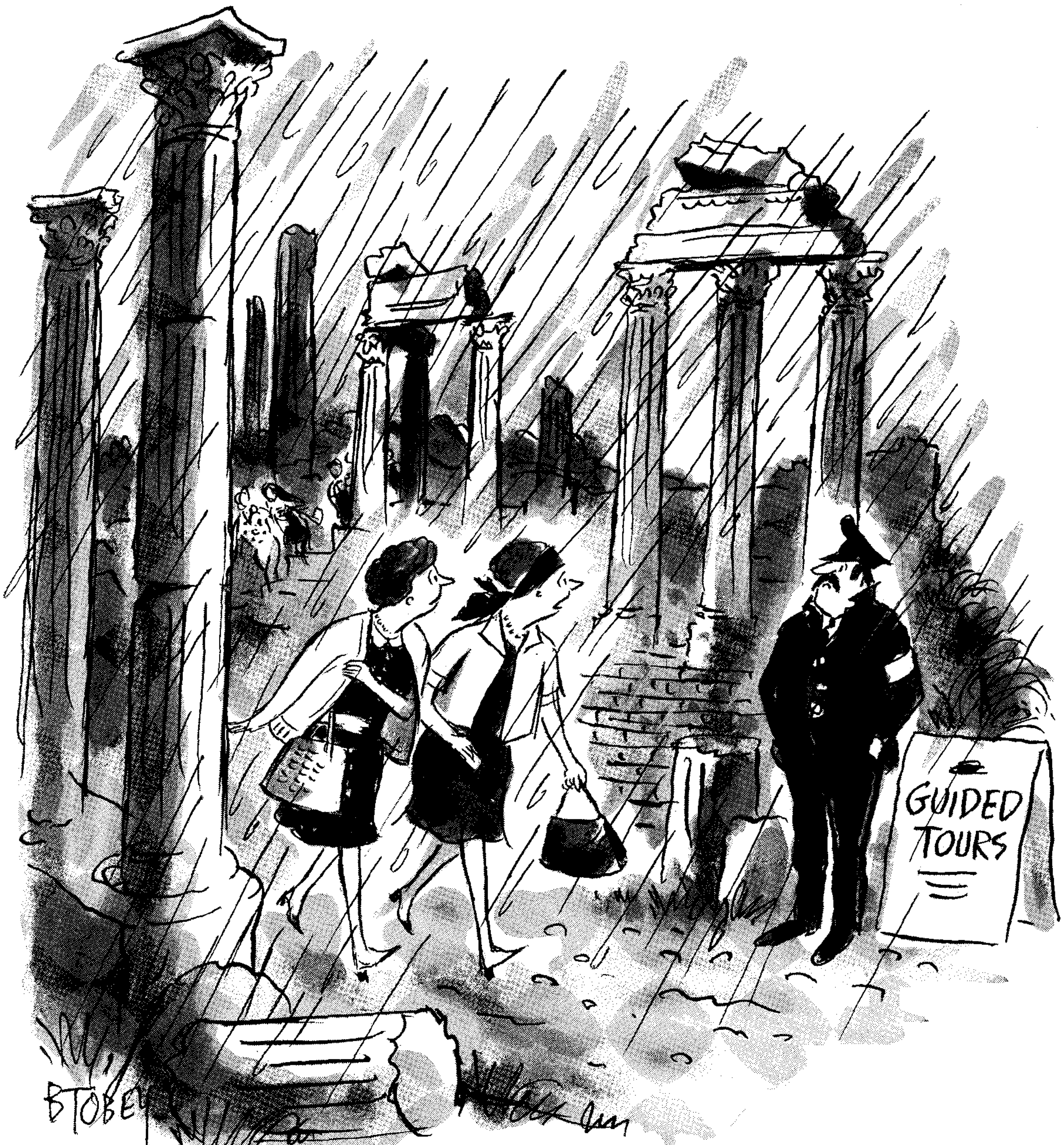
Some June weekends, Ted sneaked out from the city. Families driving to church glimpsed him dolefully sprinkling chemical substances into the pool. He looked pale and thin. He instructed Roscoe Chace, his neighbor on the left, how to switch on the pump and change the filter, and how much chlorine and Algitrol should be added weekly. He explained he would not be able to make it out every weekend—as if the distance that for years he had travelled twice each day had become an impossibly steep climb back into the past. Linda, he confided vaguely, had left her parents in Akron and was visiting her sister in Minneapolis. As the shock of the Turners' joint disappearance wore off, their pool seemed less haunted and forbidding. The Murtaugh children—the Murtaughs, a rowdy, numerous family, were the Turners' right-hand neighbors—began to use it, without supervision. So Linda's old friends, with their children, began to show up, "to keep the Murtaughs from drowning each other." For if anything were to happen to a Murtaugh, the poor Turners (the adjective had become automatic) would be sued for everything, right when they could least afford it. It became, then, a kind of duty, a test of loyalty, to use the pool.

July was the hottest in twenty-seven years. People brought their own lawn furniture over in station wagons and set it up. Teenage offspring and Swiss *au-pair* girls were established as lifeguards. A nylon rope with flotation corks, meant to divide the wading end from the diving end of the pool, was found coiled in the garage and reinstalled.



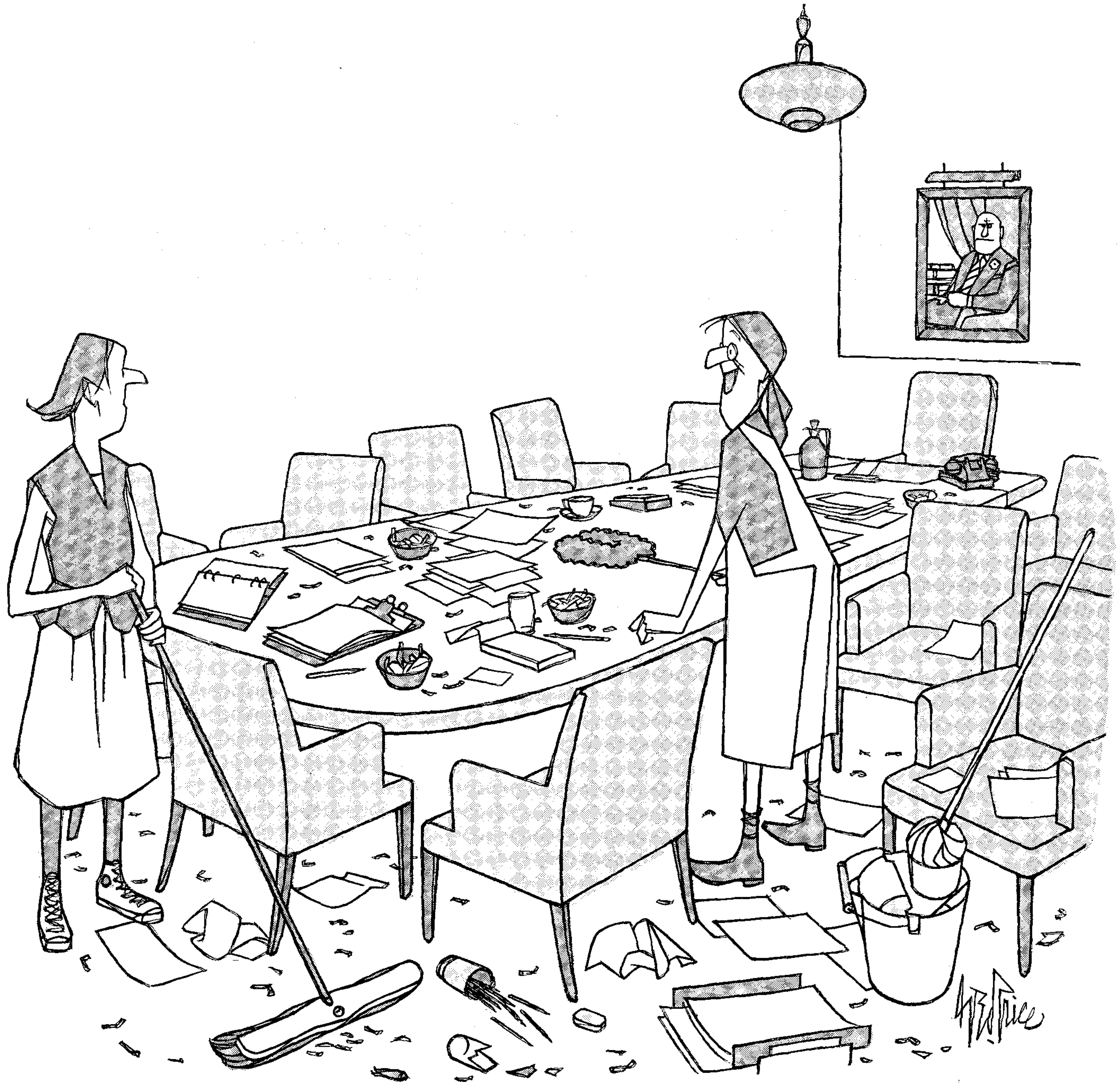
Agnes Kleefield contributed an old refrigerator, which was wired to an outlet above Ted's basement workbench and used to store ice, quinine water, and soft drinks. An honor-system shoebox containing change appeared beside it; a little lost-and-found—an array of forgotten sunglasses, flippers, towels, lotions, paperbacks, shirts, even underwear—materialized on the Turners' side steps. When people, that July, said, "Meet you at the pool," they did not mean the public pool past the shopping center, or the country-club pool beside the first tee. They meant the Turners'. Restrictions on admission were difficult to enforce tactfully. A visiting Methodist bishop, two Taiwanese economists, an entire girls' softball team from Darien, an eminent Canadian poet, the archery champion of Hartford, the six members of a black rock group called The Good Intentions, an ex-mistress of Aly Khan, the lavender-haired mother-in-law of a Nixon adviser not quite of Cabinet rank, an infant of six weeks, a man who was killed the next day on the Merritt Parkway, a Filipino who could stay on the pool bottom for eighty seconds, two Texans who kept cigars in their mouths and hats on their heads, three telephone linemen, four ex-patriate Czechs, a student Maoist from Wesleyan, and the postman all swam, as guests, in the Turners' pool, though not all at once. After the daytime crowd ebbed, and the shoebox was put back into the refrigerator, and the last *au-pair* girl took the last goosefleshed, wrinkled child shivering home to supper, there was a tide of evening activity, trysts (Mrs. Kleefield and the Nicholson boy, most notoriously) and what some called, overdramatically, orgies. True, late splashes and excited guffaws did often keep Mrs. Chace awake, and the Murtaugh children spent hours at their attic window with binoculars. And there was the evidence of the lost underwear.

One Saturday early in August, the morning arrivals found an unknown car with New York plates parked in the garage. But cars of all sorts were so common—the parking tangle frequently extended into the road—that nothing much was thought of it, even when someone noticed that the bedroom windows upstairs were open. And nothing came of it, except that around suppertime, in the lull before the evening crowd began to arrive in force, Ted and an unknown woman, of the same physical type as Linda but brunette, swiftly exited from the kitchen door, got into the car, and drove back to New York. The few lingering babysitters and beaux thus unwittingly glimpsed the root of the divorce. The two lovers had been trapped inside the house all day; Ted was fearful of the legal consequences of their being seen by someone who might write and tell Linda. The settlement was at a ticklish stage; nothing less than terror of Linda's lawyers would have led Ted to suppress his indignation at seeing, from behind the window screen, his private pool turned into a public carnival. For long thereafter, though in the end he did not marry the woman, he remembered that day when they lived together like fugitives in a cave, feeding on love and ice water, tiptoeing barefoot to the de-



"Is there a ruin with a roof?"

• •



"The tumult and the shouting dies;
The captains and the kings depart."

• •

pleted cupboards, which they, arriving late last night, had hoped to stock in the morning, not foreseeing the onslaught of interlopers that would pin them in. Her hair, he remembered, had tickled his shoulders as she crouched behind him at the window, and through the angry pounding of his own blood he had felt her slim body breathless with the attempt not to giggle.

August drew in, with cloudy days. Children grew bored with swimming. Roscoe Chace went on vacation to Italy; the pump broke down, and no one repaired it. Dead dragonflies accumulated on the surface of the pool. Small deluded toads hopped in and swam around and around hopelessly. Linda at last returned. From Minneapolis she had gone on to Idaho for six weeks, to be divorced. She and the children had burnt faces from riding and hiking; her lips looked drier and more quizzical than ever, still seeking to frame that troubling question. She stood at the window, in the house that already seemed to lack its furniture, at the same side window where the lovers had crouched, and gazed at the deserted pool. The grass around it was green from splashing, save where a long-lying towel had smothered a rectangle and left it brown. Aluminum furniture she didn't recognize lay strewn and broken. She counted a dozen bottles beneath the glass-topped table. The nylon divider had parted, and its two halves floated independently. The blue plastic beneath the colorless water tried to make a cheerful, otherworldly statement, but Linda saw that the pool in truth had no bottom, it held bottomless loss, it was one huge blue tear. Thank God no one had drowned in it, except her. She saw that she could never live here again. In September the place was sold, to a family with toddling infants, who for safety's sake have not only drained the pool but have sealed it over with iron pipes and a heavy mesh, and put warning signs around, as around a chained dog.

—JOHN UPDIKE

BY DAYLIGHT AND IN DREAM

I. HIS DAY

The blue veins in the crook of a girl's knee
And the spiral nebula in Andromeda
Will, even in age, excite the imagination,
Which is the mother of lust, the mother of wonder,
And survives both, becoming less troublesome now
As the animal machine runs down. An ancient man
Sits, meditating, in loved, familiar country,
By a green window opening on leafy trees
That rustle as the wind sways them there; birds
Fly in and out of his eyes; he is so besotted
With far sea-sound he sometimes will confuse it
With the sound of his blood whispering in his ears
All day, all night, or confuse the sound of the crickets
And grasshoppers—that myriad sound, heard only
At dusk or in darkness—with their mimic music
Listened to through long summers till learned by heart,
Heard always now in himself. Already he is
Almost a part of all he hears and sees
And touches, blue sea-odors inhabit him,
Waves crash in his head; the chairs, the table,
The highboy in the corner, the chest of drawers
And the carved mirror over it have become,
Through long use, so embedded in consciousness
As to be one with it; the sycamore
Arching the house, the woodland paths, the lowly
Wind-flowers by the way, scrub oak, wild cherry,
And the sad curve of the beaches come to seem
Extensions of himself, who is actually
An integral item in the vast, organic
Extension of things he calls the universe,
By commerce with which, bodily and spiritual,
He has maintained, for more than eighty years,
His interdependent being. Cool airs
From off the sea drift in at the casement, bringing
A sense of chill and foreboding; they disturb
His meditations with rumors of that fearsome,
No longer remote, inevitable event,
Annihilation of self, annihilation
Blank and beyond recall; not life alone
Shall be taken, but the very roots of it,
The very sense of its ever having been,
Abolished, extirpated utterly—
Nullity without end. Spirit recoils
At the confrontation. How has it come upon him
Here, that most dread of thoughts, in this blissful place,
This Eden out of time, this sanctuary
And seat of dear repose, well loved in childhood,
Loved ever still? Now, while the soft clouds
Lag lazily through heaven, now, while in grove
And woodland the regal iris and tiger lily
Stand, windless, while through the long afternoon
The phoebe plants her plaintive, reiterate note
In the acreage of time, and earth, not wholly
Fulfilled of summer, and yearning toward fruition,
Lies naked, like a loved woman unappeased,
Wide open to the sun, how comes this bitter
Dread thing to assail him here in his solitude
And treasured last retreat? Oh, primal terror
Behind all terrors, fear of which every fear
Is but the shadow, implacable fear and hatred
Of brute death, rejection of the sentence
Passed upon spirit, rejection absolute
Of the temporal limitation of the self!
Now, in the turmoil of his desolation,
That old dismay, he thinks it through again:
Are not all mosques and minarets and steeples
Monuments to that fear, to that rejection,
All priests and prayers and churches but symbols of it?
And is not every life a long pleading,
An argument held with Fate, against that sentence?
One-sided argument and, however fervent,
Doomed to be lost; doomed also to be renewed
With every life, through every day and hour,
To the last breath, until the end of time.
How could it *not* be so? he questions blindly;
Life is too good a thing to be relinquished
Except in agony, yet by the same token
It is too good a thing to be reserved
For the living only, the planet cannot hold,
Within one life-span, all the generations—
We must yield place to those who will come after,
As those before us yielded. Confusedly
He hears, deep in himself yet far away,
Oceanic voices.

II. HIS DREAM

A darkening tree
Bends over him, at dusk, in springtime weather,
Her deepening shade, and he is tired, the lulling
Voice of the sea, full of old memories
Of vanished days and half-forgotten things,
Drowses him where he lies in tender grass,
Under the tree, and he sleeps, and in his sleep
He dreams, and in his dream the sea speaks to him
From far away, murmuring, "Rest, rest,
Tired aged man, after the long day's labor—
You have much need of rest. Give over now,
Have peace, I breathe my benediction on you.
Rest now, have peace at last." But then he hears,
On some high bough above him, the clear note
Of a thrush, unheard till now, and the thrush cries out,
In fiery song, "Have faith, have faith, and know
All shall be given back to you, love and youth
And springtime, and glad hours of hope and laughter—
All shall be given back, and your true love
Shall be given back to you, and you shall lie,
As once, in each other's arms, and share the moment
That is so blinding sweet it atones for death,
And on which all life is founded." And, at this—
The thrush still singing—he starts up in a frenzy
Of struggle to free himself from the dark earth
That draws him downward, discovering in dismay
His body has roots, inextricably tangled
With the tree's roots, and he cries with a loud voice,
"Help me! I am afraid. Let me go! Let me go!"
But the tree makes no reply. And, again, he cries,
Even louder, "Help me! Help me! I am afraid
Of the dark earth, of the darkness." And the tree,
That is more silent than is the grave, for answer,
Rains down upon him all her bounty of bloom,
Her springtime burden, her glory of teeming blossoms;
And he looks up, startled, sensing in sudden joy,
'I am no longer afraid;' and the tree releases him;
And he enters the dark earth; and there, in a vision,
The child he will love, in aeons that are not yet,
Appears, naked, riding on a white dolphin,
And crying, "Now is it fulfilled"—and he wakes from dream,
To hear, far off, the sea's lamentation
Along these desolate coasts of night and day;
And still the thrush sings on.

—John Hall Wheelock

PATERNITY

I WAS far advanced in my training to become an internist when, in November, 1929, I established my practice in Mattersburg, a town of four thousand inhabitants in the Burgenland province of Austria. I had grown up there, and my longing for my home country remained strong during the years of my absence in Vienna. I was in my last year of residency at the Hospital of the City of Vienna when I learned to my sorrow that old Dr. Frank, the town's Jewish doctor for more than fifty years, had died. The only other doctor in the area—the Gentile doctor—could not provide sufficient medical care for the town and the surrounding villages and hamlets strewn all over the Rosalia Mountains, and impulsively I decided to take Dr. Frank's place.

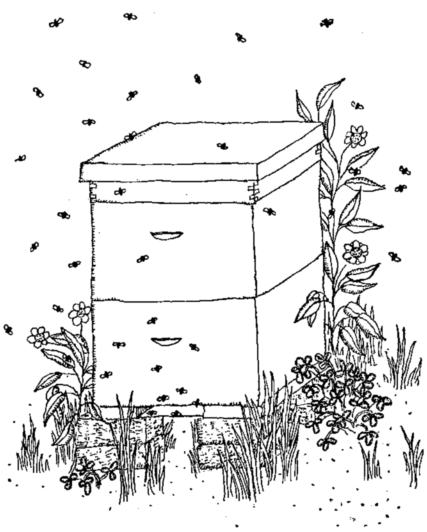
Everybody opposed my decision—my friends, my colleagues, and even the almighty Superintendent of the City Hospitals. Why exchange the amenities of Vienna (in 1929 still the world's capital of music) for life in the woods? My colleagues spoke about my future career as a specialist, and the Superintendent, who was a great anatomist and also the Health Minister of Vienna, expressed his strong feeling that doctors who had been trained under his supervision should become pillars of socio-medical planning. Still, I decided to give country practice at least a trial. I compromised; I asked for a half year's leave of absence.

When I talked to my friends enthusiastically about the beauty of Burgenland and the enormous services a doctor can perform for country people, they said I was running after a childhood dream. Was it really true? I recalled Dr. Frank's house in the center of town—a spacious two-story building, painted egg yellow and built around a large courtyard shaded by walnut trees. The windowsills were filled with pots of geraniums. Patients lined up all day in the courtyard—Dr. Frank did not believe in waiting rooms. The doctor's mysterious office, into which I sometimes dared to peek, smelled of alcohol, iodine, and dust. It was frugally furnished with a table that served as a desk, two chairs, and a rickety examining table. An old cabinet containing a few instruments stood in a corner.

Dr. Frank was a slight man, with a comfortable paunch and a face that seldom smiled. I was always happy when he invited me to accompany him on his house calls. He would sit relaxed on the back seat of his carriage, in winter enveloped in a mighty fur coat. It was difficult territory—from valleys to mountaintops, one house many kilometres from another. Still, Dr. Frank said, he would not exchange his practice with that of a *Nichtstuer* doctor in a city. I enjoyed those excursions tremendously. When the snow melted, the whole countryside was saturated with green. Fruit trees blossomed into red, yellow, pink. Soon they would carry apples, pears, apricots, plums. Strawberries grew as big as children's fists. And, of course, there were vineyards as far as the eye could see. High on a mountaintop stood the medieval castle of the Duke of Esterhazy, and around it a virgin forest—chestnut trees and hunting territory.

As a medical student, I continued to visit the old doctor, but then I saw more than the countryside. There was work at hand for a country doctor. Sicknesses flourished that are all but extinct today. The whole territory was ridden with diphtheria (I can hardly believe it when a young doctor nowadays tells me that he has never seen one single case of diphtheria); typhoid fever was endemic, kept alive by contaminated wells; every third person had tuberculosis. Dr. Frank applied splints and plaster casts without X-ray diagnosis. When I remarked on this once, he looked indignant and snapped, "D'you see more crippled people here than in your famous Vienna?"

After Dr. Frank's death, I travelled down to Mattersburg to visit Frau Frank. I thought of renting Dr. Frank's old office and a couple of rooms in the spacious yellow house, but Frau Frank told me reluctantly that she preferred to live her remaining years alone in the house. I walked street after street, looking for suitable quarters in which to set up my practice. The ghetto had not changed since I was in Mattersburg almost ten years before—it had probably remained unchanged for centuries—but among the many peasant buildings in the main square I discovered a two-story building with a grocery store on the first floor and an apartment above. It was a modern apartment by Mattersburg standards, and I took it at once, paying four months' rent in advance.



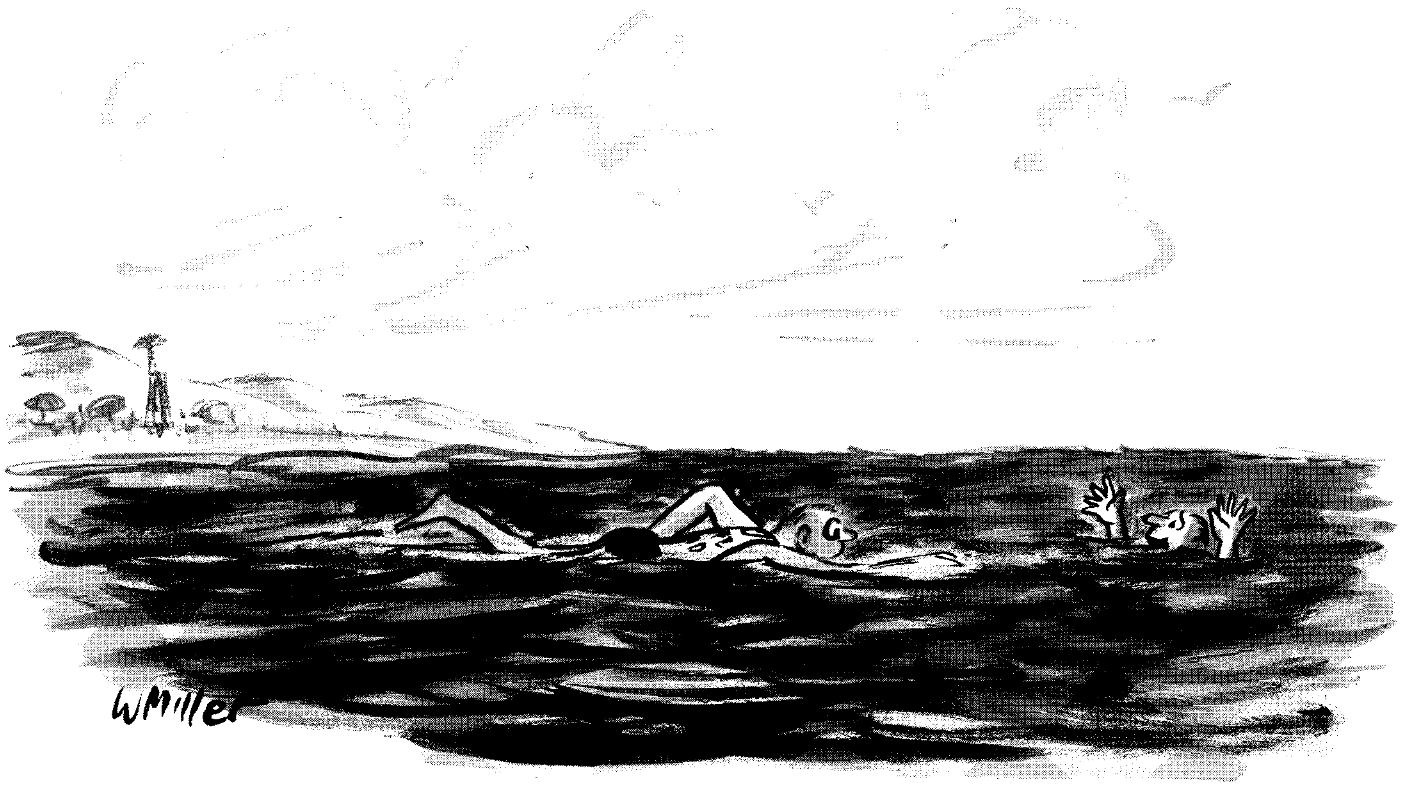
THE day my black nameplate, lettered in gold, was nailed on the entrance door, snow fell mixed with icy rain, but my heart felt as if it were spring. Upstairs, I had divided the apartment into office and living quarters. The office was equipped with the most modern tools and instruments, which I had arranged neatly in gray cabinets, and in a corner stood my X-ray machine. It was certainly the only one in a Burgenland doctor's office. Out in front of the building waited my little Opel-Steyr, which I had bought on the installment plan, like everything else. I was ready to receive patients and to make house calls.

No one came on the first day, or the day after. That was nothing, I thought—people must be given time to learn about the arrival of a new doctor; and after office hours I made my introductory calls on the notables in town: the priest, the rabbi, the superintendent of the school. But the doorbell didn't ring the third day, or on the fourth or fifth day, either. I drove up the hills, where snow had already settled on the tall fir trees. At night, I ate dinner alone in the inn and walked home through pitch-dark streets without meeting a living soul. Until midnight, when the Vienna radio stopped broadcasting, I listened to music.

Exactly one week after I had begun practicing, I was called to the house of my first patient. Her name was Sonnenschein, and she lived on a hill in the last building of the ghetto. I can still see that little figure with its birdlike face sitting up in bed, wrapped in several blankets. She had a metastatic breast cancer, and I noted morphine ampules at the bedside table. When I opened my bag and took out a syringe, she clutched the blankets to her. "Please, don't hurt me, Herr Doktor," she said.

I gave her the injection.

She took a deep breath. "It did not



"Wait, don't save me yet! The ineffable tenderness and exquisite rapture of my first love is flashing across my mind."

• •

hurt much," she said. "No more than when Dr. Frank gave me the needle."

"Why should it hurt you more?" I said.

"Because people say that you're new. . . ."

I thought, Now at least the Jewish community will know that I don't murder people. There was a community of four hundred Jewish people in Mattersburg in my time, and I was counting on them in the first place when I settled there. A Jewish and a Gentile doctor in town was an age-old tradition. But many Gentiles preferred the Jewish physician. I recalled the large number of peasants waiting in Dr. Frank's courtyard.

My second patient came from the Gentile community, soon after Frau Sonnenschein called me. It was on a Sunday morning that my doorbell rang for the first time. I looked out the window and saw a young hunter helping an older one down from a peasant cart. The older man was pale and perspiring, his left arm in a sling; blood trickled through a dressing that had been clumsily applied. Arriving in my treatment room, he collapsed, and we carried him to the couch. His escort gave the history. The patient was the chief gamekeeper of the Duke's estate, and he had been injured when a gentleman-hunter's rifle went off accidentally. I cut open the dressing, discovered the source of bleeding—a minor artery—quickly ligated it, and closed the wound with a few stitches. Then I removed some grains of shot that had lodged under the skin.

Meanwhile, the patient revived, and asked for water. "Wine would be better," he said, smacking. His face regained its natural complexion—freckled from forehead to chin. With his healthy hand he brushed his close-cropped, flaming-red hair, then put on his hunter's cap, adorned with a long feather. "My name is Ferdl," he said, and shook my hand. "I was Dr. Frank's patient all my life, and I'm happy to meet his successor. I have confidence in Jewish doctors."

He must have spoken kindly about the new doctor's ability, because the following day two patients arrived from Neustift an der Rosalia, the village in which Ferdl lived, and one week later, when he arrived to have the stitches removed, I had treated a dozen patients.

I told him that his wound had healed fast.

"Hound's bones heal fast," he said, quoting an old proverb. He smiled broadly, showing healthy teeth, with one front tooth missing. He told me he had lost it on the Italian front, where in a hand-to-hand fight it was knocked out by an enemy's gun barrel. He asked me whether I was interested in rifle practice, and when I said yes he invited me to the castle court, where there was a rifle range.

The next day, a young peasant from Ferdl's village came to my office, accompanied by his wife. He had fallen from a tree and was caught by a strong branch, which had saved his life, he told me. But he complained about pain in his abdomen. As I examined him, I felt a mass behind the umbilicus that grew in size by the second. It was not hard to make the diagnosis: a hematoma caused by internal hemorrhage. I advised immediate hospitalization.

"But, Herr Doktor, people die in hospitals, don't they?" he said.

"No," I said. "You must go immediately."

"Not for such a trifle," the man said.

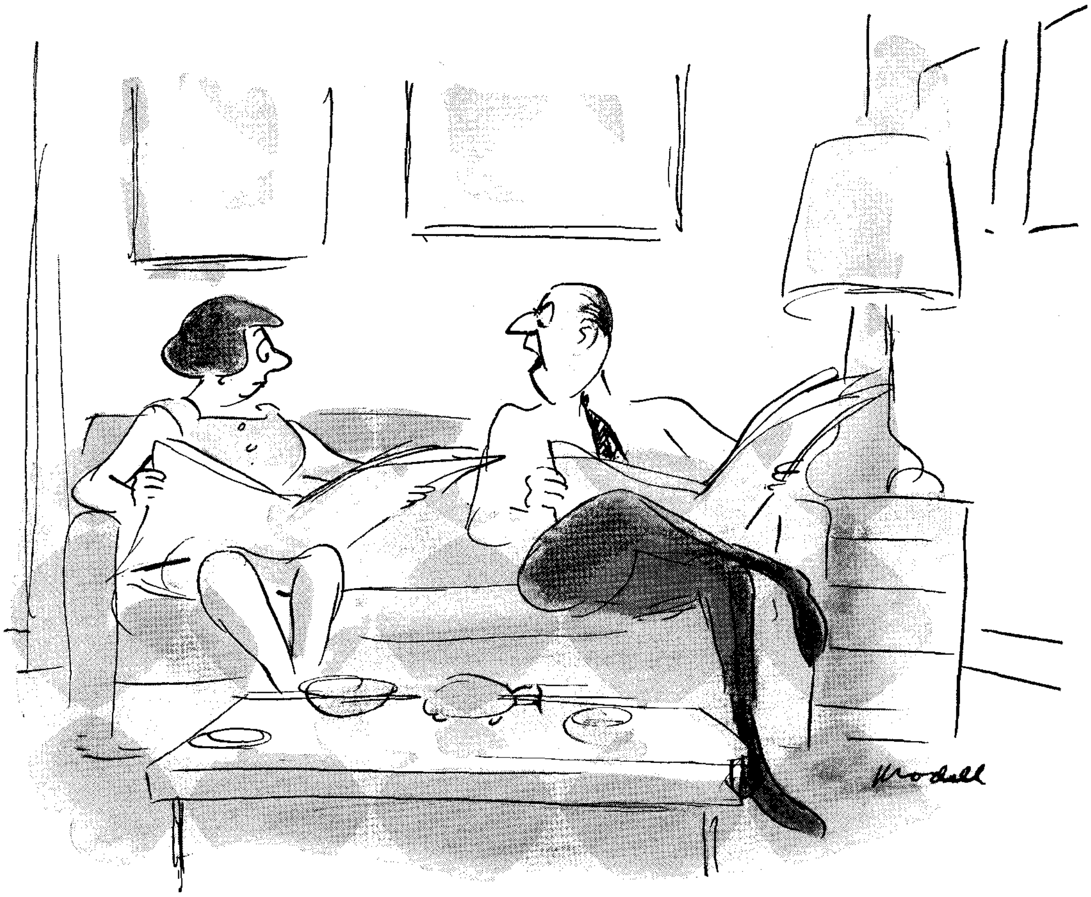
"You must," I said. "You will die if you don't."

"If I must die, I'd rather die at home," he said, and his wife agreed.

In a few hours, he was dead.

It was a terrible shock to me. That only an hour's drive from one of the great medical centers such an incredible thing could occur! Two days later, I watched the funeral procession. The man's wife walked calmly behind the coffin with other mourners. The veterans' band played funeral marches—not badly.

That same afternoon, I drove up the serpentines to Burg Forchtenstein. Snow had fallen the previous night, but



"Not only is the social and political fabric of the nation being severely strained—I'm losing my goddam shirt!"

• •

the courtyard was brushed clean. Ferdl received me with a broad smile. The view from the watchtower into the valley was superb. We practiced target shooting for more than an hour. I was a good shot, but Ferdl was, of course, much better. He enjoyed himself tremendously when he hit the bull's-eye. Finally, we gave our rifles to the helper, and Ferdl invited me to the wine cellar. There we sat down around a rough, unpolished table, and Ferdl filled the glasses.

"*Prosit*," he said. "To many happy shootings. You *are* good!"

There was a long pause after we drank.

"I must talk to you, Herr Doktor," Ferdl said, scratching his neck.

"It was not my fault," I said. I had been wanting to speak of the episode.

"What d'you mean, Herr Doktor?"

"That poor man . . . I'm sorry. . . . I tried my best."

"But he's dead—Mischka didn't want to go to the hospital. He would have died anyhow. It's something else I want to talk to you about—your other patients. There are complaints against you, and I'm sorry." Ferdl moved uneasily on the bench. "You must understand, Herr Doktor—I know people around here. They liked the way they were treated by Dr. Frank. Not much talking. He only looked at them, and sometimes not even that. I myself recall when my smaller girl got sick around midnight, and I drove down to town. I rang the doctor's bell and the Frau Doktor looked out the window. 'What's wrong, Ferdl?' she said. 'My Mitzi cannot swallow and she's hot,' I said. 'Wait a minute,' she said, and went back where I knew the bedroom was. A little later, she was again at the window, and dropped down a prescription of the medicine she said the girl must take—one teaspoonful every three hours. I said good night and she closed the window. I woke up the pharmacist, who filled the prescription. After a day, the girl was all right."

Ferdl refilled our glasses. "Well," he continued, "you spend too much time with your patients. It's a waste of time. Often you put them behind that Roentgen machine. . . ."

"My fees are small."

"It's not the money. People have something else to do. And you make them uneasy."

As I drove back down the serpentines, I thought of my plans to bring a modern medical approach to the country—preventive medicine.

CHRISTMAS had passed and Frau Sonnenschein remained my only Jewish patient. On New Year's Day, a young man with a wide-brimmed hat and curls in front of his ears summoned me to the deputy rabbi's home. The deputy rabbi was dean of the local Talmudic school, which had a great reputation among Orthodox Jews far and wide. The boy who came to my office was one of his students. When I asked him what was wrong with the rabbi, he only shrugged.

I took my bag and followed the boy down Jew Street, where he stopped at a building across the street from the fifteenth-century synagogue. The door was Baroque, but the building was plain Renaissance—a narrow courtyard, loggias, brittle walls probably not painted for centuries. I went after the boy up a winding staircase, through a small foyer, and into a large room with whitewashed walls, a huge table in the middle, and two chairs facing each other. On one sat the man I had come to see.

His gray beard enveloped his whole face. He moved his body gently from side to side while he read from a big book with parchment pages. Apparently, he did not notice my presence, and I didn't want to disturb him. My escort left silently and I stood there for several minutes before the rabbi looked up. At once he extended his hand across the table. "Have you been here long?" he asked. "Why didn't you speak? Doctors have better things to do than watch an old man." Then he stood and began undressing himself, his kaftan first, followed by a couple of shirts. Soon he was standing naked before me.

I was puzzled. "What's wrong with you, Rabbi?" I asked.

"You are the doctor, aren't you?" he said mildly.

He was a skinny man—his ribs stood out—but otherwise he looked healthy. I examined his heart, listened to his lungs, took his blood pressure. He said, with a gesture, that I could skip examining his abdomen—his digestion was perfect. He had no hernia; his reflexes were normal, and so was his gait. I was ready to give an opinion. "There's nothing wrong with you, Rabbi," I said.

"Nothing?"

I looked into round, mellow eyes. I was thinking hard. He had flat feet—but could that be called a sickness?

"Any backache?" I said.

Instantly, he started to dress. With deliberation he buttoned his suspenders to his trousers, then put on his kaftan. He sat down. His thin lips, barely showing through the beard, parted in a smile. "You made the *right* diagnosis," he said finally.

I told him to get arch supports, and I put my stethoscope and blood-pressure machine into my bag. I was ready to leave.

"Can you spare a few additional minutes of your valuable time, Herr Doktor?" I heard him say.

"Yes, Rabbi," I said, and sat down.

"Good. I would like to talk with you. People get nearer to each other when they talk. . . . How do you like it in our little town? You were used to life in a big city."

"It's all right," I said.

"People are different in a little town—I would say a bit suspicious. Well, to make it short, they were used to Dr. Frank—fifty years is a long time. He was the way old men are—a bit morose, often impatient—but, all in all, *ein ganzer Mensch*. And a good diagnostician. When he gave the diagnosis, it sounded like a verdict." With pale fingers he twisted his beard into strands. "I hope I don't hurt your feelings if I ask you how old you are."

"Twenty-eight."

"Young. My mother used to say that a doctor was no good until he filled up a cemetery." He smiled. "But one hears nowadays that young doctors also know their business. Peasants from the villages who come to shop talk kindly about you. And now I can also."

I felt I had passed, once again, an exam. I started to rise to say goodbye.

His long arms stretched across the table and restrained me. "Only a few additional words, Herr Doktor. I hope one day you'll get married. I hope you marry a good Jewish girl. And then don't forget that we've two kosher butchers in town. And we hope you'll come to the synagogue—at least, for the High Holidays. Will you?"

I told him I would do my best. He shook my hand warmly.

MY practice increased. There was no lack of work that winter—a bad season for flu and pneumonia. After my visit to the rabbi, Jewish patients came also. And my first patient, poor old Frau Sonnenschein, died in late January.

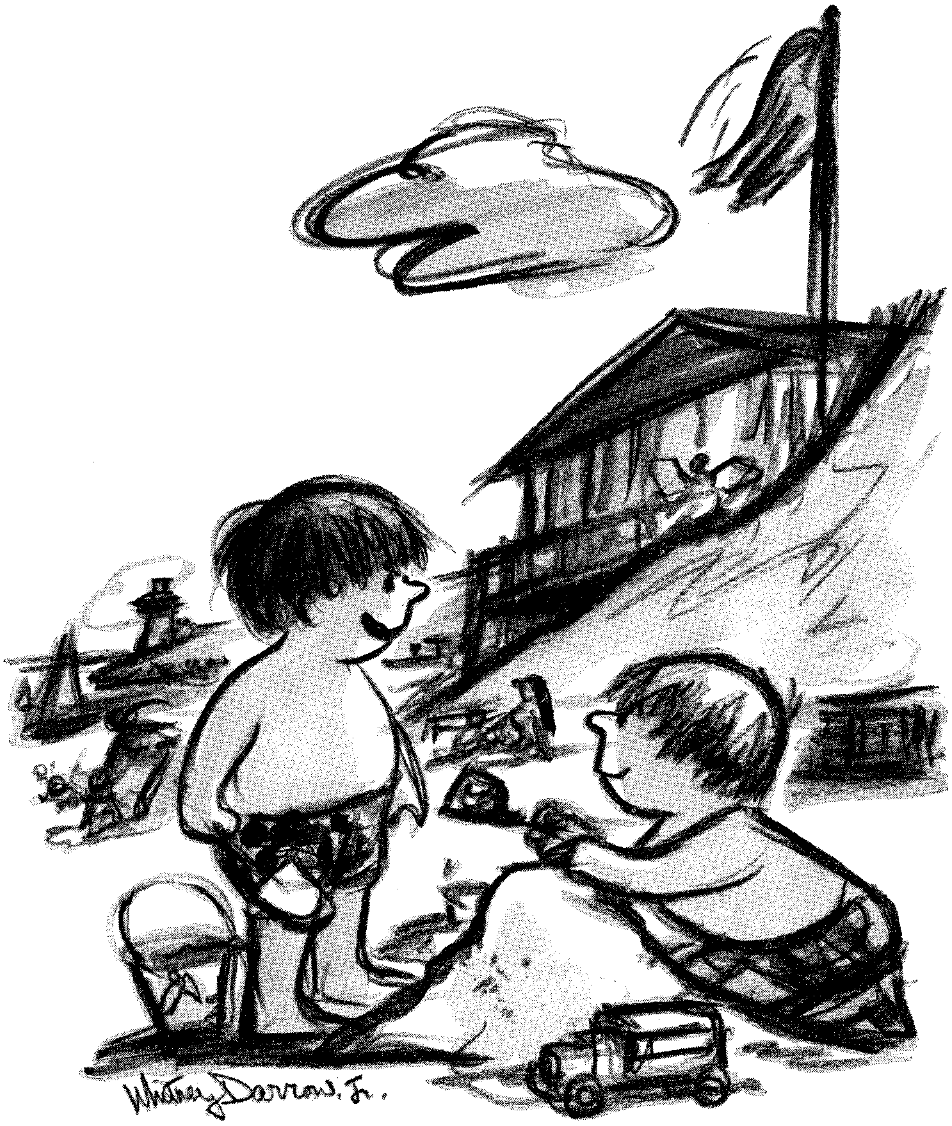
Around the beginning of February, Ferdl needed my services again. A young hunter summoned me at five in the morning. He tried to dissuade me from using my car, and when I still insisted he shrugged. "You'll see," he said. It had rained during the night, and the road was inundated in several places. Still, I managed to navigate my Opel-Steyr up the winding route that led to the castle. Here the principal road ended. Ferdl's house was a few kilometres beyond, but I didn't dare continue along the narrow, rutted path. While I deliberated, I heard the labored grinding of a horse and cart, and the tall figure of Ferdl emerged, topped by his hunter's hat.

On the way to his house, Ferdl told me that his wife had expectorated blood while lighting a fire on the kitchen hearth. She hadn't been feeling well since early the previous summer, coughed a great deal, and was losing weight. I listened and asked one or two questions. The symptoms, unless there were additional ones, easily suggested tuberculosis.

The car stopped at a neat house with a tiled roof, surrounded by chestnut trees on which still hung a few thorny chestnut shells, emptied of their contents. The air was crisp. One felt grateful for the sudden warmth of the kitchen. Two girls, twelve and thirteen, and an older girl of about twenty waited for us.

In the adjoining room, the patient lay under voluminous quilts. Her face was waxen, and the large eyes, so typical of tubercular patients, looked at me inquisitively. The examination proved it an advanced case.

Back in the kitchen, the family gathered around me. The two girls clearly resembled their parents, taking their blond hair and narrow, fragile faces from their mother and the freckles and curved noses from their father. The eldest girl, a beautiful creature,


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"I know all kinds of big words, like 'maddening,' 'incorrigible,' 'destructive,' 'unmanageable' . . ."

buxom, with deer-brown eyes, was the maid. Tears ran down Ferdl's cheeks when I gave my prognosis. "Are you sure, Herr Doktor?" he said, wiping the tears from the corners of his eyes with his fist.

I replied that I was but would confirm it by X-ray if his wife could be brought to my office. When, I asked, had she started coughing.

Ferdl thought for a while. "It was around the strawberry harvest—the end of June, about."

"Did you take her to the doctor?"

"Yes, to Dr. Frank, about the same time."

"And what did he say?"

"He examined her and said she had bronchitis. He gave her a prescription."

"And you never took her back?"

"Dr. Frank said it would get better—and I often renewed the prescription."

Biochemical drugs for treating tuberculosis were still two and a half decades away. There was a chance of pneumothorax and surgery if only one lung was infected. But the following day a chest X-ray of Ferdl's wife showed both lungs riddled with cavities. Ferdl—as expected—declined hospitalization, which I suggested to protect the young people from contagion. What was required, then, was only care. The young maid volunteered to look after the patient. She was the granddaughter of the local midwife, and she had been taught how to nurse, she said.

I needed a rest. Fortunately, I could take a day off and travel to Vienna. It was a slushy day, but walking in the streets of Vienna seemed heavenly. I went to my hospital and enjoyed the cleanliness, the serene atmosphere. In a joking way, I told my colleagues about life in the country. I said nothing about its frustrations; I still had to stick out three remaining months of my leave. I went to a concert and afterward sat in a café, breathing in deeply the air filled with tobacco smoke.

I started back to Mattersburg late that same day. When I arrived at my office, a cart was standing at the door. It belonged to a peasant, who told me that he had been waiting for several hours for my return. His little girl was sick, and his wife had instructed him that she wanted no other doctor. As soon as we set out, it started snowing again, and it took an hour to reach the top of the hill where he lived. The child had diphtheria. After treating her, I climbed back into the cart. The storm had developed into a blizzard, and the strong peasant horse struggled its way down the roads. By the time I arrived back to town, grayish daylight filtered through thick clouds. Vienna had faded in my memory.

When Ferdl's wife died, in March, he retired from society, declining to drink wine with his neighbors, politely rejecting an invitation to visit me, and shunning the weekly target shooting in the courtyard. People saw him walking aimlessly in the woods, accompanied by his two beagles, which, with drooping ears, seemed to participate in their master's grief. Therefore, I was pleasantly surprised one day a month later to discover him among my patients in the waiting room. When his turn came, he insisted upon being last. I was puzzled.

He entered my office, nervously fumbling with his cap, and peered back into the waiting room before I closed the door. "Are you sure, Herr Doktor, that no one can overhear?" he said anxiously.

I reassured him.

He took a deep breath, then wiped his brow with a large red handkerchief. "She seemed such a good girl," he began.

"Who?"

"Resl, our maid."

"What's wrong?"

Ferdl sighed. "She's expecting a baby—and she claims it's mine." He slumped into a chair and buried his head in his large hands.

I tried hard not to laugh at his classic gesture of despair. The young girl had made a favorable impression on me. She was good to the dying woman and seemed to be on the best of terms with the two daughters. "Come, now," I said, patting him on the back. "Congratulations are in order."

"No," he said. "It's not mine." He stood up and began to pace the room. "Her father and I were on the Italian front. He died. When I came home after the war, I heard that his wife had also died, of Spanish influenza, and their girl—she was then about eight—had been taken by her grandmother. Have you ever met Frau Handler, her grandmother? Well, you will one day. She must be close to ninety, but she still attends to her work as a midwife. Once, the town council thought it was time to replace her with a younger woman. They found one who had just graduated from the midwife school in Vienna. She took the job, but she wasn't lucky. The first two children she delivered died during birth. People said that while the women were in labor they saw Resl's grandmother hobbling around their houses, and some claim they even saw her riding on a broom. I don't believe such nonsense, do you? Well, at any rate, the young midwife was fired, and the old woman took over again—people wanted to play safe. Then last summer when my wife became too weak to do the household chores and tend the garden, we looked for a maid. Frau Handler came with her granddaughter. She said life was hard, and she kept talking about my friendship with her dead son. You know how old women carry on. . . ."

I nodded.

"I never liked that woman," he said. "She has been a gossip all her life, cutting people to pieces. But that day she

HAY GRAIN & FEED

LATER STILL

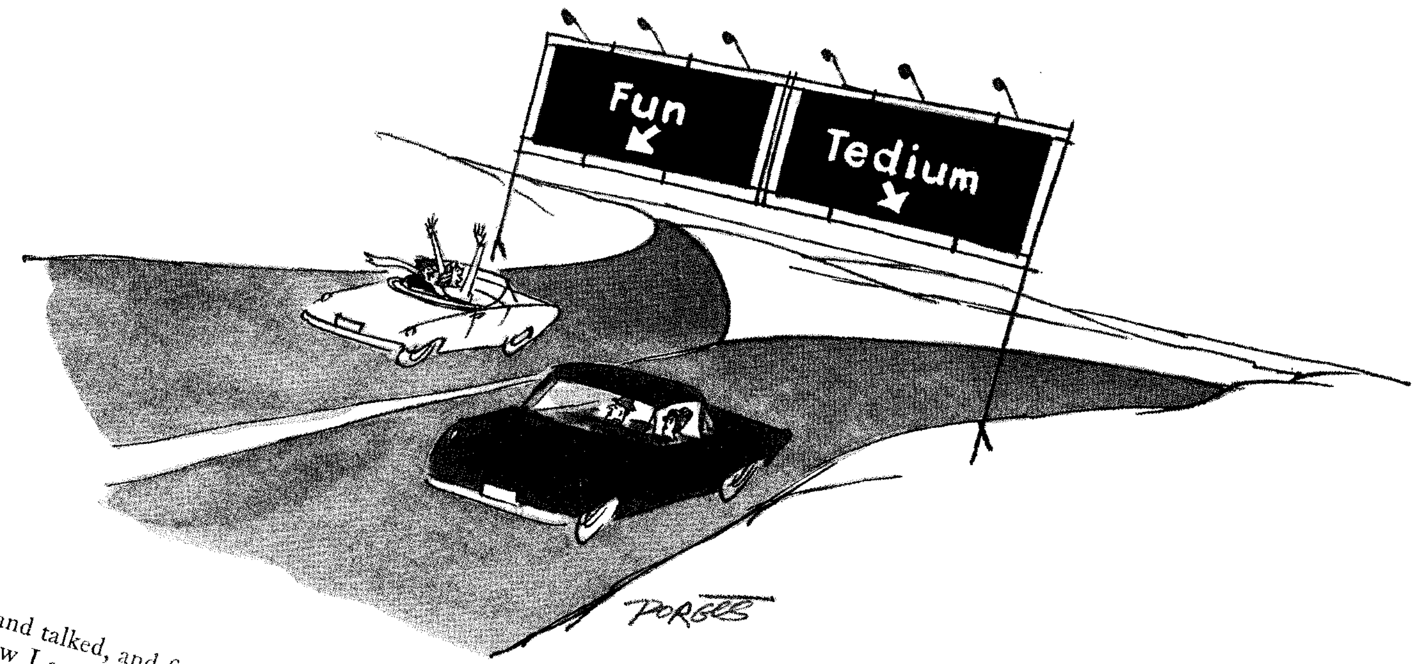
Two sons are gone.
The end of winter, and the almond blooms
near the back fence. The plum, slower,
unfolds under a streaked sky. The words become,
like prayer, a kind of nonsense,
which becomes the thought of our lives.

In middle age, we came
to the nine-years war, the stars raged
in our horoscopes, and the land
turned inward, biting for its heart.

Now in February the pussy willow
furs in the chill wind. In March
the sudden peach, cherry, lilac. In summer
the drumming gourd, corn, grape. And later still
the ghostly milkweed and the last laugh.

—Philip Levine

• •



talked and talked, and finally I gave in. And now I am the victim."

"But if you are not the father, why worry?"

"Because already everybody has heard the news. Even the most reverend Herr Pfarrer congratulated me this morning when I was in the church."

"Look, Ferdl," I said, "I'm a doctor. I treat illnesses, patients. What can I do about gossip?"

"First, let me tell you what happened," he said. "After my wife died, I sent Resl home to her grandmother. I thought that my two daughters could keep house themselves. The girl left, apparently in good spirits. And then a few days later when I came home one afternoon, I found the old midwife sitting at the kitchen table. As soon as I entered, she got up and hobbled over to me. 'Congratulations, Ferdl,' she said. She all but embraced me. 'Resl is pregnant.' I told her I knew it. I didn't pay much attention. Pregnancy out of wedlock is nothing new among these country girls. I still didn't know what she wanted from me. Wasn't Resl pregnant when she left my house, she asked. I said, was I the only man in the world? And so one word led to another, and finally I told her to get out. Later, I was sorry; after all, she was an old woman. But she really made me angry."

"Then?"

"I didn't hear anything more until a few days ago. Suddenly people began to hint at things, and finally the gossip was right out in the open. She did a good job—that witch." Ferdl sank into a chair. I worried about the cap with the long feather, which he twisted in his hands.

"Believe me," I said, "you have the sympathy of another man. But I don't know what I can do."

"You can do everything, Herr Doktor. I remember a case of a pregnant girl in town. She and her mother accused a man, and he denied it. The man went to Dr. Frank. He called the two scoundrels to his office. And after they came out they said they had lied. Dr. Frank was a great man. He helped everybody. Talk to Frau Handler."

Three days later, I spotted Frau Handler in my waiting room. It was not hard to recognize her. When she sat down in the chair facing me, I found a striking resemblance between her eyes and the deer-brown eyes of her granddaughter. The eyes alone retained a spark of youth. "Do you know who I am?" she asked.

I said that I did.

"Then you probably know the reason for my coming."

"Well," I said evasively, "you're the midwife, aren't you?"

She nodded. "Do you know Ferdl, the gamekeeper?"

"He is my patient," I said.

"Well then, you can be of great help. Ferdl is shirking his duties as the father of a newborn child."

"It was born?" I asked in surprise.

"This morning at four. A little boy—four kilograms—with fire-red hair, and a lot of it. Even freckles!"

"Congratulations."

"*Danke schön.*" The old woman played nervously with the wings of her kerchief. "Herr Doktor, I came here to ask you to persuade the villain of his duty."

"But Ferdl denies it flatly," I said.

"Aha!" She laughed. "A fine gentleman! First he leads a good, innocent girl astray, then he says, 'Not me—somebody else.'"

"And what does Resl say?"

"Resl says nothing. You can talk and plead and shout, and that stupid goose simply cries."

"Then how can you prove it?"

"How? Very simple. Look at the baby. The image of his father—the hair and the big hands. Listen, do you know who delivered Ferdl himself? I did, and I remember every child I ever delivered. I remember Ferdl—the hair and the hands. When I saw those hands, I said that he would become a hunter one day, and a good one."

Next morning, I travelled up to the midwife's house. Like Ferdl's, it was in the forest, but nearer to the castle. It was a cottage, with a tiny garden around it; smoke wafted from the chimney. Twenty-four hours after delivery, Resl was already on her feet, and when I entered the house she was bathing her baby happily. When I looked at the baby, I was thunderstruck—it *was* the image of Ferdl.

Resl lifted up the homely creature. "Isn't it wonderful?" she said.

The old woman was hobbling

around, pouring water into a large pail on the hearth. She turned to Resl. “Now speak up,” she said.

At once, Resl began to cry.

“Stupid goose,” Frau Handler said. “You see, she is hopeless. What can be done? She cannot live in shame and raise a child without a father. You must speak with that *Bösewicht*, Herr Doktor.”

I threw up my hands. “I'll see what I can do.”

“*Bitte*,” she said, and as I left she muttered, “Why is good old Dr. Frank not here?”

I drove up to Ferdl's house. He was cleaning his rifle while the beagles stood and watched with boredom. He expressed surprise at seeing me at such an early hour. I usually made house calls late in the afternoon.

“I just visited Resl,” I said. “She has a baby—a little boy.”

“So?” he said, without interrupting his work.

“The baby has red hair and large hands.”

He looked up. “What do you imply?” he said sharply.

“It speaks for itself,” I said.

“Am I the only man with red hair and big hands?” He shook his head. “You'd better have a glass of wine, Herr Doktor. I think the old woman has bewitched you.”

THE arrival of the little red-haired boy was the topic of conversation everywhere I went. Women in black kerchiefs leaned out of their windows to question me; men stopped me on the street. Public opinion was convinced of the hunter's paternity—and so was I.

I was not surprised, therefore, when the rabbi called me to his house one day and didn't make a move to undress. “What's going on in that Ferdl affair?” he said, stroking his beard.

“I don't know any more than you, Rabbi,” I said.

“Did you appeal to his conscience?”

I looked with astonishment at the old man. “Wouldn't it be the duty of a clergyman to do that?” I said. “I am a doctor.”

The rabbi shook his head. “No, Herr Doktor, not only the clergyman. Dr. Frank—may he rest in peace—would have spoken up, and would have acted already. I don't say that in every case the doctor has to put in a word. We Jews shouldn't meddle in the affairs of our Gentile neighbors. But this case is—I hear from everywhere—evidently in favor of poor Frau Handler's granddaughter. And Frau Handler is the midwife. She has helped everyone, Jew and Gentile alike. Isn't it our duty to help her when she's in need?”

“How?”

“You should not give up. We Jews know best what it means to suffer injustice. Herr Doktor, you must try once more.”

“But what must I do?”

“People believe in their doctor. Even our laws say”—he wagged his right index finger toward the big book on the table—“that a doctor equals the wise men in our history. He can help if he will. People look up to him as a father. Persuade that bad man he is wrong.”

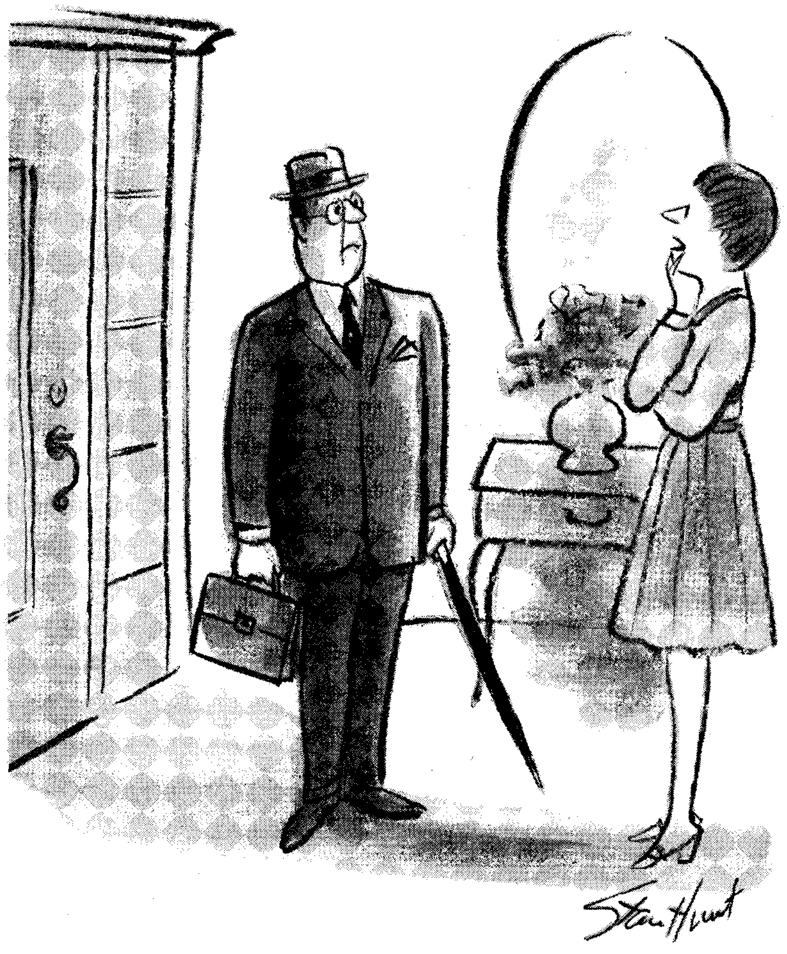
By the time I left the rabbi, I was quite weary of my involvement with this problem in human relations. I met Ferdl when I was making house calls later. He lifted his hat politely but didn't stop, ignoring my move to speak.

My leave of absence neared its end, and I decided to resume my residency in Vienna. I knew that I must catch up with things I had missed since leaving the hospital. Practice slowed down a bit after the winter months, and I enrolled in a postgraduate course in hematology, which had developed into a major area of modern medicine. The research work of Dr. Landsteiner, a Viennese doctor who that same year received the Nobel Prize for discovering the so-called blood groups, had begun thirty years earlier, and we had already learned in medical school about these four blood groups: A, B, AB, and O. The large majority of Western people belonged to group O, and the rest were divided between A and B. Only five per cent belonged to group AB.

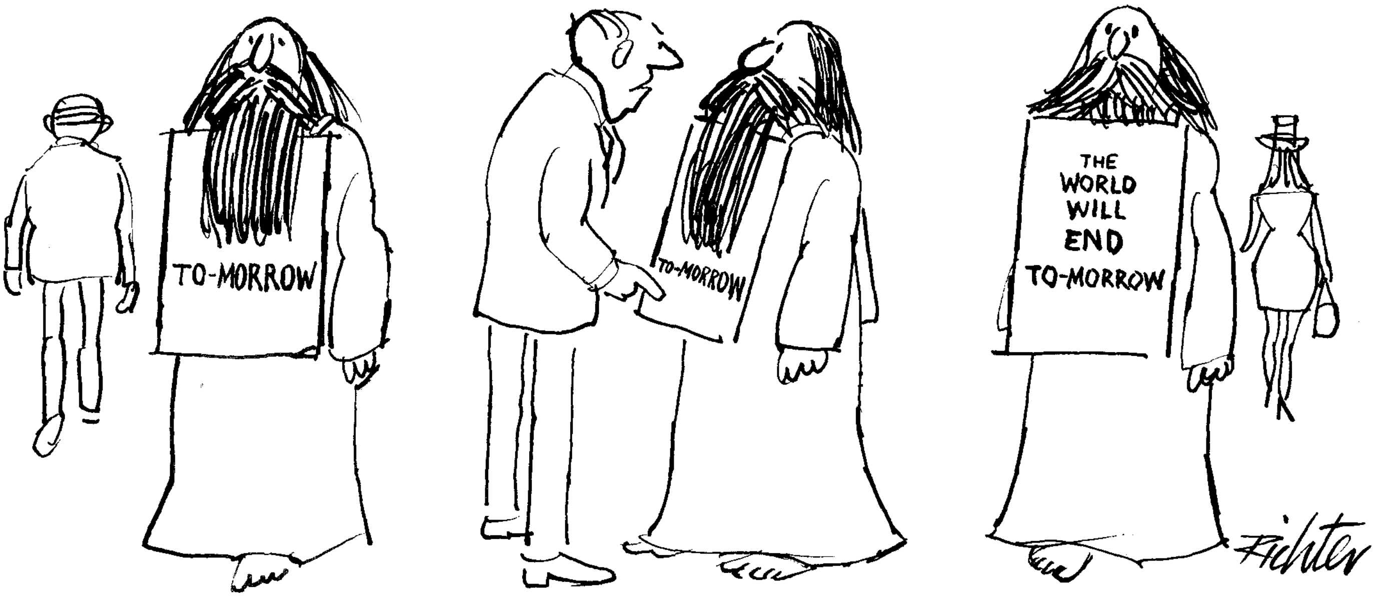
It was an unusually hot day in May when I attended the first session of the course. After the lecturer had given basic information about recent advances in hematology, he turned to complicated theoretical interpretations. The room was steaming, and the numbers and letters on the blackboard seemed to fuse. But then suddenly I heard something of which I recall even now, forty years later, almost every word. “There is a by-product of the research into the blood-group field—although it belongs more in the province of legal medicine,” said the lecturer, Dr. Halter, a thin, slightly bent middle-aged man with a spry mustache. “Paternity can be *disproved* if the child and the accused father do not belong to the same blood grouping.”

I could hardly wait until the lecture finished. I followed Dr. Halter into his laboratory and told him about Ferdl, Resl, and the midwife.

“*Aber, Herr Kollege*,” he said after I concluded my story, “everything is still part



“*You know, Randolph, you look extremely Not Now.*”



of a research program. It would never stand a chance in court—and I wouldn't be part of it." He shook his head.

"It wouldn't go to court. Word of honor."

"Don't look for trouble," he said.

I kept on talking, and finally Dr. Halter took a deep breath.

"All right," he said. "Bring samples of the blood of the child and that hunter, although I doubt that he will submit. But now leave me alone."

The following morning at six, I was at the midwife's house.

"Well," she said, "has he owned up to it?"

"No," I said, "but we'll try something else." We settled down at the kitchen table, and I proceeded as simply as possible to explain the theory of the blood groups to her. Those young brown eyes were fixed on me. "Now, you see," I said, "if the baby belongs to one of those groups and Ferdl another, then it is not his baby."

"And whose is it?" she asked defiantly.

"Let me finish. Even if they should have the same group— Well, it is not positive evidence, I must warn you." I cleared my throat and began a theoretical explanation. The more I progressed, the more I became confused. I was ready to give up when the old woman interrupted me.

"Look, Herr Doktor," she said. "I'm a midwife for sixty-five years. When we started, we didn't wash our hands with soap and chlor water before we helped to deliver. Many, many mothers died of fever. But then we heard of that doctor—Semmelweis—and we were told to wash our hands. I didn't understand, but I did it. I don't understand what those blood groups mean, but I believe in science."

She assisted me when I drew 5 cc.s from the baby's arm.

I went on to Ferdl's house.

Ferdl listened to my explanation without interruption. After I finished, he shook his head, as though dazed. "I can hit a hare from three hundred metres, and the bull's-eye ten times in a row, as you know, but I don't understand one single word you have said. But you must know what you are talking about. Go ahead."

I packed the two vials into my bag and set out for Vienna.

Dr. Halter typed the baby's blood first. It belonged to the rarest group—AB. I held my breath when Dr. Halter typed Ferdl's blood. It, too, was AB. I felt jubilant.

Dr. Halter bit his mustache. "It's still only a probability, remember," he warned me.

I made the trip home in half an hour less than usual, and drove straight to Ferdl. "The baby and you belong to the same blood group," I said sternly.

Ferdl glanced around him, and his eyes met mine. He shrugged. "Well," he said. "Science must know best."

THAT evening, a strange procession came to my office: a dozen Jewish firemen in uniform. Although the Jewish community was an integral part of the town, the fire department of the Jews had retained its medieval status of autonomy. This fire department had a great reputation among Jews and Gentiles alike. If fire broke out even in remote villages, the Jewish firemen could be counted on to arrive first. The firemen informed me that in a special meeting I had been elected president of the fire department. I answered that I felt honored, but my knowledge of fighting fire was negligible. They assured me that no special knowledge on my part was required. I consented, thinking that my position would be purely honorary.

A fortnight later, I slept, unaware that the fire alarm had sounded. I was wakened by voices in the street and the rattling of a fire engine very near. When I looked out the window, I saw my firemen standing around their engine.

"Hurry up, Herr Doktor," they shouted. "There's a fire in Antau"—a village fifteen kilometres away. A minute later, a helmet was squeezed over my head, and I was helped into a fireman's blouse. The boots I pulled up while I was sitting in the engine.

Again the Jewish firemen were first!

Since my leave of absence from the hospital was soon to expire, I travelled to Vienna to request from my chief another half year of leave. "Can I abandon my fire department?" I ended my speech.

My request was granted, but I never returned to Vienna. I stayed in Mattersburg another eight years, until I was driven out by the Nazis.

—RICHARD BERCZELLER

•

"My vocation is industrial design and I devote only as much time to art in my home studio in Milton, Mass., as I can. My neighbors for a number of years have been Peter Greenough, the former general business editor of The Plain Dealer, and his wife, Beverly Hills, the opera star."—*William B. Martin quoted by Peter Bellamy in the Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

An ample woman, any way you look at her.

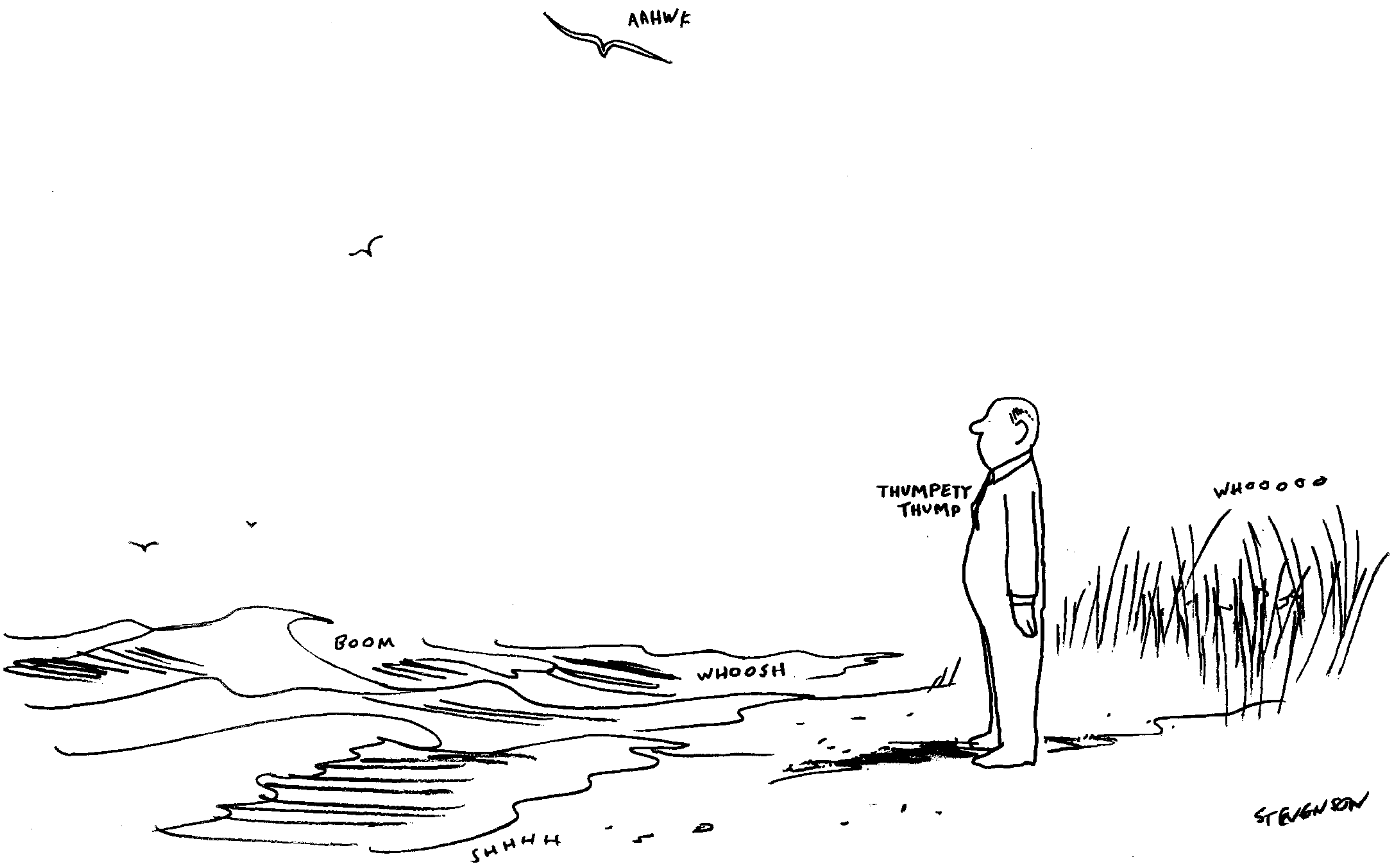
U.S. JOURNAL: WEST CHESTER, PENNSYLVANIA

I'VE ALWAYS BEEN CLEAN

JOHN MERVIN, a menacing-looking young man with long unkempt hair and a shaggy beard, was arrested for murder last November, confirming the suspicions of a lot of West Chester citizens about the kind of crimes young people who looked like that were capable of perpetrating. The killing that Mervin was accused of—shooting to death an unemployed nineteen-year-old named Jonathan Henry—had taken place during what a newspaper account referred to as a "liquor and drug party." Anybody who had seen Mervin around town knew that he wore not only a beard but the jacket of an outlaw motorcycle gang called the Warlocks. The lead story on his arraignment in the West Chester *Daily Local News* revealed that at the time of the killing Mervin was out on bail on a charge of assault with intent to kill—a charge resulting from an October shooting in front of a West Chester saloon. The paper identified Mervin as a student at West Chester State College, which might be considered an odd thing for a Warlock to be, except that some people in West Chester were ready to believe almost anything about the kids at West Chester State. The type of school that used to be known as a teachers' college, West Chester State is sufficiently conservative so that someone with a beard would not have been permitted to take classes there a few years ago, but lately the townspeople have been concerned about what they often call "that small element" in the college, an element associated with drugs and demonstrations and bizarre appearance and a lack of respect for accepted values. The small element at West Chester State that worries the townspeople blends easily with a small element among their own children—the most visible result being a band of students or ex-students or drifters occupying the ledges around the steps of the county courthouse, flaunting mustaches and long hair and dirty T-shirts, staring arrogantly at the respectable citizens who walk by.

West Chester has about fifteen thousand citizens, almost all of whom consider themselves respectable. Some of them commute to Philadelphia or to Wilmington or to industries in towns in surrounding Chester County, but West Chester is too self-contained to be considered a suburb. It has a few small industries of its own, plus the legal and bureaucratic machinery that goes with being a county seat. The area that surrounds it still looks rural; the fields and barns of Chadds Ford, familiar from the paintings of Andrew Wyeth, are only a few miles to the south. The law offices clustered around the county courthouse are not in modern office buildings but in brick row houses, marked with neat white shingles. There has always been a lot of talk about history in Chester County—about when the county was founded and how many covered bridges it has and how many generations it has been Republican. But in the last year or two there has also been a lot of talk about drugs and disturbance and crime. The borough council made an effort to improve the police force, buying some new equipment and hiring the chief of county detectives, Thomas Frame, as police chief, at a considerable raise in pay. But a series in the local paper last June said that marijuana was easily available a few steps from the courthouse, the black people of West Chester continued to raise questions about equal treatment, and the kids on the ledges around the courthouse steps continued to symbolize all that menaced the traditional tranquillity of West Chester. The arrest of John Mervin for shooting Jonathan Henry caused some angry outbursts about just how far things had gone with the "hippies." (Although motorcycle gangs have been known to break up peace demonstrations and harass flower children, West Chester citizens tend to bunch all oddly dressed people together as hippies.) Then, a few days after the arrest, Chief Frame held a press conference to announce that John Mervin was an undercover police officer, having been recruited from the Warlocks and secretly sworn in a couple of months before. The police arrested a dozen or so people, most of them from around the college, for having sold drugs to Mervin. Frame announced that thanks to Mervin's efforts the police force had gained possession of forty-eight thousand dollars' worth of dangerous drugs. Mervin, who appeared at the press conference in a neat business suit, said that the arrests resulting from his work would "nearly annihilate any drug distribution" in West Chester. The Chief, without commenting on the details of the shootings, said Mervin had "handled himself in the best manner a police officer could" and would begin to work on regular police shifts. John Mervin became a hero.

AFTER it was revealed that Mervin had been an undercover agent, the Philadelphia *Inquirer* decided that he was not merely a student but an honor student, as well as a former high-school football star—a young man who, underneath that hippie disguise, had precisely the attributes any American parent would be proud of. In an *Inquirer* story headlined "'HIPPIE POLICEMAN' LIVED IN DEGRADATION AND FEAR," Mervin said that the most difficult part of his assignment was not the physical danger but the frustration of not being able to tell his loved ones that he was actually a policeman. "They thought I had gotten into bad company," he said. They were, of course, right: by his own account, Mervin had been in the Warlocks, a group that takes some pride in being considered just about the worst company in eastern Pennsylvania, for two years before anybody approached him about being a policeman. But the stories in the Philadelphia papers made it sound as if practically anything Mervin had ever done was part of the hippie disguise that he had manfully suffered under until he was at last able to throw it off, the drug traffic in West Chester having finally been annihilated. "His love of his motorcycle gained him admission into the Warlocks motorcycle gang two years ago," the *Inquirer* piece said. "And that helped him in his disguise." In a later piece, the Philadelphia *Bulletin* reported the assurance of Mervin's contact man in the police department that Mervin was "always polite, never using elsewhere words and actions he had to use as a



hippie drug purchaser and twilight world character." Mervin told the *Inquirer* that his first action after his identity was revealed was to call his mother.

Although the initial reaction in West Chester to Chief Frame's announcement was overwhelming support of Mervin, the support was not unanimous. The October shooting outside the West Chester saloon had been investigated only perfunctorily by the West Chester police after Mervin was arraigned and released on bail. But the killing of Jonathan Henry had taken place in an apartment behind a restaurant-and-bar just outside West Chester, in the jurisdiction of the West Goshen Township police, who continued their investigation even after Chief Frame publicly expressed his confidence in Mervin's innocence. The district attorney's office made it clear that it was pursuing the murder charge, and eventually it even got a preliminary hearing held on the October shooting—a hearing that produced the testimony of a couple of witnesses that Mervin, after an argument at the bar, had shot his victim in the leg and then had stood over him and shot him in the back. Chief Frame hinted that the district attorney was sore at not having been informed in advance of Mervin's mission and that the other law-enforcement agencies in the county resented West Chester's success in arresting drug dealers. Frame supported Mervin's story that the October shooting had been in self-defense; after the man who had been shot in the back testified, the West Chester police arrested him, on a complaint by Officer Mervin.

Some people familiar with the drug scene in West Chester scoffed at the notion that arresting some college kids for offenses such as selling Mervin a Chiclets box full of LSD tablets had had any effect on the drug traffic. The college crowd began to tell anyone who would listen that Mervin, far from being an honor student, had for a couple of years been a motorcycle tough who bragged about his violence—a bully who had merely redirected his bullying toward coercing people into selling him drugs. Some conversations among West Chester citizens were not about Mervin's heroism but about why someone with his background was sworn in as a policeman and why he was allowed to continue after the first shooting and why he was getting such vigorous support from the police department. "I would like to know what line of duty Mervin was performing on both October 4 and November 19," someone eventually wrote to the *Daily Local News*. "Or who has something on whom?"

Black people in West Chester have the wariness that black people anywhere would have toward a policeman who shoots two people within six weeks, and they have even more reason than most black people to be worried about having an armed former member of a motorcycle gang patrolling the town in a police car. Last Labor Day, during a demonstration in the Chester County town of Parkesburg, a prominent black leader named Harry Dickinson was shot to death, and three members of a motorcycle gang called the Pagans were among those accused (but not convicted) of his murder. No Warlocks had been named by Mervin as drug dealers; when the preliminary hearing on the October shooting was finally held, there were complaints that witnesses testifying against Mervin were intimidated not only by threats of arrest from the West Chester police but by the threat implied by the presence of six attentive Warlocks in the courtroom. Liberals in West Chester were concerned about what has developed in other parts of the country into a sort of alliance between the police and the motorcycle gangs, with the gangs almost in the role of police auxiliaries in the rougher dealings with peace demonstrators and black people and students. At a West Chester borough-council meeting not long after Chief Frame's press conference, the only black councilman moved that, in line with the procedure followed elsewhere when a policeman is accused of a felony, Mervin be suspended until he was exonerated. The motion failed to get a second.

Mervin continued to ride in a police car, carrying a gun, and he began to appear with Chief Frame around the county to lecture on the evils of drugs—explaining to service clubs and P.-T.A.s and high-school assemblies that "popping a pill" meant taking a tablet and that "acid" meant LSD. The forty-eight thousand dollars' worth of drugs that Mervin had captured—Frame's estimate of the retail price of the drugs Mervin had purchased for twenty-two hundred dollars in borough funds—became fifty thousand dollars at some point in the lecture series. As time went on, it was quoted occasionally as a hundred and thirty-five thousand dollars. The kids around the courthouse steps began to put on mock drug-buying scenes for the benefit of the passing citizens: "Hey, you got any grass to sell?" "No, but I hear there's a guy down at the police station . . ."

"What gravels me is it's legal in Denmark."

On January 26th, a Chester County grand jury indicted Mervin for the murder of Jonathan Henry. West Chester had a new mayor by then, the first Democratic mayor in a century or so, and on the evening after the grand-jury decision he ruled that Mervin had been a special officer whose duties were at an end. There was angry reaction to both the indictment and the mayor's ruling. A number of policemen staged a brief protest in which they handed in their guns—apparently symbolically, since they took them right back when Chief Frame told them to. The police started a John A. Mervin Defense Fund. A number of letters to the *Daily Local News* said that the borough was behaving shoddily by taking away the gun and the position of a man who had saved untold numbers of the community's children from the perils of drugs and had since reported attempts on his life by the murderous elements who control the drug traffic. The borough council, overriding the mayor, voted to hire, and immediately suspend, Mervin as a regular rather than special police officer—guaranteeing that a salary would be put aside for him while the cases were in court and that West Chester would have, among its other historical claims, the distinction of having hired as a policeman someone under indictment for two felonies, one of them murder. A few days later, Mervin reported that he had been shot in the thigh with a .22 while he lay watching television. The mayor felt compelled to write a letter to the *Daily Local News* stating that the decision to end Mervin's service and take away his gun had been made with the approval of Chief Frame and in the best interests of Mervin as well as of the borough. "The futile debate which councilmen and the mayor engaged in on Wednesday night regarding Mervin's pay fades into insignificance today in light of what occurred last night," the *Daily Local News* editorialized the day after Mervin was shot. "What are a few hundred dollars compared to the life of a man who risked everything in order to smash a flourishing drug ring in West Chester?"

"There are only two opinions in West Chester about Mervin," a local reporter said when Mervin came to trial for murder this month. "Either

© 1970 Sony Corp. of America. Visit our showroom, 585 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

The clock radio that wakes you like your mother did.

(Every 10 minutes for as long as it takes.)

Our snooze button isn't a button, it's a bar. And like your mother, it never gives up.

When the alarm goes off, press it. Ten minutes later it wakes you up again. Press. Ten minutes later it wakes you up again.

It keeps doing this till you sit up and turn the selector off the "Alarm" position. When you can do that, you're awake.

Sony's 7FC-89W is a nag. But it's got some lovable features.

An illuminated clock. Beautiful sound. FM and AM. In a neat little package. That takes up less than a 5½" square of space. So there's room on your night table for someone else's lovable features.

The Sony Nag.

TIME SET
SELECTOR
TIME ADJUST
SLEEP
VOLUME
FM
AM
SONY

The Caribbean debut of the joyful Mermoz.

Break out the champagne, kick up your heels, here comes the Mermoz!

She wants you to dance. To raise a late-night toast in the grill room. She gives you floor shows and movies. Discotheque and boutiques. There's everything a modern liner should have, and she's shiningly beautiful besides.

But it's Paquet's people with their French Riviera ways that really make the Mermoz so happy. They love to live...love to love ...love to cook (ah those meals with complimentary vintage wines!). And another happy thing, a cruise on the Mermoz doesn't cost nearly what you'd expect.

So for real joie de vivre, come along on the Mermoz. Calling at St. Thomas, Port Antonio, Curacao, San Juan. At St. Maarten, St. Lucia, Guadeloupe, Trinidad. Altogether she'll visit 18 Caribbean ports on eight cruises. You take your pick, they're all going to be joyful.

Cruising from Port Everglades, Florida.

Dec. 12. 8 days, 3 ports, pre-season rates from $190.
Dec. 20. Christmas Cruise, 14 days, 8 ports, from $450.
Jan. 4. 8 days, 3 ports, from $200.
Jan. 13. 10 days, 5 ports, from $280.
Jan. 23. 12 days, 7 ports, from $360.
Feb. 5. 13 days, 7 ports, from $415.
Feb. 18. Carnival Cruise, 15 days, 8 ports, from $485.
Mar. 5. 10 days, 5 ports, from $280.
Minimum rates subject to availability.

THE MERMOZ IS REGISTERED IN FRANCE.

PAQUET LINES
RENOWNED OVER A CENTURY

Paquet's Mermoz. Because there's no season like the first season.

For reservations or colorful cruise folders see your travel agent or Mediterranean French Companies, Inc., Owner's Representative, 119 W. 57th St., N.Y., N.Y. 10019, (212) 765-0670.
French Line, General Agents, United States (except New York), Canada and Mexico.

he's a trigger-happy thug who conned the cops or he's a dedicated police officer." People on both sides thought that public opinion was about evenly divided, the word of mouth against Mervin having partly undercut almost universally laudatory press notices. Some of Mervin's most vocal support was judged to be based on a fear of drugs ("Drugs have become such a fearful thing people want to stop the problem and they don't care how," Devere Ponzo, head of the Chester County Black Action Committee, has said. "If a couple of people get killed—tough"); some of it may have come from political considerations (it was thought that raising questions might have been insulting not only to the chief of police but to the Republican establishment that supported him); some of it was undoubtedly a matter of ideology (one group that backed the John A. Mervin Defense Fund—the Association of Alert Citizens, a group that grew out of an anti-sex-education organization called Taxpayers for Decency—based its support partly on the ground that, in the words of one of its spokesmen, "we support the police—period"). But a lot of the talk about the Mervin case in West Chester emphasizes, aside from any political or ideological or anti-drug feeling, how much people *want* to believe in John Mervin. Some people in Chester County (and in the newsrooms of Philadelphia newspapers) seem to have fastened on the Mervin case as a belated sign that the threatening and inexplicable manifestations of the youth culture are not true after all—that the long-haired arrogant-looking kids around the courthouse steps might also throw off *their* disguises and reveal themselves to be honor students and former high-school football stars and battlers against the deadly menace of drugs, that other mothers who are worried about their children's having fallen in with bad company might be told, as John Mervin's mother was told, that it was all an illusion. As the pool of jurors—most of them middle-aged or elderly people, virtually all of them white—walked into the courthouse on the first day of Mervin's trial, one of the usual "hippies," a thin young man with long hair, sat cross-legged on the ledge next to the courthouse steps. He stared at them with a slight smile, occasionally taking a swig of orange juice out of a quart bottle. When any of the jurors being examined said that he already had a firm opinion about the case, both the assistant district attorney and the defense lawyer assumed the opinion was that John Mervin was innocent.

THE John Mervin who appeared at the trial was clean-shaven and dressed in summer-weight Ivy League clothes—a baby-faced, somewhat stout young man who answered his elders with polite "Yes, sir"s and "No, sir"s. It would have taken an extraordinary leap of imagination to envision him as a hoodlum biker, dressed in a greasy Warlock jacket, swinging a chain—except, of course, to the extent that he had to wear a costume in the line of duty. (When Mervin testified that he had joined the Warlocks two and a half years before, his attorney said, "Were you engaged in any *other* activities that made you valuable as a police officer?") Mervin testified that after being recruited by Chief Frame he had let his clothing and hair become unkempt and had started attending psychedelic and exotic parties. Trying to show that Mervin had not had to play any role to be accepted in local low life, the assistant district attorney asked him if it wasn't true that as an undercover man he wore the same clothing he had worn as a private citizen, merely allowing it to get a bit dirtier. Mervin looked offended. "I've always been clean," he said. According to Mervin, Jonathan Henry had been shot as he was about to shoot a West Chester State student named Jeffrey Saltzman, whom Henry suspected of being an undercover policeman—a scene precisely like those conjured up by Chief Frame's statements that as an undercover man Mervin had constantly risked his life in "this drug jungle." Saltzman, who happens to be the son of the mayor of a tough Delaware River town named Marcus Hook and the nephew of a West Chester policeman, appeared as a defense witness to corroborate the story. He turned out to be a husky, collegiately dressed young man who also said "Yes, sir" and "No, sir." When the assistant district attorney, trying to argue that Saltzman had been a prospect for membership in the Warlocks, asked him why he had had one of his ears pierced, people in the court-

This page should end our high-priced image.

When your image is a lot loftier than your prices, there's only one thing you can do: tell people your prices. The following then are our prices. They've been devised to cover any period of time and any reason you'd need a car.

You'll generally find them not much more than the so-called "Bargain" people. This should surprise a lot of you.

Our special weekly rates.

At most Hertz offices in the United States and Canada we'll rent you a Ford sedan for any minimum 7-day period for $7.47 a day and 10¢ a mile. And you can get additional days at $7.47 a day as well.

And if you're driving a long distance (more than 500 miles) we have a deal that comes out better. For $99 we'll rent you a Ford sedan for a week and give you unlimited mileage at no extra cost. The only hitch is that you return the car to the same city from which you rented it.

Internationally our weekly rates are equally good. In Europe for example, our rate is $70 a week. The mileage is unlimited too.

Our mini-week rate.

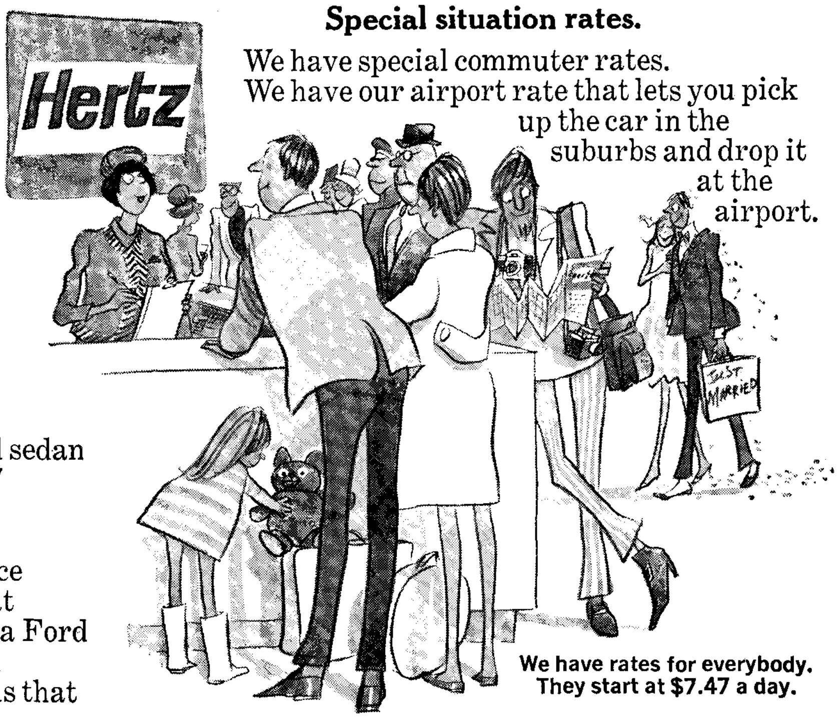
If you're using our car any 4 consecutive days, we have a new mini-week rate: $10 a day and 10¢ a mile. This gives you a special deal even if you're renting for less than a week.

Our regular daily rate.

Our daily rate varies from place to place. And since there are no hidden extras in it, and gas and insurance are included, it's usually the same as a lot of smaller companies who seem to be less.

Special situation rates.

We have special commuter rates.
We have our airport rate that lets you pick up the car in the suburbs and drop it at the airport.



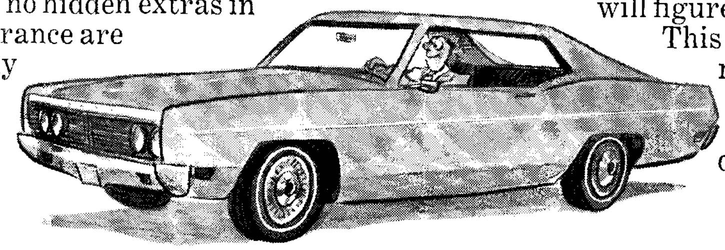
We have rates for everybody. They start at $7.47 a day.

We even have a rate for a car if your own car is stolen!

With the exception of our regular daily rate, the special rates mentioned so far are not available at all Hertz offices. They apply to good, clean intermediate or standard Fords or similar sedans. Gas is not included in these rates, although insurance is.

If you want a Lincoln Continental, or a Ford Thunderbird, or a station wagon, or a truck, or a sports car, we have rates for those, too. All you have to do is reserve them.

Should you like more details on any or all of these rates, call your travel agent. Or call us. All you have to know is what kind of car you'd like and how long you'd like it for. The Hertz girl will figure out the lowest rate for you. This kind of service may help maintain our high priced image. But we're not worried. The price will destroy it.



Hertz

You don't just rent a car. You rent a company.

© HERTZ SYSTEM, INC., 1970

room looked flabbergasted—as if someone had, for reasons too bizarre to contemplate, asked Saltzman why he had begun talking to his friends in Urdu or why he had taken up the lute.

The witnesses against Mervin made no claim to being the type of people West Chester parents would be proud of. A West Chester State student testified that he had found Mervin's Warlock jacket in his front yard, and that Mervin, saying that Jonathan Henry had worn the jacket while assaulting a girl, had sworn vengeance. The student had long hair and a mustache; the only question he was asked by the defense attorney was one eliciting the admission that he knew some of the people against whom Mervin had brought charges of dealing in drugs. The fourth person present at the scene of the shooting—Eugene Moran, the tenant of the apartment where the shooting took place—testified that Mervin, with Saltzman's acquiescence, had shot Henry in cold blood; the assistant district attorney argued that the bullet angles supported Moran's story and made the Mervin-Saltzman version physically impossible. But Moran also admitted having told the grand jury that he remembered nothing about the crime; he said he had been threatened by Mervin and Saltzman and was terrified of talking. Moran, a thin man in his thirties who was wearing a suit that seemed too large, had been to college and was said to be fond of discussing philosophy—although on the night in question he happened to be speechless from overconsumption of Southern Comfort and water. He didn't look in the least collegiate.

Jonathan Henry, as described in court, seemed even more disreputable than those who had testified that he might have been murdered. Michael Thompson, a Warlock who appeared in a kind of Hitler mustache, took the stand to describe how he and Henry spent their days. Henry would come by for him every day about three or four in the afternoon, and then they would "just ride around, get some beer and drink, do anything we wanted to, really." Thompson said they occasionally dealt in LSD, in a minor way, for gas money. The proprietor of a bar frequented by the Warlocks testified that Henry had waved a gun around, threatening people, the night before he died. Mervin testified that Henry had bragged to him about shooting someone—or, as Mervin put it, about having to "dust somebody off."

Henry, in fact, sounded remarkably

PARAMOUNT PICTURES CORPORATION
IN ASSOCIATION WITH FILMWAYS INC. PRESENTS
A MIKE NICHOLS FILM
ALAN ARKIN
IN
CATCH-22
BASED ON THE NOVEL BY
JOSEPH HELLER

STARRING
MARTIN BALSAM; RICHARD BENJAMIN; ARTHUR GARFUNKEL; JACK GILFORD; BUCK HENRY; BOB NEWHART;
ANTHONY PERKINS; PAULA PRENTISS; MARTIN SHEEN; JON VOIGHT & ORSON WELLES AS DREEDLE.
SCREENPLAY BY BUCK HENRY PRODUCED BY JOHN CALLEY & MARTIN RANSOHOFF DIRECTED BY MIKE NICHOLS
PRODUCTION DESIGNER RICHARD SYLBERT TECHNICOLOR® PANAVISION® A PARAMOUNT PICTURE R UNDER 17 REQUIRES PARENT OR ADULT GUARDIAN

Paramount
A Gulf+Western Company

World Premiere Now
THE PARAMOUNT THEATRE
at Gulf+Western Plaza
61st STREET & BROADWAY
SUTTON
57th St and 3rd Ave PL 9-1411

Lifetime guarantee.

There aren't many guarantees in life, but here's one that's ironclad. We'll guarantee there's a lifetime of pleasure in playing the piano.

There's a challenge to it. An intellectual, artistic, even a physical challenge that never dims. Whether you are a child seeking a set of values to live with or an adult simply looking for relief from the prosaic demands of living, that kind of challenge is vital. Naturally we hope you buy a Yamaha piano. They are among the finest, richest sounding, most responsive in the world.

But we'd rather you buy another brand of piano than no piano at all.

YAMAHA
INTERNATIONAL CORP. MONTEBELLO, CALIF. 90640

Ask about the Yamaha School of Music, a uniquely rich educational experience for young children 4-8 years.

like the description that West Chester State students offer of John Mervin. But after a week's testimony the assistant district attorney was under no illusions about being able to persuade the jury that John Mervin was anything but a decent young officer who had once been obliged to pretend to be like Jonathan Henry. After reminding the jury that they were not trying "the police or police in general or the issue of Support Your Local Police," the assistant district attorney further reminded them that neither sympathy nor prejudice should affect a jury's decision—and the sympathy and prejudice he was talking about was sympathy for John Mervin, a young college student, and prejudice against Jonathan Henry, a violent drug peddler. The judge repeated the admonition in his charge: "We are not here concerned with whether Henry deserved to live."

It took the jury approximately twenty-five minutes to reach a verdict of not guilty. Afterward, in the corridor, the jurors were having a final chat with each other when Mervin walked by, holding hands with a pretty girl. A number of the jurors walked up to shake his hand and pat him on the back and wish him luck. "Thank you. Thank you, sir," Mervin said to one of them. They smiled at him as he walked on down the corridor—a nice-looking, neatly dressed, polite young man who did look as if he had always been clean.

—Calvin Trillin

•

In the elegant 1870 ballroom, scions of the Rockefellers and Whitneys could be observed two-stepping to Viennese waltzes. . . . —*Newsweek.*

The rich never did have rhythm.

•

Continuity of oil supply in the aftermath of a nuclear exchange would not be a factor of major significance since consumption of oil would be sharply reduced, as would the capacity to refine oil.—*Armed Services Committee memorandum printed in the Congressional Record.*

So what are we worried about?

•

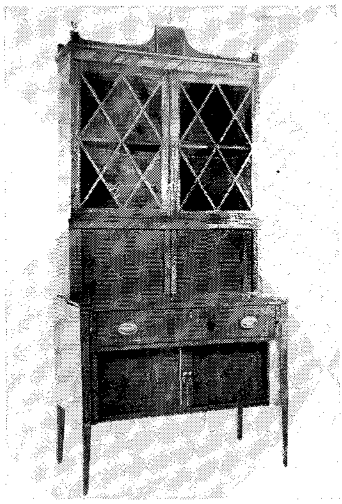
MOST UNSETTLING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Times*]

Hilo, Hawaii (AP)—A needle factory in Hilo has come out with an appetizer called "Arare Twist." Among the ingredients are corn starch, vegetable oil, ammonium chloride, and bicarbonate of soda.

JULY 1970 AUCTIONS
AT THE GALLERIES OF
RICHARD A. BOURNE CO., INC.
AUCTIONEERS AND APPRAISERS
HYANNIS, MASSACHUSETTS

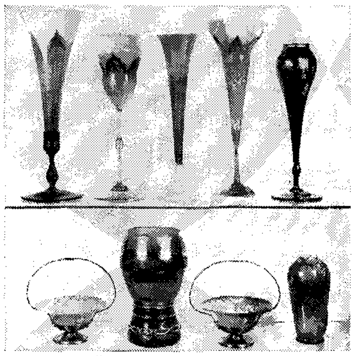
JULY 11, 1970 - 10:30 AM
COLLECTION OF AMERICAN ANTIQUE FURNISHINGS



Liquidating the personal collection and furnishings of Dr. and Mrs. George Starbuck of New Bedford who are moving to Hawaii. The Starbucks have been well known collectors in the New England area for many years. Their collection is primarily of American antiques — Hepplewhite, Sheraton, and Chippendale furniture — and is combined with selected items from the Estate of Dr. J. Dwight Pierce of Springfield, Mass.

Illustrated Catalogue
$3.00 a copy
(By Mail — $4.00)

JULY 15, 1970 - 7:00 PM
RARE ART GLASS FROM THE COLLECTION OF DR. AND MRS. WALTER DONAHUE, TOGETHER WITH ANTIQUE JEWELRY, MINIATURE LAMP COLLECTION, ORIENTAL RUGS



Superb collection of art glass including many exceptional pieces of Tiffany, Steuben, Crown Milano, Durand, Burmese, cameo glass, etched glass by Joseph Locke, Pomona, Webb cameo; outstanding collection of miniature lamps; emerald bracelet, diamond and other antique jewelry; fine oriental rugs.

Illustrated catalogue $4.00 a copy (By Mail — $5.00)

NOTE: Yearly subscriptions to our catalogues (approximately 20 to 25 per year) are available at the subscription rate of $100.00 per year including price keys to all auctions. We have available a limited number of 1969 catalogues with price keys which provide valuable recent price information. A printed list of these catalogues and their prices will be sent on request.

RICHARD A. BOURNE CO., INC.
Corporation Street, Hyannis, Massachusetts
(½ Mile West of Airport Rotary Circle on Rte. 28)
Telephone (617) 775-0797
Mail: P. O. Box 141, Hyannis Port, Mass. 02647

Copenhagen boasts the world's most unusual towers. Atop the Stock Exchange is one made of four Dragon's tails. And Birger Christensen has caught the most unusual furs by their tails!

BIRGER CHRISTENSEN
38 Ostergade-Copenhagen-Denmark

By Appointment to the Royal Danish Court

If you can't be a house guest in Bucks County, be ours.

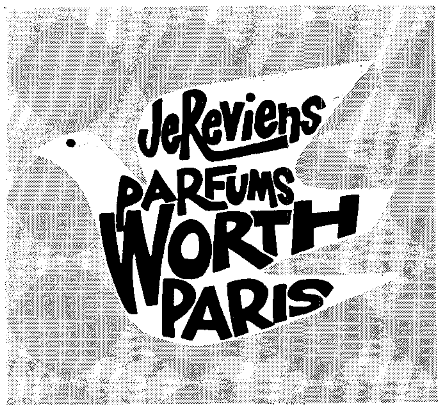
The 1740 House is a country inn—worthy of special note because of the stout determination of the hosts to give visitors a place to stay that is quiet, charming and memorable.

Twenty-four air-conditioned bedrooms, each with bath and terrace, on the Delaware River. Swimming, fishing and boating. And proprietors who know a thing or two about making you welcome.

We'll be glad to send you our brochure and driving directions.

17 40 HOUSE

LUMBERVILLE, PA. 18933 BUCKS COUNTY
Tel.: 215-297-5661



JE REVIENS PERFUME, COLOGNE, TALC, BATH OIL, SOAP, POWDER, MADE AND SEALED IN FRANCE. FROM $50. TO $5. AT STORES OF DISTINCTION

FOR A PACKET OF SCENTED BLOTTING PAPER, WRITE TO: WORTH, DEPT.NY, 5 EAST 57TH STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y.

THE THEATRE

OFF BROADWAY

"THE CAGE" was originally written and performed five years ago by convicts at San Quentin, and since then it has toured the country. The somewhat altered version of it that opened last week at the Playhouse has a cast of six, all of whom have spent some time as prisoners, and the dramatist, Rick Cluchey, who also appears in the leading part, is on parole for life. "The Cage" is exactly what it purports to be—a play whose object is to achieve prison reform by making its audience aware of the brutal conditions of prison life. The background of the play is more interesting than the play itself, partly, perhaps, because "The Cage" comes so soon after "The Brig" and "Fortune and Men's Eyes," which contain many of the same ingredients. Nevertheless, it has some merit; there is not a fake or sentimental moment in it, and there is humor as well as suffering. The story, such as it is, tells—or, rather, shows—what happens to an epileptic young man, convicted of killing his girl, when he is put into a cell with a murderous religious maniac and a couple of homosexuals who are getting tired of each other and separately see a chance for a new arrangement. The only other characters are a pair of sadistic guards, who enter from time to time to threaten or actually inflict personal injury when the action inside the cell gets too rough or noisy or insane. The action (as well as the insanity) is dominated by Mr. Cluchey, as the eloquent maniac, who conducts first a religious ceremony and later a kangaroo trial of the new boy, with himself as judge and with the homosexuals as the prosecuting and the defense lawyers. The comedy, which often works, is in the capable hands of Robert Poole and Ernie Allen, both of them black, who play the homosexuals.

Although many of their words are unintelligible, the members of this amateur company succeed in making the play clear and, within limitations, credible. Kenneth Kitch is the director. Randolph Dobbs does what can be done with the role of the unfortunate victim, and Mr. Cluchey, as actor, is quite strong. As dramatist, he is not strong so far, but his play is certainly worrying and disturbing—and, in a way, encouraging, since these six actors, at least, survived their prison experience. After each performance, the cast returns to the stage for a penological discussion with the audience.

—EDITH OLIVER

• •

DESCENT

Some are not harmed; their eyes
reflect the tabletop, the cups
and saucers, or show us

ourselves, or show us
circles and lines, faint patterns.
But in this room there are others

who have climbed up, first through the trees
where it is easy, then past
their own bodies to the height

where snow is the body, cold space
molded on rock; and further to the absolutely
open sky. They sit here

singly. In their
eyes we cannot see ourselves
or others; their pupils are

white, opaque, like
eggshells, they are among
those who return from the mountains
remembering nothing.

—MARGARET ATWOOD

To Investors:

Your Problem Is Our Career

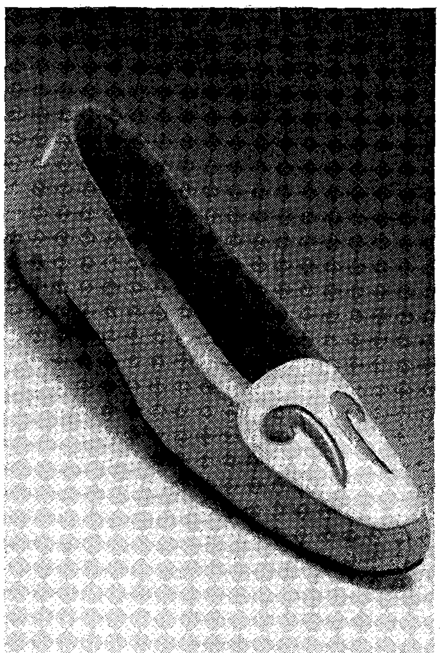
Every day sheds new, though often confusing, light on the problem of managing investments.

We are organized to meet this never-ending, ever-shifting problem in ways that have particular application today.

"The Investor's Major Decision," our new booklet addressed to substantial investors, will tell you of our approach.

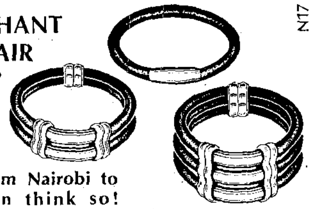
UNITED STATES TRUST COMPANY
OF NEW YORK

45 Wall Street • Telephone 212-425-4500



Slip inside our skim of tender kidskin punctuated with comma-shaped insertions in a white vamp. Bone-with-tan, navy-with-red, yellow-with-orange. Or all white with a lizard-patterned calf vamp. The pair, $22. Shoe Salon.

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue



N17

IS ELEPHANT TAIL HAIR LUCKY?

We don't know, but lots of our friends from Nairobi to Manhattan think so! Anyway, our Genuine Elephant Tail Hair rings are bound to bring you compliments, if not luck! Ours are made from the real hair (authenticity, you know); not from the "look-alike" plastic we've seen about. Rolled gold mountings. State ring size.

1 – Strand $3 2 – Strand $7 3 – Strand $10

Add 50¢ each, on mail orders. N.Y. Res. Add Tax.

Open Mon-Sat 10-6

Visit Our NEW SAFARILAND™ SHOP or Write For New-84-PAGE CATALOG

HUNTING WORLD

Dept. NY 16 E. 53rd St. N. Y. 10022 ©

WashingtoN Arms Restaurant

Dine for business or pleasure, 5 PM daily, Sun. at 1, closed Mon. Private parties arranged.

Boston Post Rd., Mamaroneck, N.Y.
(914) OWens 8-4545

OUR LOCAL CORRESPONDENTS

A DAY WITH THE DUKE

LAST August, I suggested in these pages that Duke Ellington be given a grant of, say, a hundred thousand dollars, so that he could take six months off from his unbelievably wearying round of worldwide one-night stands to record or re-record the cream of the compositions he has written in the past forty years. The results, on about twelve LPs, would constitute a kind of Ellington collected works, and would stand as one of the pillars of Western music. The response to the suggestion has not been surprising. The foundations, busy handing money out to retreads and the moribund, have been silent, and the letters I got ranged from the ineffectually enthusiastic to one from a New Jersey woman who said, in effect, why bother Ellington with such a project when she and her husband had every Ellington record and I was welcome to stop by any time and hear their collection. So it has been business as usual for Ellington, with one rending exception—the death, early in May, of his great alto saxophonist Johnny Hodges. Ellington spent last fall on a backbreaking European tour, and in January he went to Australia, New Zealand, Japan, Thailand, and Laos. This spring, he celebrated his seventy-first birthday and attended the New Orleans Jazz Festival, where he introduced his "New Orleans Suite," which is reported to include superb musical portraits of Louis Armstrong, Sidney Bechet, and Mahalia Jackson. At the end of June, he goes to Europe again for a month, and in August he will take up his celebrated annual stand at the Rainbow Grill. In the meantime, the honors and awards continue to flow in. He was recently given a Doctor of Humanities degree by the Christian Theological Seminary in Indianapolis and a Doctor of Music degree by Assumption College in Worcester, and in late May he was inducted into the National Institute of Arts and Letters—a first, as far as I know, for anyone connected with jazz. A friend of mine who was at the Institute ceremonies told me that Ellington was given a standing ovation. But the main reason I bring all this up now is that I was recently lucky enough to spend a good part of a day following the Duke around the city. New York *is* Ellington's home (he keeps an apartment on West End Avenue), but he is here only a couple of times a year, and when he is, his schedule tends to be even heavier than it is on the road.

I met him around three-thirty in the afternoon at the National Recording Studios, at Fifty-sixth and Fifth, where he was to record part of the music for a ballet commissioned by the American Ballet Theatre. The ballet is called "The River," and will be given its première at the New York State Theatre, at Lincoln Center, on the twenty-fifth of June. He greeted me with his famous French two-kisses-on-each-cheek, and said, "What time did I call you last night?"

"Around twelve-thirty," I replied.

"I didn't get to bed until ten this morning, what with working on the ballet. I'm tired, babe, tired."

But he looked extremely well, and even his working clothes—an old blue sweater, rumpled gray slacks, and blue suède shoes—looked good. He went immediately into the recording booth, which, like most of the places Ellington goes, was crowded with relatives, friends, and hangers-on. Present were Stanley Dance, the critic and one of Ellington's right-hand men; Michael James, Ellington's nephew and an aide; Joe Morgen, his press agent; an admirer of thirty-five years' standing named Edmund Anderson; and a couple of admiring women. Ellington examined some sheet music and went out into the studio. He spoke to several members of the band and got loud laughs in response, and, standing in the center of the studio, said, just before the first take, "We're going to get lucky on this one. Derum, derum, derum! One, two, three, four!" Rufus Jones started a rapid machine-gun beat on his snare drum, which was echoed on a glockenspiel and on timpani. The band came in, and the piece, called "The Falls," turned out to be unlike anything I had heard Ellington do. But then nothing new of his is quite like anything he has done before. The section passages of "The Falls" are brief but dense and booting, there are solo parts by Paul Gonsalves, and there are extraordinary dissonant full-band chords. And all this is done against the furious *rat-tat-tat-tat* of the snare, the glockenspiel, and the timpani. It is exciting, tight crescendo music, and it reminded me of some of Stravinsky's early stuff, except that it was unmistakably a jazz composition. Ellington conducted (Wild Bill Davis sat in or

piano), using the traditional upside-down-T-square motions in a slow, wooden way, as if he were swimming through molasses. All the while, he chewed on something and rocked his head from side to side.

While the piece was played back, he sat in the recording booth with his head bowed, his eyes closed, and a hand on each knee. He looked up when it was over. "A waterfall—you can always *see* the top and you can always *hear* the bottom," he said. "So you've got the top and the bottom, and you can put anything you want in between."

He returned to the studio, and Anderson said, "Last November, I shot some film of the band in Paris. Afterward, I told Johnny Hodges, who in all the thirty-five years I knew him never said more than two words, 'I got some great footage of you tonight.' He shouted at me, 'Not tonight! Not tonight! My eyes looked so bad!' Which was all the more amazing when you consider that on the stand Hodges kept his eyes closed most of the time."

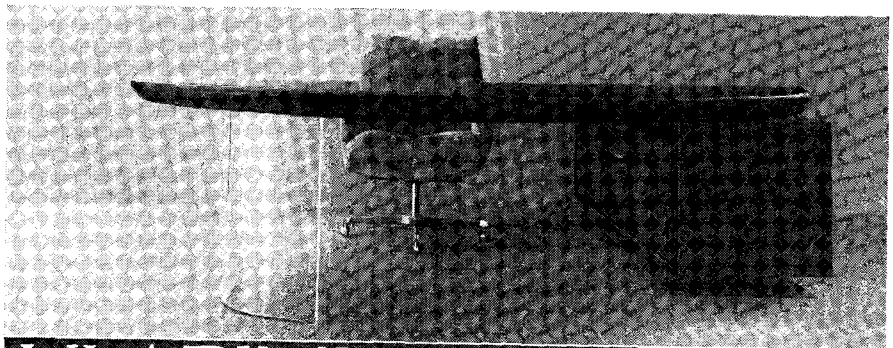
Ellington led the band through six or seven more takes, until he got the right one, and after a break he went to work on a part of the ballet called "The Mother." It is slow and ruminative, and includes a lovely flute solo by Norris Turney. Again, there were several takes, and the session ended at six-thirty. Ellington made some phone calls, kissed several women hello and goodbye, and, surrounded by Morgen, Dance, and a friend who was driving for Ellington, a broad-shouldered Greek named Chris Stamatiou, left the studios for the City Center to talk with Alvin Ailey, who is choreographing "The River."

DOWN on Fifth Avenue, Ellington asked Stamatiou where his car was, and Stamatiou said in a garage around the corner. Ellington asked him how far it was to the City Center, and he said a block or so—an easy walk. "You mean you want me to *walk* a block? Well, I might as well, but it'll be the longest walk I've had in years," Ellington said. He started west on Fifty-sixth Street, moving in the determined, stiff way of older men with tired feet. He got a lot of double takes, and whenever he passed a garage or a restaurant with its complement of New York early-evening sidewalk loungers, he was greeted with, "Hey, Duke!" or "Mr. *Ellington!*" Each time, he looked interested and said "How you been?" or "How's everything?" and shook hands as if he were greeting friends he

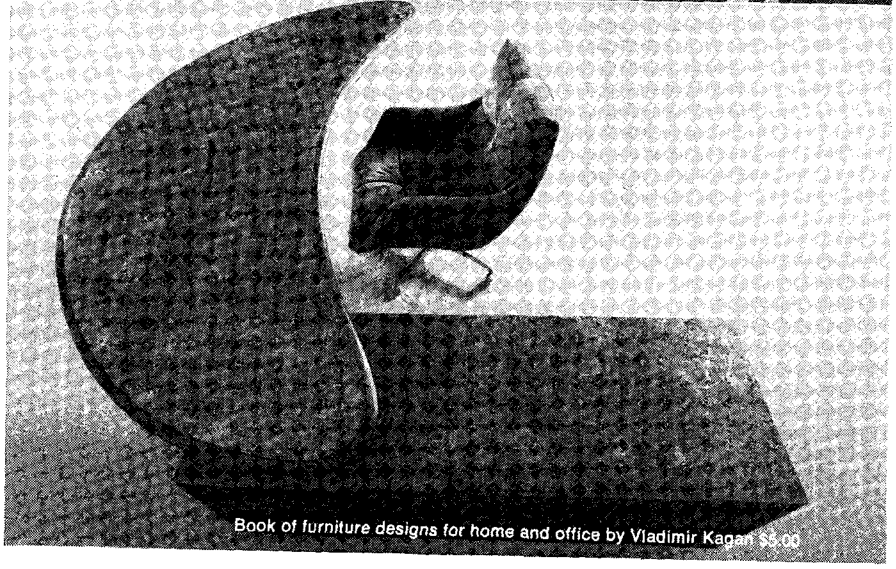
Callaway Towels by MILLIKEN

Couturier fashions for your bath

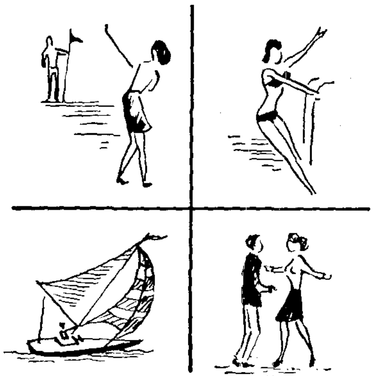
Shown: Illusion, an optical intrigue on luxuriously sheared terry. *From The Designer's Gallery* of color-coordinated towels, bathroom rugs, shower curtains. Bath towel, about $4.50. Milliken, LaGrange, Ga. At **CARSON PIRIE SCOTT & CO.**, Chicago, and other fine stores.



VLADIMIR KAGAN
232 East 59 Street, New York, N.Y. 10022 • 212 LE 5-7788


Book of furniture designs for home and office by Vladimir Kagan $5.00

Bermuda's Inverurie....
The Spice of Life Resort



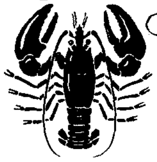
Variety—it's the spice of Inverurie. It is small enough to be intimate and charming, but large enough for great nightly entertainment with Johnny McAteer's Boston Society Orchestra, great calypso and imported stars. Superb cuisine created by Swiss chefs. Roman bath pool, tennis, games room, sailing and motor bikes.

Ten minute ferry (25 cents) or surrey fringed taxi to Hamilton shops and ten-minute morning complimentary taxi to private beach.

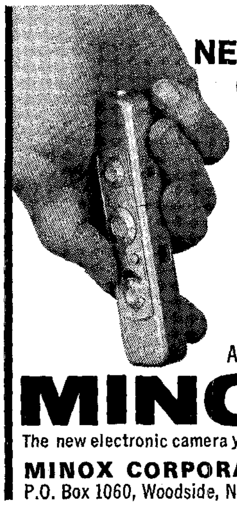
See your travel agent or Wolfe International call (212) 565-1114 or (212) 279-4113

INVERURIE
The hotel at the water's edge
PAGET, BERMUDA
Conrad Engelhardt, Pres. & Gen. Mgr.

Gloucester House



SEA FOOD
AT ITS BEST
37 EAST 50 ST.-N.Y. 755-7394
BETWEEN PARK & MADISON



PALM THIS NEW 4 OUNCE COMPUTER CAMERA

Big sparkling prints and superb color are yours every time you snap. Automatically. Instant load film cartridge.

Gift yourself! Get the picture? At fine camera stores.

MINOX® C
The new electronic camera you never leave at home.
MINOX CORPORATION
P.O. Box 1060, Woodside, N.Y. 11377
A DIVISION OF Berkey Photo Inc.

hadn't seen in twenty-five years. He went in at the back door of the City Center and up to the sixth floor, where he sat down abruptly with Ailey at a small table by the elevator door. They talked for twenty minutes, and then went down to wait for Stamatiou and the car. They continued talking, but the car didn't come, and after fifteen minutes Dance called the garage and found out that the car had broken down. Ellington kissed Ailey goodbye, and we got into a cab and headed downtown. It was about seven-thirty, and I asked Dance where we were going.

"To the Half Note," he replied. "Hugues Panassié's son Louis is in the country making some sort of film on jazz, and he asked Duke if he would mind coming down to the Half Note to be in a short sequence."

Ellington, who sat next to the taxi-driver, a young, bearded man, pulled a bright scarf out of his pocket and knotted it around his head, turban-fashion. The driver, peering at Ellington out of the corner of his eye, missed a crucial right-hand turn at Dominick Street, and the Holland Tunnel appeared. Ellington asked Morgen if he knew where the hell we were going, and Morgen said he had seen the Dominick Street turn just after we passed it. The driver made a hundred-and-eighty-degree swing in front of the Tunnel and stopped a moment later at the Half Note. Ellington took off his scarf and got out.

Inside, Ellington gave Panassié, an engaging man in his thirties, the de-rigueur greeting and asked him what to do. Panassié said he would like him to sit at the bar for a few minutes and answer a couple of questions. Mike Canterino, one of the owners of the Half Note, gave Ellington a Coke, and, bathed in blinding light, he sat down on a bar stool. "You know, I'm not really dressed for this sort of thing, but let me light a cigarette, so I'll look sophisticated," he said. He knocked over the Coke, and said, "Oh, my! I'm the only nuisance I know who *knows* he's a nuisance!" The cameras rolled, and Ellington, looking as if he were in his living room with a few friends, spoke intimately about Panassié's father ("He serves the same muse I do"), and went on, "I don't think any music should be called jazz. I don't believe in categories. Years ago, uptown, I tried to get the cats to call it American Negro music or Afro-American music, because jazz just isn't right. Louis Armstrong plays Louis Armstrong music, Art Tatum plays Art Tatum music, Dizzy Gillespie plays Dizzy Gillespie music, and if it sounds good, that's all you need."

At about eight o'clock, the klieg lights went off, and Panassié thanked Ellington fervently. Our party of four walked to Sixth Avenue to find a cab, and on the way Ellington kept hitching up his trousers, which were secured by an old belt buckled at one side. "When I got that degree in Indianapolis last week, I had this same problem," he told Dance. "I was wearing a gown and all, and when I went out on the stage my pants started slipping, and I had to pull them up right through the gown. I don't know whether it's this stomach I've got that's causing the trouble or whether it's just that my bottom is getting smaller."

At Sixth Avenue, a young black policeman greeted Ellington: "Hey, Duke. You waiting for the A train?" Ellington said he was waiting for a cab, but asked if there *was* an A train somewhere around to get back uptown in. A cab arrived, and Ellington gave a Central Park South address.

"His sister Ruth's apartment," Dance said to me.

Miss Ellington's apartment, which looks out over the Park, is mostly off-white, and the windows are hung with heavy glass-bead curtains. There are a couple of big glass-topped tables, and in the corner is a small bar. She greeted her brother warmly, and he slumped into a chair, stretched his legs out straight, and threw his head back on a cushion. He closed his eyes. Miss Ellington, who wore a big blond wig, a yellow blouse, and purple slacks, asked him if he wanted some Chinese food. He said no, he was just going home to bed. Stamatiou appeared and, leaning over Ellington, apologized about the car. Ellington grunted and waved one hand. A man in a white coat brought him a Coke, putting it down carefully on a paper coaster that showed a bass drum with a caricature of Ellington's head on it and the word "Duke" beneath. I asked Ellington to tell me about the ballet.

He opened his eyes halfway, took a sip of Coke, and lit a cigarette. His eyes closed again. "I'd been thinking about it for a while, and a year or so ago I was lying on a hotel bed in Vancouver and Alvin Ailey was with me and the story just came out," he said. "The river starts out like a spring and he's like a newborn baby, tumbling and spitting, and one day, attracted by a puddle, he starts to run. He scurries and scampers and wants to get to the marsh, and, after being followed by a big bubble, he does, and at the end of the run he goes into the meander. Then he skips and dances and runs until he's exhausted, and he lies down by the lake—all horizontal lines, ripples, reflections, God-made and untouched. Then he goes over the falls and down into the whirlpool, the vortex of violence, and out of the whirlpool into the main track of the river. He widens, becomes broader, loses his adolescence, and, down at the delta, passes between two cities. Like all cities on the opposite sides of deltas, you can find certain things in one and not in the other, and vice versa, so we call the cities the Neo-Hip-Hot-Cool Kiddies' Community and the Village of the Virgins. The river passes between them and romps into the mother—Her Majesty the Sea—and, of course, is no longer a river. But this is the climax, the heavenly anticipation of rebirth, for the sea will be drawn up into the sky for rain and down into wells and into springs and become the river again. So we call the river an optimist. We'll be able to play the ballet in any church or temple, because the optimist is a believer."

He took another drink of Coke, and after a while I asked him about Johnny Hodges.

"All I have to say is in the eulogy I wrote. Pastor John Gensel read it at the graveside. Hey, Stanley, have you got a copy of the Johnny Hodges eulogy?"

Dance rummaged around in his briefcase, and handed me a double-spaced typewritten sheet. The eulogy began, "Never the world's greatest, most highly animated showman or stage personality . . . but a tone so beautiful it sometimes brought tears to the eyes. This was Johnny Hodges. This *is* Johnny Hodges. Because of this great loss, our band will never sound the same." It ended, "I am glad and thankful that I had the privilege of presenting Johnny Hodges for forty years, night after night. I imagine that I have been much envied, but thanks to God, and may God bless this beautiful giant in his own identity. God bless Johnny Hodges."

Dance said, "Hey, Duke, you're on television now, with Orson Welles on the David Frost show."

Ellington opened his eyes, heaved himself to his feet, and moved rapidly out of the room, saying, "Oh, he's one of my favorite people—Orson Welles. I've got to see him."

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

Edwardian Room

Rediscover romance in The Edwardian Room.

Fine food, candlelight, violin by Sandu Marcu, and a great view of Central Park. Every day for lunch and dinner until 10:30 pm. Reservations, call Mr. Jan, 421-3413. Just one of eight great restaurants at The Plaza.

These days you need all The Plaza you can get.

The Edwardian Room. Oak Room. Oak Bar. Oyster Bar. The Palm Court. The Palm Court After 8. Trader Vic's. The Persian Room.

A SONESTA HOTEL

Leilani Hawaiian Rum

An act of the gods made this the best tasting rum in the world.

Leilani Rum is made in Hawaii with the help of three gods.

The god of Volcanoes gave us the volcanic soil to grow the finest sugar cane in the world.

The god of Sun gave us 350 days a year of sunshine to grow the richest sugar cane in the world.

And the god of Rain gave us the water to grow the juiciest sugar cane in the world.

With that kind of help, Leilani has to taste great.

Thanks, gods.

Leilani Hawaiian Rum

80 PROOF · CALVERT DIST. CO. HONOLULU, HAWAII

That perennially fabulous dinner companion, that warm friend who compliments every food . . . every delicacy, is now identified with a name that is certified and controlled.

Denominazione di Origine Controllata.

Yes, it's a mouthful . . . but say it anyway: **Denominazione di Origine Controllata.**

Backed by governmental decree, all the **fine** wines of Italy, from the high north to the sunny south are **certified** as to type and region of origin.

So, take an Italian to dinner tonight.

Now, that they are controlled, you might even take one home to Mother. . .

TAKE A (controlled) ITALIAN TO DINNER TONIGHT

Denominazione on the label, means a finer wine on your table.

A free booklet tells you all about it. Write: The Wines of Italy, Suite 1870, 1900 Avenue of the Stars, Los Angeles, California 90067.

ITALIA
INE
MARCHIO NAZIONALE
Denominazione di Origine Controllata
WINES OF ITALY

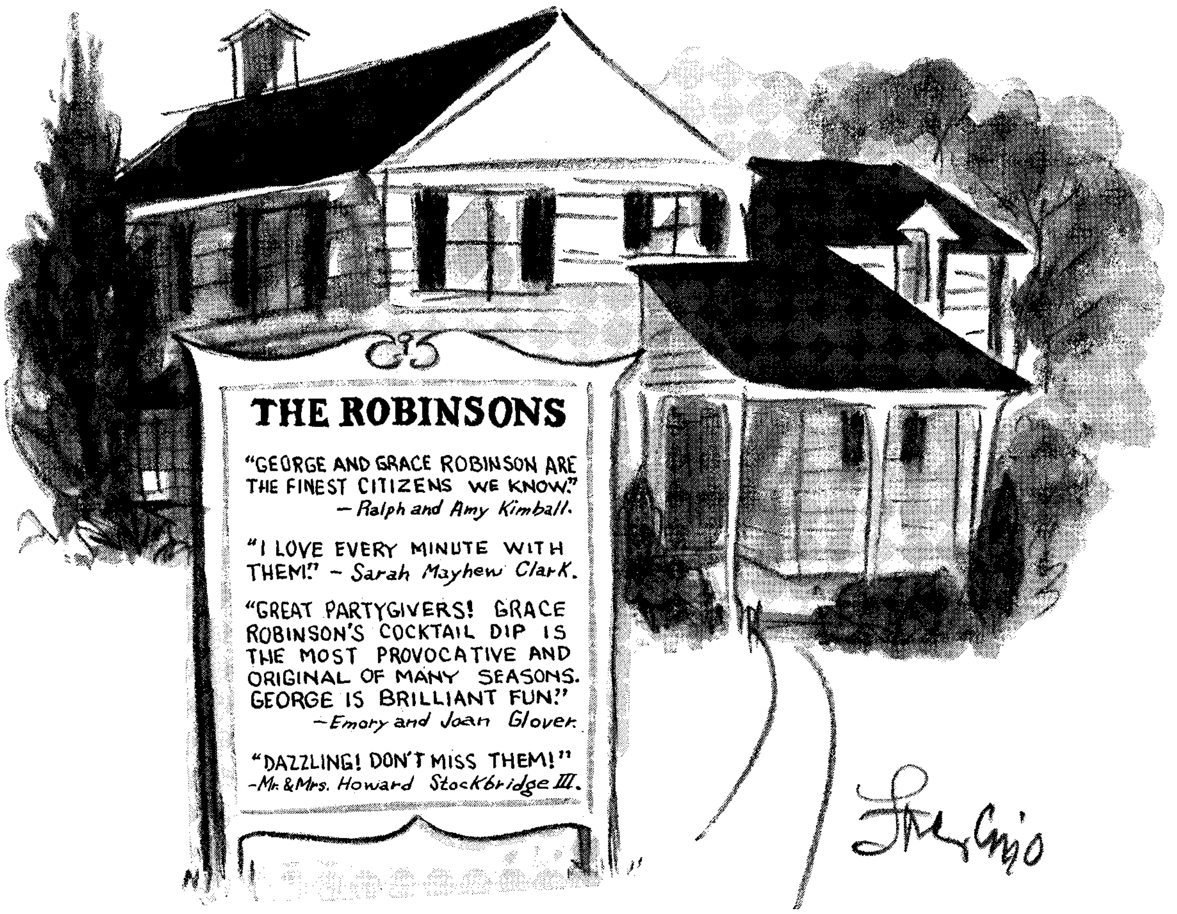
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

SUMMERS were jolly when we were very small, and rock pools full of mystery. I strutted, pear-shaped, down the sands in pink-and-white hand-knitted suits, and counted on the grownup hand beneath my chin as I splashed among the shallows on my water wings. Even now, summer casts a spell on most of us, and bikinis, at least, can be frolicsome. This might be a good time for us to try some nursery clothes. Any of the things from Betsey, Bunky & Nini's playground, at 237 East 53rd Street—perhaps a T-shirt with a frieze of picture-book animals or sailboats—would be sure to be rejuvenating. Bloomingdale's beachwear department has terry-cloth tunics for lighthearted romps, and toddlers' boleros and shorts of knitted cotton in adult sizes. Allen & Cole, at 150 East 54th Street, sells handmade bikinis in crochet or in stocking stitch—which it refers to as a "baby knit." They cost about $40, are trimmed with crochet scallops, and have either small or tiny ("French") bottoms. The brassières here are not designed for prudes, and have crocheted halters. There are suits in silk ribbon; loosely linked arrangements of wispy wool crochet; and bikinis in thick, soft man-made yarn in the palest of layette pinks and blended ice-cream colors. This fibre is infinitely durable, and machine-washable; in a bathing suit, this seems an unremarkable quality, yet anyone who ever gets wet must check that her purchase can be submerged with her. Although there are many women who find swimming tedious, there remains the paradox of the bikini that cannot be wet, can only be dry-cleaned. This boutique makes openwork sweaters to pull over its bikinis. They have ribbon, closer stitching, or patches of lining over the bust, should you wish to wear nothing else or to be prepared for an encounter with an aged female relative on days when you are out cavorting in some scrap of thistledown crochet.

The summer shoes at Goody Two Shoes, at 244 East 60th Street, are unabashedly jokey, and cost $25. Henry Behar is a good-looking young man with a broken ankle and a hairy chest, and he it was who designed this range of wedges and platform soles. To teeter down the block or to the beach on an inch-deep platform sole and a thick three-inch heel demands boldness, self-mockery, and smallish, tanned feet. Experience with clogs is clearly an advantage. The shoes are fashionably retrospective. They have sling backs and peep toes, and they cannot be described as sandals. Anything with a raised sole and showing two and a half rather than all five toes looks new. Fragile sandals were such a comfortable idea. Henry's platforms—surely the loftiest in town—are made in scarlet-white-and-yellow leather. Wartime wedgies, whose raised sole and tall heel form, in cross-section, a pound or so of cheddar, appear in gold, aubergine, and pistachio suède. (Pastel suèdes are popular this summer, and produce better handbags than raffia or wickerwork.)

The French make perfect summers, indolent and gleaming, and they make the best bikinis. The collection of simple swimming suits and matching tunics by the Paris firm of Eres is to be found at Bonwit Teller, and is very cheering. It includes outfits in terry velours—a soft, worldly fabric in whose dyeing and use the French have long been expert. Velours bikinis, like most of the bikinis in other fabrics, cost $22. They fasten in bows at the hips, and their brassières meet in front at a ring of the same fabric. I don't know what to think about brassières that join on plastic rings, but I certainly prefer this less obtrusive notion. Cotton jersey suits and tunics appear in many unusual and muted colors, such as olive, sand, salmon, and blue-gray. A black Spandex bikini with somewhat higher, square-legged trunks is most aristocratic. Its brassière has built-up shoulder straps and plunges very low. Although I like few members of the ciré or the patent family, and nothing that will creak or crackle, I was bowled over by Eres' suits and things in a gleaming, glowing nylon—black, copper, or purple. The shiny bikinis have the smallest of French bottoms, and their brassières, which have little in the way of darts and seams, meet in front


THE ROBINSONS
"GEORGE AND GRACE ROBINSON ARE THE FINEST CITIZENS WE KNOW." —Ralph and Amy Kimball.
"I LOVE EVERY MINUTE WITH THEM!" —Sarah Mayhew Clark.
"GREAT PARTYGIVERS! GRACE ROBINSON'S COCKTAIL DIP IS THE MOST PROVOCATIVE AND ORIGINAL OF MANY SEASONS. GEORGE IS BRILLIANT FUN!" —Emory and Joan Glover.
"DAZZLING! DON'T MISS THEM!" —Mr. & Mrs. Howard Stockbridge III.

lush Cashmere

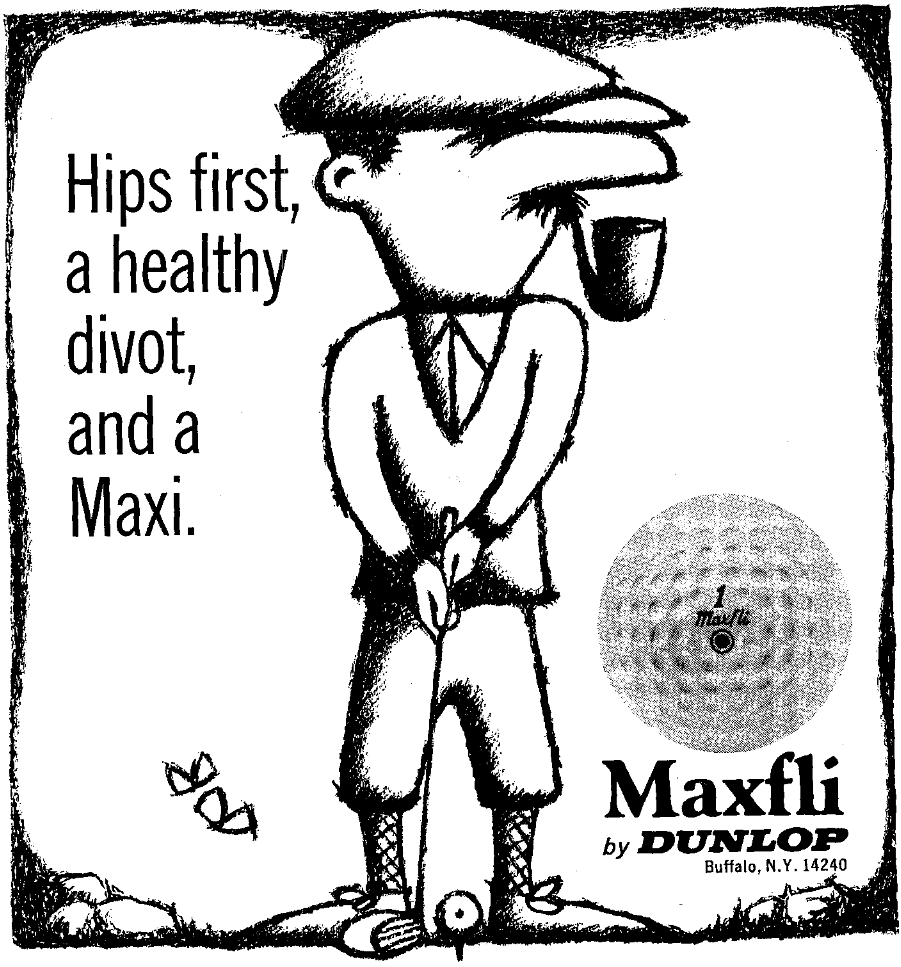
There are many cashmeres—BUT—for you there's only ONE. The softest, most luxurious touch in the world of fabrics is yours in this exclusive Langrock imported cashmere sports jacket.

Only the world's greatest weavers can provide such luxurious zephyr weight cashmere. Only the world's greatest tailors can shape and sew it into a superlative jacket for summer time joys or fall and winter cruise wear.

Window panes as shown gold on sky blue, orange on bamboo, gold on green, or red on navy.

Give size, height, & weight.
By mail only $150.

Langrock
42 Nassau Street, Princeton, N.J. 08540


Hips first, a healthy divot, and a Maxi.
1 Maxfli

Maxfli
by DUNLOP
Buffalo, N.Y. 14240

Drive carefully. Use Dunlop balls, clubs and tires.

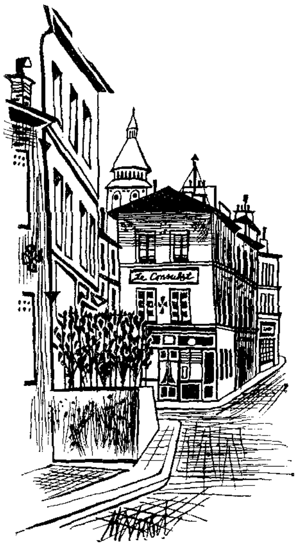
in three flattened loops or flat, single-ended bows. Eres also exports sets of printed cotton clothes—a long, sleeveless dress that buttons on the shoulders; a button-down, short-sleeved shirt; trousers; and a wraparound ankle-length skirt. Each part, about $30. These prints have matching bikinis, but it would be more interesting to jumble up some different textures. A shiny purple suit would pair agreeably with a long skirt of purple cotton printed, in a lighter shade, with floating Paisley feathers; or a suit of olive jersey with anything in an ochre cotton strewn with a motif of green-and-purple vines. This fine collection makes nonsense of the argument that colors for bright sunlight must necessarily be gaudy, and underlines the fact that elegance in bikinis is irreconcilable with padded or pre-formed brassières. If your stomach is flat enough for a two-piece suit, I can see no need to try to change your bosom.

Last-minute shopping for summer vacations is a wearying affair. The weather is unsuitable for extensive expeditions, and the efforts of imagination that are called for are alone enough to make you faint. When you buy sandals, picture your feet tanned and swollen; when you try on bikinis, imagine your body tanned, and pretend it will be thin. With all these difficulties, we may be grateful for any selection of acceptable styles within a limited space. Jax, at 7 West 57th Street, has a muddle of bikinis in a rickety old sideboard. If you can find a bottom in the same size as the top—and bikini buyers are as unscrupulous as the two halves of their figures are disproportionate—you can walk out with a suit in a gay, wholesome cotton print for under $20. If you are not yet ready to pack, you might order one, according to your size or whim; $22. These things have an innocence about them that reminds me of those bygone days when it was chic to wear a very faded bathing suit. Seventeen dollars buys a bikini in heavy cotton from Design Research, at 53 East 57th Street—or, rather, a tiny, tailored work of art in one of the distinctive Marimekko silk-screen prints. The brassières are unpadded, and backless except for a cunning arrangement of spaghetti straps and loops. I also liked a long skirt in the colors of a Rousseau forest; $35. While jewelry ill befits the beach, funny body ornaments are fine. Henri Bendel, on its main floor, has collars of rattling bamboo or of tiny African beads or of lumps of turquoise lava along a strip of knotted suède. —KENNEDY FRASER

LETTER FROM PARIS

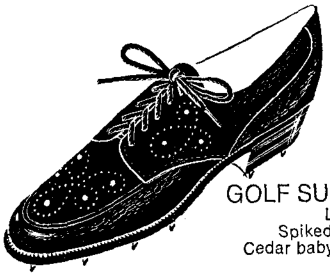
JUNE 17

ACCORDING to travel agents, Europe—and France especially—is enjoying, as well as suffering from, the greatest visitation of tourists in the last half-dozen years. Through the rest of June and all of July, there will not be an unbooked or empty hotel bed anywhere from the North Sea down to the Mediterranean. The present week's Grande Semaine de Paris, ordinarily given over to special public entertainments, inappropriately opened on Monday with a strike of the Métro and the bus lines, during which the city's workers walked to work and walked back home, and the city's visitors walked to their evenings out under a handsome, hazy half moon, while central Paris underwent a phenomenal traffic tieup. The strike is supposedly to be repeated soon, to enable the strikers to win their two demands—a wage hike plus a sixth week added to their paid summer holiday.



Unfortunately, this week's most enticing public entertainment will be enjoyed by very few, owing to lack of space arranged for the public to see it and cheer it. The three nocturnal military tattoos on the east side of the Place Vendôme (the first one is tonight) have been supplied with only two small grandstands. However, last night an unannounced dry run was enjoyed by a few hundred of us neighborhood locals, attracted by the horses parked in the Rue de Castiglione, the promising exploratory toots of an Army brass band, and the presence on the Castiglione sidewalk of the Army's young, haughty Saumur cavalry officers, probably the smartest and most elegant of any left in Europe today—young, aristocratically slender, and impeccably tailored, casting a roving eye on all the prettier demoiselles, while idly slapping their long, tasselled whips against their spurred, shining boots. Then, to the squeal of trumpets and the thumping of kettledrums carried on the white lead horses, the Place Vendôme for two hours turned into the scene of a spirited horse show, ironically honoring, in part, the completion, beneath the big façaded square, of the city's newest underground automobile garage. This being only a rehearsal, we bystanders had the benefit of repetitions of certain exercises, such as *la courbette*, *la croupade*, and *la capriole*, to assure perfection of unity between the riders and their mounts. In one maneuver, at the touch of a whip the animals all reared up absolutely vertically at the same moment, holding their stance for an instant like profiled equestrian statues, and in another they all suddenly kicked up their hindquarters in unison—while the band, installed in front of the Morgan Guaranty Trust doorway, soothingly played over and over the same dulcet musical theme. The horses were performing under spotlights on one of the sanded halves of the Place, while on the other half, unilluminated even by the branched sidewalk lanterns in front of the Ritz, which had been turned off, the horses that had completed their performance were being quietly cantered around in the dark, they and their riders both barely visible, like a circle of night raiders; to the astonishment of Napoleon's devotees, his statue atop the famed verdigris bronze Austerlitz column was not illuminated. For the three formal performances, the élite Cadre Noir de Saumur will be joined by the Cavaliers de la Garde Républicaine, dressed in Napoleonic uniforms. For historical-costume value, the most unexpected example will be a small marching contingent in tatterdemalion uniforms, representing the *grognards*—the famous foot-slogging grumblers of Napoleon's army. The Garde ought to be a fine sight and aurally a treat, with its famous trotting brass band.

The Jardin des Tuileries is putting on a more explicitly popular cultural show than ever before for the Grande Semaine. The garden fountains are illuminated, and loudspeakers under the trees carry music from the Paris Radio Orchestra, including Handel's "Water Music." The Jeu de Paume museum is open, free to the public, until midnight. And along the broad garden *allées* nine enormous screens have been set up to carry what is called a *cybarnama*, or huge documentary illustrations of the history of the Tui-



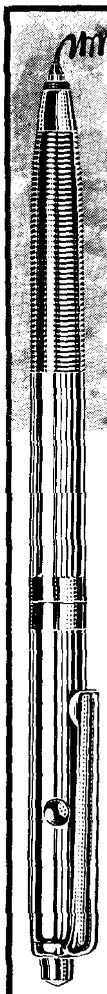
Hand made
De Busschere

GOLF SUNSHINE
Lightweight
Spiked Golf Shoe
Cedar baby llama calf
$65
Scotch tongue $5 additional

Classic, timeless styling. Brochure on request.
MR. HENRI BENDEL, Owner-President

Belgian Shoes

60 East 56 St., New York 10022
(212) PLaza 5-7372
In San Francisco: I. Magnin & Co.



Fisher Space Pen
Writes Upside Down

Thanks to its sealed, pressurized cartridge and specially formulated ink, Fisher Space Pen writes upside down, right-side up, and any way in between. Designed for outer space and selected by NASA for all Apollo flights, it also writes in gravity-free void and in temperatures from 400° above to 50° below. Home on earth, under less demanding conditions, countless delighted users have come to rely on Space Pen because it never skips or blots, writes over grease, fingerprints, on glossy photos, acetate, even under water and of course in any position (on vertical clipboard or leaning against a wall!) Superbly styled, with Apollo crest, gift boxed and at a down-to-earth price!

Please send me ____Fisher Space Pens in Chrome Finish at $5.00.
______Extra cartridges at $1.00.
I encl. the total. (Calif. add tax.)
Return in 2 weeks if not delighted.

Name____________________
Address__________________
______________Zip______
NY 0627

haverhill's
584 Washington, San Francisco 94111

Go with Jerold, baby!
You'll have it made!

The Safari Coat by Jerold

Great fashion trophy of 65% Dacron® polyester/35% cotton. Protected with ZePel®. Light ale, wedgwood blue, corn, oyster, navy, medium blue, wheat, lavender, natural, rose, ice blue, mint, yellow. 6-18 —about $22. From the Outer Banks Collection to hunt for at Hadley's, Detroit; Nevius-Voorhees, Trenton; Kennard Pyle, Wilmington; Carson Pirie Scott, Ottawa. Or write Jerold, 512 7th Ave., New York, N.Y. 10018.

DUPONT ZEPEL RAIN/STAIN REPELLER ®TM Du Pont

ST
Sheraton Towers

Boston's Height of Elegance.

High over the city on the topmost floors of the Sheraton-Boston is the super-spectacular hotel headquarters of the confirmed luxury lover. The Sheraton Towers—lavishly furnished, superbly serviced suites and rooms—for those guests who prefer a private, petted and pampered world. All that, and a breathtaking view that stretches fifty miles around and which was three hundred years in the making. The Sheraton Towers, Boston's height of elegance.

For more information on the NEW Sheraton Towers please write manager.

Dial free 800-325-3535 any time.
Ask operator for Tower Service.

Sheraton-Boston Hotel
PRUDENTIAL CENTER

leries, such as a photograph of the Florentine tapestry illustrating Catherine de Médicis' reception of the Polish ambassadors. The displays are apparently highly satisfactory to the Parisians, who gather in such masses in the Tuileries *allées* that nobody less than giant size can see anything much. The *cybarnama* also shows some of the Jeu de Paume's Impressionist pictures, like large illustrations hanging outdoors beside the trees. Among the pictures is Degas's noted "Absinthe," and it is shown along with an old photograph of the poet Verlaine seated before his café glass of absinthe, a drink that since his time has become illegal. If the good weather only holds—already it has started being interrupted by recurrent showers—the unusual al-fresco June entertainment this year will have given highly civilized enjoyment.

THERE was nothing important left from the winter or spring Paris theatre season that could have justified being blown up with fresh costuming into spectacular utility for the June season. And the French ballet company, which functions only at the Opéra, has been under a cloud, owing to the dissatisfaction of the *directeur de ballet*, Roland Petit, with the Opéra's hidebound seniority system. In an interview, he said that the quartet of cygnets in the Opéra's production of "Swan Lake" were invariably thirty years old, upon which he resigned. Because, in theory, ballets are supposed to be surefire international public attractions, Paris has just had several of them in the past weeks. Some did not attract either much public or much praise. We have had the Royal Ballet of Winnipeg and, as unexpected fare, the Whirling Dervishes from Anatolia. There was a great deal of anticipatory interest among balletomanes here in last week's Théâtre des Champs-Élysées presentation of young Bolshoi soloists, aged from thirteen to seventeen. However, the professional ballet critics of the Paris press treated them severely for being démodé in costumes, makeup, and mannerisms, and worthy of praise for nothing but "the elasticity of their arms and necks." As for *their* "Swan Lake" cygnets, the teen-age Russian girls could not even remain in line. Nor have the American dances of Merce Cunningham, at the Théâtre de France, pleased many critics here, although his "Second Hand," with its multicolored frescoes of impersonalized male and female bodies and its Satie-like music supplied on the piano by John Cage, aroused at least one audience to a state of euphoria. And in reviewing Cunningham's world première of "Signals," Claude Sarraute, in *Le Monde,* gave it a refreshing outburst, declaring it to be "a marvel of humor, of invention, and of force, all drawn closely together." There have been many instances lately when most of the entertainment commentators in the press—and even literary critics, like elderly François Mauriac—have been as destructive as if they were French students.

THURSDAY of this week is the thirtieth anniversary of General de Gaulle's speech over the London B.B.C. in which he said, three times over, "*La France n'est pas seule,*" adding, "*Cette guerre est une guerre mondiale.*" This year's June 18th is the second consecutive one on which he will have been willfully absent, in a foreign land, from the scene of the Paris remembrance of his words, which still have their vibrational echo in the recollections of unnumbered French citizens. —GENÊT

•

It may be said that, in the period of time included between the years 1860 and 1870, all the educated classes of Russian society were occupied exclusively with one question—the family discord between the old and the young. Ask about whatever noble family you would at that time, you always heard one and the same thing—the parents had quarreled with the children. And the quarrels had not arisen from any substantial, material causes, but simply upon questions of a purely theoretical, abstract character. "They could not agree about their convictions!" It was only that, but this "only" sufficed to make children abandon their parents and parents disown their children.

An epidemic seemed to seize upon the children—especially the girls—an epidemic of fleeing from the parental roof.—*From "Her Recollections of Childhood," by Sónya Kovalévsky, 1895.*

You see? They're ahead of us in everything.

•

FULLER EXPLANATION DEPT.
(BRITISH DIVISION)

[*Footnotes in the Longmans, Green Heritage of Literature edition of "The Skin of Our Teeth," edited by F. Y. Thompson, M.A.*]

[26] p. 15. *Boston and Hartford:* New England towns, both in the state of Connecticut, traditionally literary and artistic centres. Brooklyn is a crowded district of New York, cosmopolitan and rather notorious.

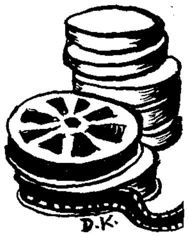
[28] p. 17. *singing telegrams:* an intimate way of delivering greetings developed by the great communications corporations of the United States.

SEAGRAM DISTILLERS COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY. 90 PROOF. DISTILLED DRY GIN. DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN

Skip the vermouth.
This week's perfect martini secret.
Just put the gin on the rocks.
The perfect martini gin, of course.
Seagram's. The perfect martini gin.
Distillers since 1857
Seagram's
Extra Dry
Gin
90 PROOF
90 PROOF
Distilled extra dry gin ..... extra dry because of
Seagram's exclusive and orig
DISTILLED A
Joseph E.
LAWRENCEBUR
DISTILLE
IN THE AN
DISTILLED FROM

THE CURRENT CINEMA

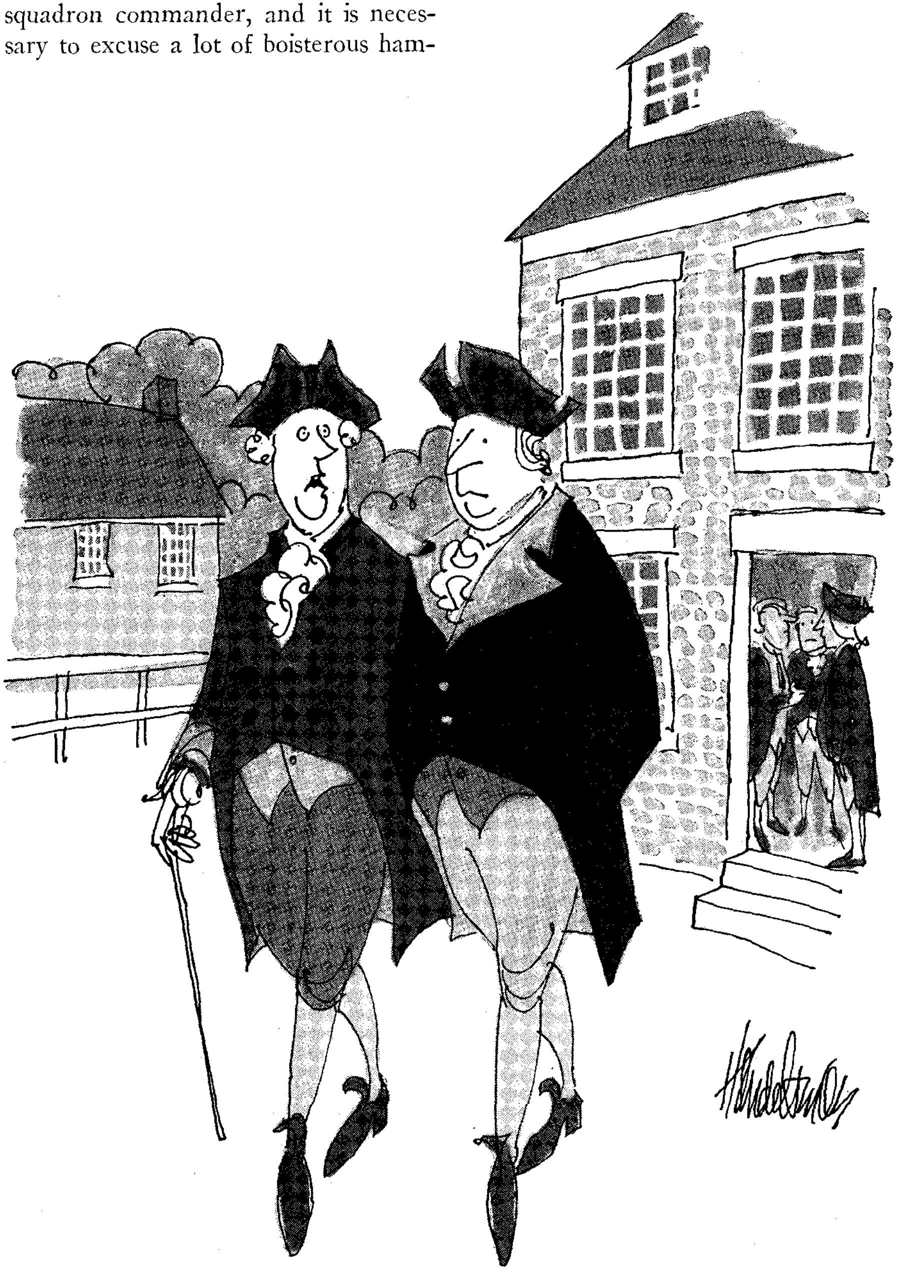
No Comparison



EXCEPT to note that the rhetorical bulk of Joseph Heller's novel has been considerably reduced for optical purposes, I won't compare the film of "Catch-22" with the book. Unlike most novels written lately, "Catch-22" wasn't designed to be swallowed whole by a camera; also, I've discovered that my ardent memory of the book is unreliable.

The film of "Catch-22," which has a screenplay by Buck Henry, and was directed by Mike Nichols, is an ambitious attempt to point out political and moral omens of the present in the absurd situation of an American Army Air Forces bomber squadron stationed on an island in the Mediterranean in 1944. The enemy is remote—Germans retreating, Italians emerging as allies—and the men in the squadron are being kept busy flying bombing missions intended to enhance the reputation of the group and to produce aesthetically pleasing aerial photographs. The only man with any skepticism about this way of life is Captain Yossarian, a bombardier, whose thriving instinct for self-preservation makes him unfit for further service and at the same time, being a sign of mental health, fit for it. Catch-22: A man has to be crazy to stay in combat and sane to want to get out of it, but since craziness is the basis for being disqualified for combat, Yossarian's sane desire to be disqualified qualifies him. Most of the others in the group are inveterate conformists, under the spell of clichés and slogans, and willing to sacrifice their lives and their freedom to their belief in the beneficence of capitalism and the Army. Nichols illustrates Yossarian's growing disaffection in a disjointed succession of scenes that vary in mood and time and are held together by a recurring, increasingly detailed vision of a man's death and by the ingeniously laid-out, unobtrusive line of the plot. Music is used only twice, both times for a laugh; otherwise, the sound track is as stark as the setting. At the beginning of the picture, the chirping of birds is drowned out by the roar of airplane engines, and three men are seen talking without being heard over the noise of planes taking off. The competition of voices with planes and gunfire throughout the film represents Yossarian's struggle neatly.

The mixture of comedy and sombreness is generally successful—owing to Heller, of course, who invented Yossarian, and, especially, to Alan Arkin, who is probably the most expressive and scrupulous actor working in movies today. The others in the cast suffer—some from the juxtaposition with Arkin, some from obviously ruthless and occasionally sloppy editing of the film, and some from an apparent decision to have them play their parts broad and loud, perhaps to indicate the true allotment of sanity and insanity. The chief victim of the last ailment is Martin Balsam, an actor I've always liked. Balsam storms through the relatively large part of Colonel Cathcart, the squadron commander, and it is necessary to excuse a lot of boisterous hamming along the way to appreciate his chilling proposal to Yossarian at the end. The part of Cathcart's sidekick, Lieutenant Colonel Korn, is played with unrelieved surliness by Buck Henry, the screenwriter. Jon Voight is cast as Milo Minderbinder, the menacing capitalist—a symbolic part that demands more of his tall, blond, babyfaced looks than of his particular acting ability. Except that their looks are different, the same goes for Orson Welles and Austin Pendleton in smaller roles, and they are both upstaged in their scenes by Susanne Benton, who plays a Wac with no lines to speak at all. Bob Newhart, as Major Major, luckily has a good scene more or less to himself, but Jack Gilford does not have a big enough share of any of his scenes, and one line in the film suggests that there



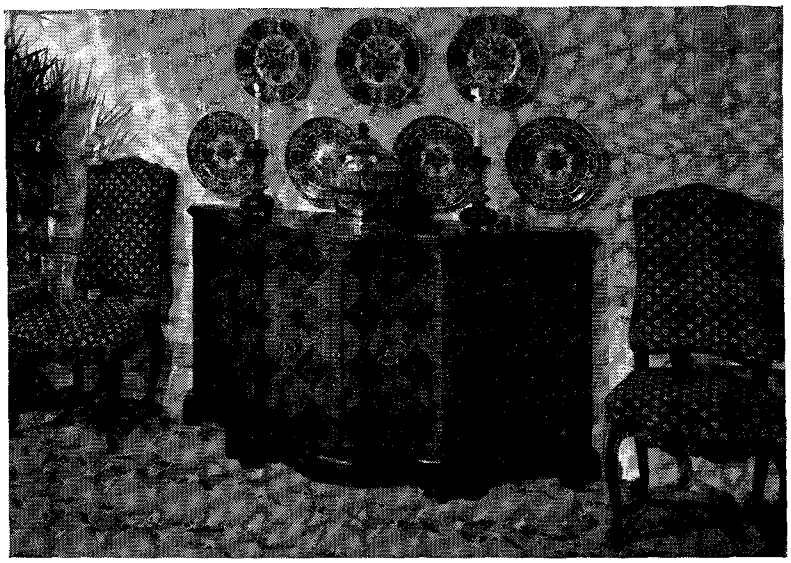
"You know, the idea of taxation with representation doesn't appeal to me very much, either."

was more to his part than appears in the final product. Paula Prentiss, as Nurse Duckett, also has the air of having been drastically clipped, and a character known as Hungry Joe, who is listed as being played by Seth Allen, is shown only once, at a distance, waving his arms and being sliced in half by a plane. Those who suffer least, I should say, are Richard Benjamin, as Major Danby, and Anthony Perkins, as Chaplain Tappman.

Since Yossarian is the single substantial character in the movie, and the point of view is essentially his, the weakest scenes are those that involve uncharacteristic moralizing. A dissertation by an old Italian man on the fate of empires, however relevant it may be to the political implications of the film, sounds more pompous than wise, and the array of images of decadence near the end is completely foreign to the film's ingenuous American spirit. The most surprising weakness of "Catch-22," however, considering all the master humorists on board, is the slack timing of several scenes that depend on a verbal or visual punch line.

I hope that some omnivorous moviegoer is keeping a record of the progress of de-bowdlerization in Hollywood movies. It's hard not to take special notice of the pioneering moves in this field, however deeply embedded in a context they may be. Without offering an assessment of propriety or effect, I report, just for the record, that "Catch-22" contains, in rising order of shock value, nakedness of both sexes, more discreet in the male than in the female; a man on a toilet; and the innards of a man's body spilling out.

"THE STRAWBERRY STATEMENT" is a luscious idyll based on James Simon Kunen's account of the 1968 insurrection and police raid at Columbia University, and set, for lack of Morningside Heights, on the West Coast. Its point is that even the most aimless and politically unconscious student can be r-d-c-l-z-d. (There must be another word, but I can't think of it.) The process in this case is accidental, and it is presented entirely in emotional terms. The assumed predisposition of the audience toward the purehearted hero, who resembles Michael Caine (he is actually played by Bruce Davison), is reinforced by means of alluring scenery, beguiling pop music, and spectacular virtuoso camerawork. There is some truth in a romantic view of student insurgency, and I was drawn into "The Strawberry Statement" without balking. The emotional appeal was too



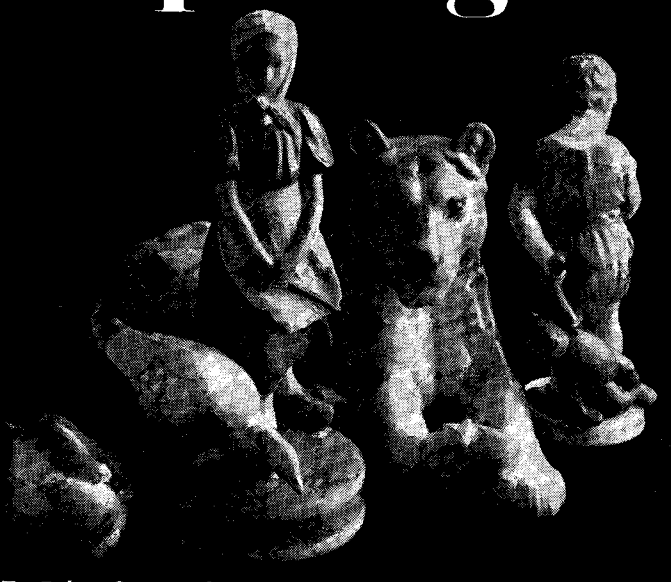
"The Baker Book"— a new, handsomely bound permanent reference.
Over 500 choice designs, room settings and color plates. $5.00.

Baker Furniture Co.
CABINET MAKERS
326 MILLING ROAD, HOLLAND, MICHIGAN 49423

NEW YORK • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES • PHILADELPHIA • CLEVELAND
SAN FRANCISCO • ST. LOUIS • DALLAS • ATLANTA • GRAND RAPIDS

Division of The Magnavox Company

Royal Copenhagen.



Fat Robin, Goose Girl, Lioness, and Boy w/Teddy need a good home.

Art you use.

At fine stores everywhere. From the collection of GEORG JENSEN
667 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

This Tartan treat comes by the yard

BERMUDA BLUE* Tartan, it's called—and it is woven expressly for us, to our own design in Scotland. The background is ocean-blue, the pattern is in tree-green, hibiscus-red and reef-navy. The cloth is medium weight wool, seductively soft and pure. $5.85 per yard, 54″ wide, postpaid. Write to H. A. & E. Smith Ltd., Hamilton, Bermuda.

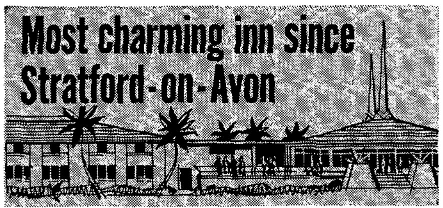
Smith's
in
BERMUDA

*Regd.

The charm of the past
The comfort of the present
Come in the near future

THE NEW
Woodstock Inn

WOODSTOCK, VERMONT
Write for brochure
Woodstock Inn, Box 57N
Woodstock, Vermont 05091
Operated by ROCKRESORTS, Inc.



Two 18-hole golf courses (1 championship, 1 lighted executive) • gourmet wining and dining • luxurious guest rooms • meeting facilities • Scottish baronial atmosphere • open year 'round • near airports and arterial expressways. Write for brochure: Miami Lakes Inn & Country Club • Palmetto Expressway & N.W. 154th Street, Miami Lakes, Florida 33014. Dept. X

Miami Lakes Inn
& COUNTRY CLUB

strong for a soft-core radical to resist. The final onslaught of faceless policemen against the frail students we have come to know and love is so beautifully staged that being beaten and clubbed for a cause becomes as appealing as the idea of meeting Marlon Brando used to be.

THE songs that are employed to underscore "The Magic Garden of Stanley Sweetheart" include lyrics that say "But nobody knows the sound of my voice" and "Feel like I'm made out o' gingerbread." Like the hero of "The Strawberry Statement," Stanley Sweetheart (Don Johnson) owns a movie camera and a mother who harasses him at long distance, but Stanley remains apolitical, preoccupied with sex and the psychedelic life. The beginning and end of the best part of the picture, which is rigorously plotless, are marked by the appearance and the abrupt, unexplained disappearance of a pretty, fat girl (Holly Near) who has been persuaded by Stanley to star in a movie he is making called "Masturbation."

Someday soon, maybe, someone will make a movie about the daily routine of a diligent student of Greek and Latin, who may or may not go on to become a filmmaker or a revolutionary. The emotional life of the white middle-class dropout has been pretty well covered for now, and this seems as good a time as any to abandon appeals to a hypothetical consensus of heartstrings and investigate instead the ways in which attitudes, opinions, and feelings develop—as Mike Nichols does in "Catch-22." Also, there must be a stop to slow-motion shots of people leaping through streets and fields and windows, singly or in pairs, to indicate exuberance.

"COTTON COMES TO HARLEM" is an adaptation of one of Chester Himes' novels about the New York City police detectives Coffin Ed Johnson and Grave Digger Jones, who are portrayed in the movie by Raymond St. Jacques and Godfrey Cambridge, the latter pleasingly subdued. Apart from St. Jacques, who looks and behaves as though he were accustomed to a higher kind of life, the actors are about evenly matched with each other and with the script—a combination of hardboiled detective story and broad farce. Under the direction of Ossie Davis, the intricate plot is handled with well-calculated nonchalance; there are some terrible jokes in the movie, but no dull stretches. Among the best scenes are a black-power strip act, the melodramatic downfall of the villain, and the sequence that leads into the twist ending.

LOOKING out the window of a jet plane loitering over New York City, Sandy Dennis says, "It's so big," or words to that effect. "Of course it's big," says Jack Lemmon. "That's why it's called New York." This struck me as the funniest moment in "The Out-of-Towners," but the audience at Radio City Music Hall cackled constantly throughout the picture, and frequently slapped its knees, with fair reason. Lemmon is a convincing nerve-racked plastic-precision-instruments company executive who hopes to live and work in the big town, and Sandy Dennis is good as his dowdy wife, trying vainly to appease his rage as they suffer through a series of familiar urban crises. The script was written by Neil Simon, and the film was directed by Arthur Hiller. As he did last year in "Popi," Hiller tops off "The Out-of-Towners" with an improbable turnabout aimed at an old-fashioned sentimentality that is probably extinct. Maybe the ending was Simon's idea.

"ON A CLEAR DAY YOU CAN SEE FOREVER" is primarily a celebration of the mere existence of Barbra Streisand, secondarily a showcase for her varied talents, and just incidentally a platitudinous musical about ESP and reincarnation, by Alan Jay Lerner (book and lyrics) and Burton Lane (music). It is directed by Vincente Minnelli, with close attention to the heroine's many garments. The plot lumbers around the idea that there is no hope for romance in the present between an extra-sensitive twenty-two-year-old and a middle-aged hypnotist, but just wait until they get together in the twenty-first century. The deferred romantic hero is played by Yves Montand, whose struggle with English produces a semi-intelligible Peter Lorre sound. M. Montand does better in French, and I prefer to remember him as one of the drivers of a truckload of nitroglycerine back in "The Wages of Fear."

—SUSAN LARDNER

•

> The report states the Cedar Grove plant now existing would be replaced with a pumping station and sewer trunk that would connect it to a feathered costume with big web feet.
>
> —*Paterson (N. J.) Call.*

We'll lick this pollution thing yet.

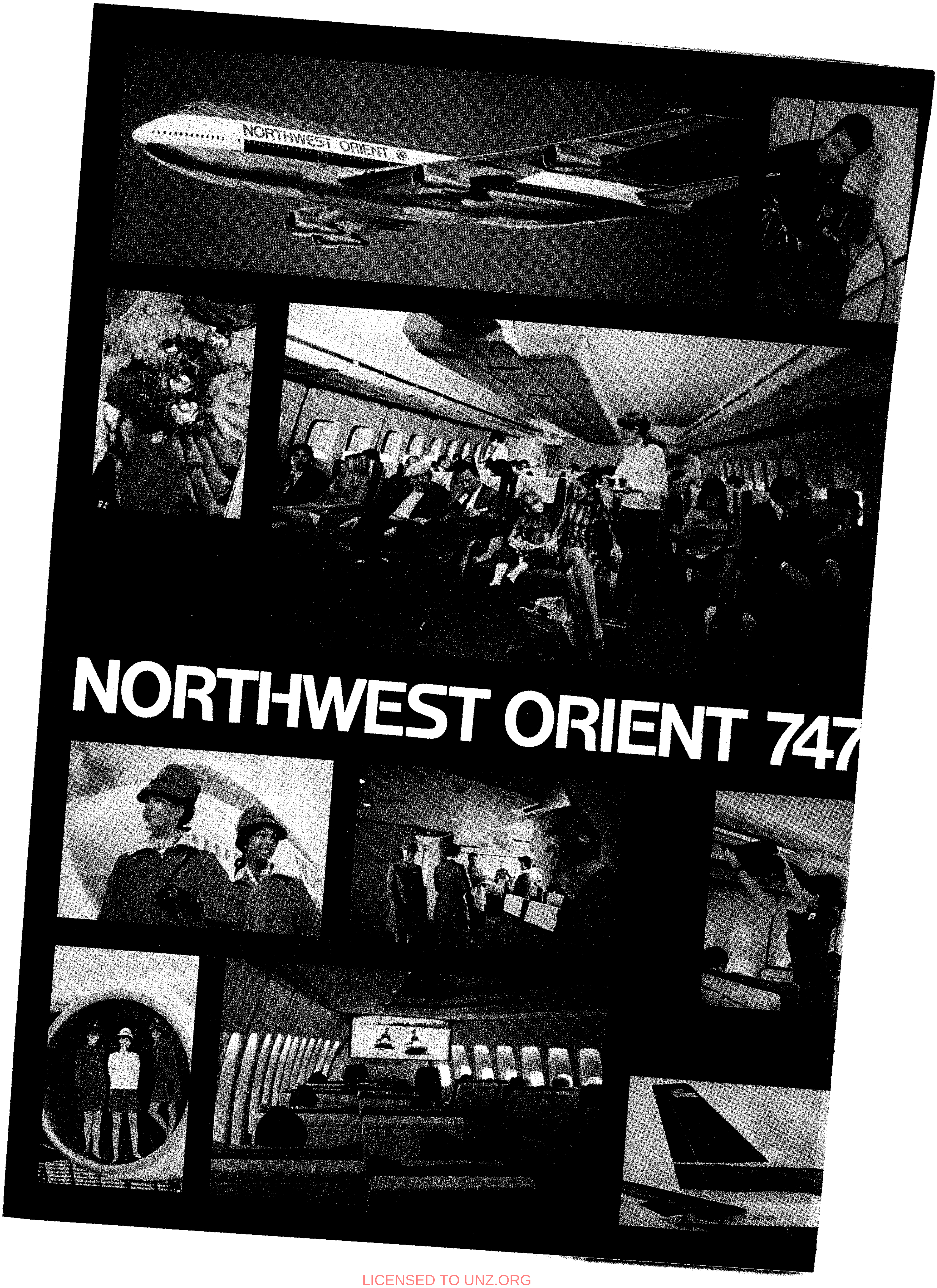
TRY SOMETHING BETTER.

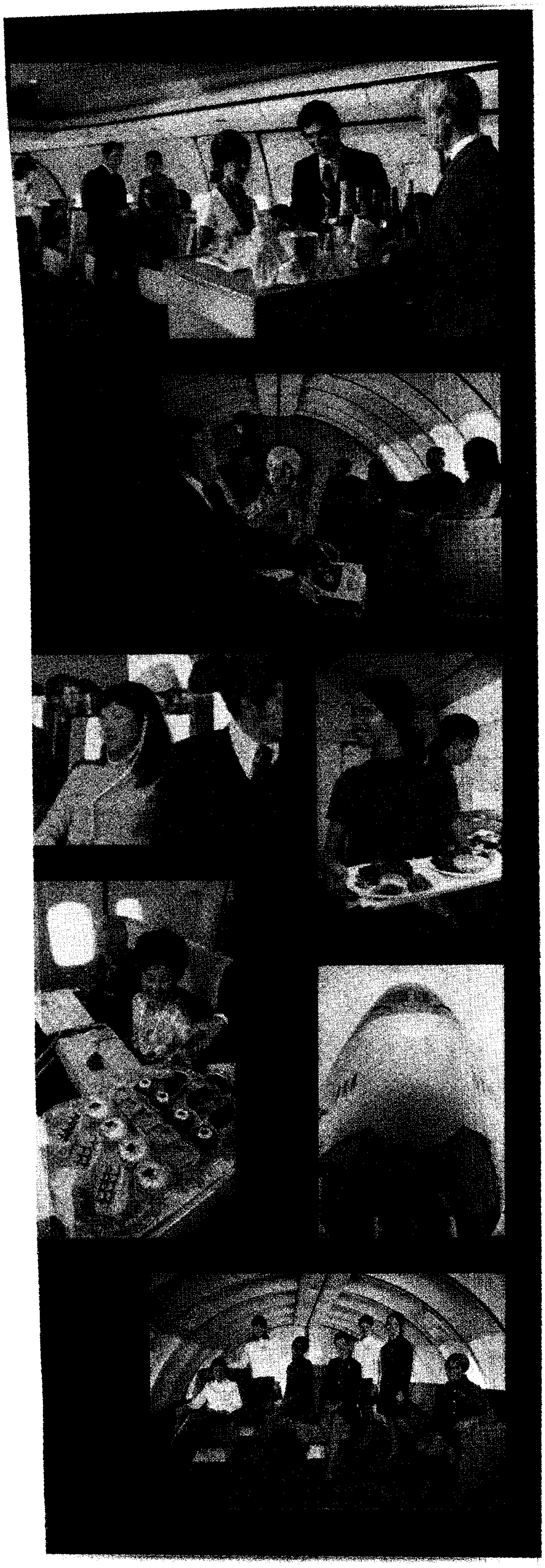
There is only one J&B Rare Scotch. And only one reason for drinking it. The delightful rare taste you pour every time from every bottle. Isn't something like that worth a few cents more?

J&B Rare Scotch

From the house of
Justerini & Brooks,
founded 1749.

86 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky. The Paddington Corp., N.Y.


NORTHWEST ORIENT
NORTHWEST ORIENT 747



747s anyone?

We have lots. We'll have ten in service in 1970, and five more next year. Northwest Orient 747s will crisscross America and the Pacific. Here are our plans.

Mpls./St. Paul—New York
Daily in June. Twice daily starting July 1.

New York—Chicago—Seattle—Tokyo
Daily starting July 1.

Mpls./St. Paul—San Francisco—Honolulu—Tokyo—Taipei—Hong Kong
Starting August 1.
(Taipei and Hong Kong planned for September 15.)

Mpls./St. Paul-Los Angeles-Honolulu Tokyo Starting September 15.

New York—Chicago—Honolulu
Weekends, starting July 4.

Chicago—Miami Planned for December.

Northwest's magnificent 747 brings a new dimension in comfort to air travel. Wider seats, 8-foot ceilings, two aisles for strolling, 12 powder rooms, private stereo*, movies on Pacific flights*, and, in first class, a spiral staircase to a red carpet lounge. Lots of stewardesses (with a purser on Pacific flights) to look after you, and food and beverage service as magnificent as the 747 itself.

Check our schedule and see how soon you can enjoy a Northwest Orient 747. Reserve a seat now on the future of air travel. Call your travel agent or Northwest Orient.

Schedules subject to change.
**$2.50 charge on international flights.*

NORTHWEST ORIENT 747
. . . come up where the living's beautiful.

6 brrr's by M&Rrrr (MMMM!)

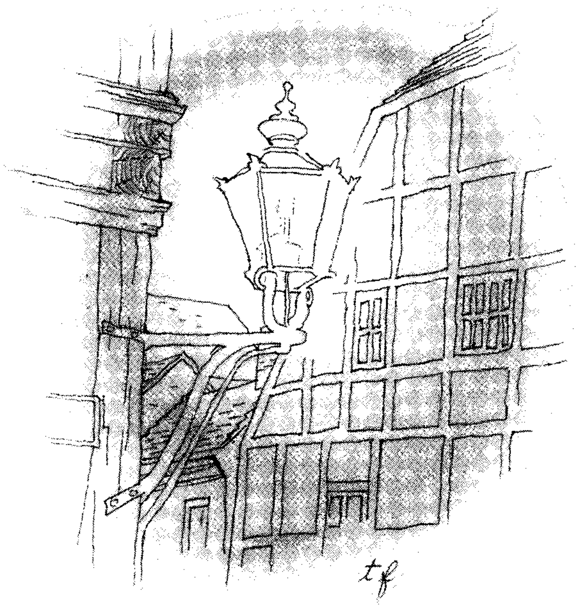
Martini & Rossi puts its own special kind of brrr into summer. Imported M&R, you see, is delightfully different in taste from any other vermouth. People like this difference so well M&R is the nation's No. 1 vermouth.

(1) *Negroni* (⅓ Sweet M&R, ⅓ gin, ⅓ Campari bitters.
Serve on rocks with splash of soda).
(2) *Americano* (Three ozs. Sweet M&R over ice cubes.
Three dashes Campari bitters. Fill with soda. Add lemon peel).
(3) *Sweet M&R on the Rocks.* (4) *Extra Dry M&R on the Rocks.*
(5) *Manhattan on the Rocks.* (6) *Martini on the Rocks.*

Renfield Importers, Ltd., N.Y.

MARTINI
EXTRA DRY
MARTINI & ROSSI
VINO VERMOUTH SECCO
M&R
SWEET
MARTINI & ROSSI
VINO VERMOUTH
MARTINI ROSSI
TORINO
(1)
(2)
(3)
(4)
(5)
(6)

LETTER FROM BERLIN



NO city in West Germany has reacted to the American invasion of Cambodia as violently as West Berlin, which has long been considered the last pro-American bastion on the Continent. A great many of the West Berliners over thirty, who tend to believe that they owe their freedom to the continued presence of the Western Allies and say that the younger generation should feel some gratitude toward America, are deeply disturbed by the way the city's youth received the news about Cambodia. A friend of mine here remarked the other day, "We've come a long way since June, 1963, when President Kennedy told us, '*Ich bin ein Berliner*.' America was admired here then, despite its shortcomings. Nowadays, we have a deep sense of loss."

Among the younger people, anti-Americanism had been growing for some time as a result of the Vietnam war, and the invasion of Cambodia increased it sharply. Amerika Haus, which is an information center as well as a symbol of the protective power of the United States, had been attacked in the past by groups of guerrillas who arrived in fast cars without license plates and threw stones and Molotov cocktails. But it had never been beset as it was on May 9th, when a crowd estimated at seven thousand people—mainly students and their sympathizers—demonstrated in front of the building to protest America's Asian policies. Amerika Haus is in the British sector of West Berlin, and the coöperation between British and American authorities during the demonstration was not all it should have been. Americans here say that the British should have told the Berlin police to stop the demonstrators a block away, instead of letting them move up to the building and smash windows. A street battle broke out during the demonstration, and two hundred policemen and "an unknown number of civilians" were injured.

Bad as things were that day, they got much worse on May 23rd, during and after the annual Allied Forces Day Parade. This parade always forms near the Brandenburg Gate, under the eyes of the East German Vopos, or People's Police, and marches down the street toward Technical University and Ernst Reuter Platz. The university is a center of radicalism in the city, and some Berliners wondered whether the parade route should be changed, since leaflets distributed by radical students on May 21st had announced that this would be "the last Allied Forces Parade in Berlin." The three Allied Commandants, who, under the terms of the occupation, outrank the civilian officials in West Berlin, felt that any change might be interpreted as "a sign of weakness," and so decided to hold to the old route. Alexander Wittkowsky, the president of Technical University, thereupon denounced the parade as a "provocation" on the part of the Allied Forces. Before the parade, a teach-in was held in the university's main auditorium, where for the past year a radical group known as the Extra-Parliamentary Opposition has held its meetings. Wittkowsky refused to let the police into the university, so they surrounded the campus with barbed wire and screened everyone who entered for the teach-in.

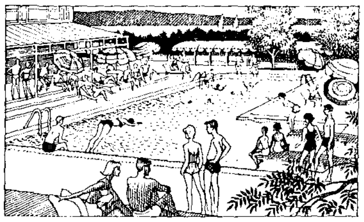
There were five thousand police on duty during the parade, and, according to one American source, they did "a damned good job." Still, they couldn't prevent students inside university buildings from throwing things and shouting abuse at the Allied troops. A large picture of Chairman Mao was hung from a window, and some students greeted the American troops with right arms upraised at an angle—"giving the Hitler salute to the new S.S.," one of them later remarked. After the national anthems of the Allies were played by military bands, the students inside the barbed wire played the "Internationale." The real trouble, however, began after the parade. Demonstrators gathered in front of the main building of Technical University and threw stones, which the police picked up and threw back into the crowd. More demonstrators were hurt than police, who were protected by helmets, visors, and shields. The battle lasted for hours. A number of students fled from the street into the nearby Fine Arts Academy, and after that the police ceased to do "a damned good job." Some young policemen climbed down from the roof of the Academy and broke in through upper windows, and there they beat students—both boys and girls—brutally. Most of these were students who had not been at the demonstration but had been working in their studios and classrooms. Photographs of the police action and transcripts of the testimony of witnesses to it are now displayed in the Academy's entrance hall, whose walls are scrawled with protests like "We want to study without being beaten by the police."

The police action at the Academy united the students and their professors. Seven respected professors, all of them members of the institution's Academic Senate, signed a letter that appeared in the independent newspaper *Tagesspiegel* of May 29th. It read:

> On May 23rd, the police entered the Academy without provocation. The action was not connected with the parade, which was long over. The police may have had a hard afternoon, but their behavior at the Academy is inexcusable. Policemen tore up drawings and paintings, trampled on sculpture, destroyed equipment. Students were arrested in front of their easels. The police threw tear-gas bombs inside the building. Students and other persons were told to stand with their hands up along the walls while police officers with guns in their hands said, "Now one should aim machine guns at you."... If this had been a spontaneous reaction, one might understand it. But it was a planned action, and the Governing Mayor has indicated that the police might do it again, while the Secretary of the Interior has called the use of guns "possibly suitable means."... Under these circumstances we cannot go on teaching as usual. We were locked in and invaded. The word "escalation" obscures the new situation: there has been surgery. We shall no longer paint and sculpt. We're going to document, secure, inform—those are the arts we must now learn and apply.

Professor Alexander Gonda, a prominent sculptor, who was one of the signers of the letter, told me the other day at the Academy, "We've decided to take a stand in order to save what can be saved. Ninety per cent of the students are non-political and want to

Come on in!
The pool and the
lake are fine!



Plunge into our 75-foot pool, or swim in beautiful Lake Champlain; we're at the shore. Sail, fish, water ski. Golf on our great 18-hole course, at our doorstep; play tennis. Enjoy our rooms and our food. Children's programs. Bring the whole family.

New York Reservation Office: 30 Rockefeller Plaza West. Tel: (212) LT 1-6595 or write Robert H. Beach, Manager, Box 8-A.

BASIN HARBOR CLUB
Tel: (802) 475-2311
VERGENNES, VERMONT 05491

ANGEL LOPEZ & SONS
chateau madrid
AMALIA RODRIGUES
Queen of the Fado
Never a cover charge
PL 2-8080
NOW AT 48th ST.
just e. of Lex. Ave. in Hotel Lexington

Thinking New Kitchen?
Karpy Brings You 1001 Ideas!
Visit and Tour the largest Custom Kitchen Showrooms and Factory serving the Northeast — or drop in at our New York City showroom. "National Award" designs. Phone, visit or write for estimates.
DESIGNERS DECORATORS
MANUFACTURERS INSTALLERS
Karpy Custom Kitchens
Route 17A Florida, N. Y. 10921 (914) 651-6442
Factory & Showrooms Open Daily to 8 Sat. to 5
New York Showroom: Architectural Materials Center, 101 Park Ave., N. Y. C. Open Daily to 5

work, but they were mobilized by the police action. We plan to make a visual documentation of the events of May 23rd and show it to the people of Berlin. Incidentally, these scrawls on the walls were done by non-students, who came here from the outside."

The political situation is even more serious at Technical University, which has eight thousand students, and at Free University, which has fifteen thousand, than it is at the Fine Arts Academy, whose student body numbers under a thousand. Under the local University Reform Law of 1969, schools in West Berlin elect their own administrators and governing bodies. Both Technical University and Free University are currently under the sway of groups known as Red Cells, for during elections held earlier this year many of the instructors, being leftists, voted with the radical students against the generally conservative professors. (About eighty per cent of the students didn't bother to vote, because they took no interest in politics.) Thus, Free University elected as its president, for a seven-year term, a thirty-two-year-old sociology instructor named Rolf Kreibich, and Technical University elected Wittkowsky, who is thirty-four and is an instructor in petrochemistry, also for a term of seven years. Neither one knew anything about university administration. Kreibich, a Marxist who believes in non-violence, wrote a letter to the American Commandant, Major General George M. Seignious II, protesting the invasion of Cambodia, and asked the General to pass the letter on to President Nixon. On May 8th, Kreibich led a small group of demonstrators to the American Mission in Dahlem, where he intended to read his letter, but the Red Cells prevented him from doing so, because they considered it "too mild." Both he and Wittkowsky have been censured by the Senate of West Berlin for their political actions, but this merely increased their standing with the radical students. A progressive professor told me, "I sympathize with many demands of our students. And I know that during the Middle Ages the students at Italy's universities were prominent in academic affairs. But it's ridiculous to let the students *run* our universities, telling the professors what to teach and how to conduct examinations."

THE Extra-Parliamentary Opposition is now split into small sects of Maoists, Stalinists, Trotskyists, anarchists, Yippies, and Red Cells. Most of them agree on one point, at least:

QUEEN ANNE

from our unusual collection of seating pieces

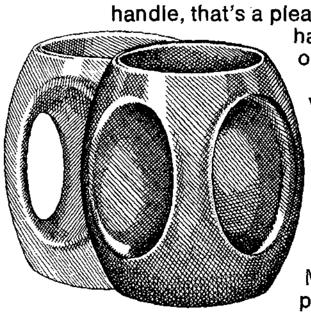
Favored Queen Anne . . . graceful and elegant . . . a beautiful settee, crafted in rich, warm, tawny mahogany with the texture and feeling of the distinguished original. Use it almost anywhere with ease. Overall length 52", height 42", overall depth 19". Shown in Scalamandrè oyster damask.
$325

Mail orders shipped F.O.B. New York City. Add $20 crating charge beyond normal delivery area.

Lloyds has earned the reputation of being unique . . . one of the best value spots in town . . . the kind of a shop that makes browsing a pleasure. You'll understand why when you visit and see our vast and ever-changing stock of fine antique and reproduction furniture, decorative accessories and unusual estate pieces. Stop in soon . . . stay as long as you wish and enjoy yourself.

NEW 64 PAGE CATALOGUE $1.00
LLOYDS
116 E. 60 ST., N.Y., N.Y. 10022 • PL 9-7313

OWL MUG



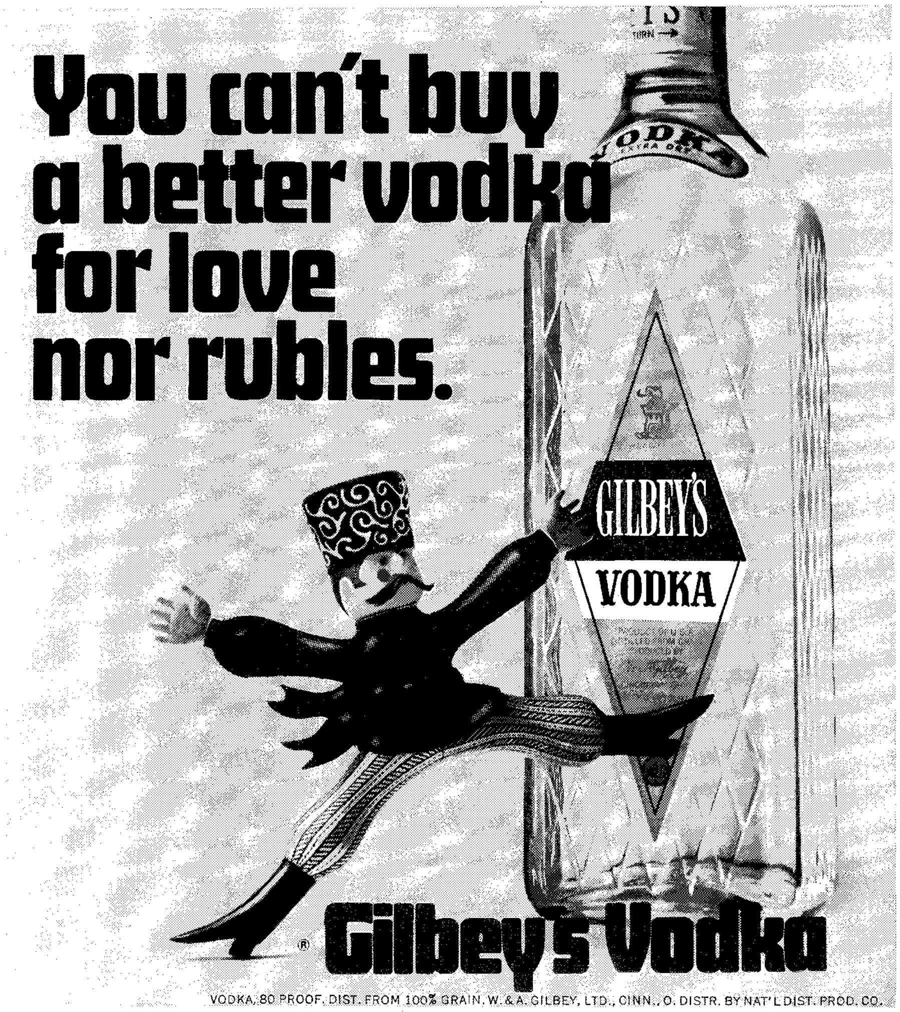
A clever little handle, that's a pleasure to hold, has turned the old-fashioned mug into a wise old owl. Great for coffee, beer, or your favorite drink. Set of four, $8.50. At Hoffritz. Mail add 50¢ pstg. & hndlg. Plus area sales tax. Credit cards.
HOFFRITZ HAS IT
551 Fifth Ave., Dept. N-26, N.Y.C. 10017

Jasper's
ITALIAN RESTAURANT TRADIZIONALE
featuring
• Vitello al Saltimbocco
• Shrimp a la Livornese
BERE MANGIARE BENE
405 West 75th Street, KANSAS CITY

Small Floor Lamps
WARD & ROME
63 E. 57th St., N. Y. 22, N. Y.

they adhere to the belief of the Marxist philosopher Herbert Marcuse that "suppressed minorities have a natural right of resistance," and apparently believe themselves to constitute such minorities. Violence in West Berlin has increased since a police inspector killed a student, a harmless onlooker named Benno Ohnesorg, during a demonstration of students against the visit to Berlin of the Shah of Iran in June, 1967. In the spring of 1968, violent street battles broke out after a right-wing housepainter attempted to assassinate Rudi Dutschke, a young Socialist and New Left ideologist. In recent months, small commando groups have attacked banks and other institutions. The office of the Chamber Court President was burned, and a note was left saying, "Make kaput what makes you kaput." The ultra-leftist magazine *Agit 883* announced that this was "just the beginning." As a result of all this turmoil, many West Berliners fear that the city police may someday be forced to call on Allied troops for help, and that this could lead to a confrontation between the soldiers and German students.

The apprehension wrought by the leftist and student agitation has undoubtedly been heightened by the so-called Baader Affair. In October, 1968, Andreas Baader, a journalist, and three other young leftists were sentenced to three years in prison for setting fire to a Frankfurt department store the previous April, turning it into what they called "an incendiary torch against capitalistic consumers' terror." During their trial, the defendants declared that "it's the rotten system of justice, not us, that is on trial." Baader was sent to Tegel Prison, in West Berlin, and while he was there he got permission, through an Extra-Parliamentary Opposition lawyer named Horst Mahler, to write a book on juvenile delinquency, in collaboration with Ulrike Meinhof, a well-known radical columnist, and to do special research at the German Central Institute for Social Problems, in Dahlem. Last May 14th, he was taken there by two prison guards. Frau Meinhof was waiting in the library of the Institute. A group of armed and disguised persons came in, shot and wounded the guards and an Institute employee, and got away in a stolen silver-gray Alfa Romeo coupé with Baader and Frau Meinhof. Baader remains in hiding, but one of the gunmen, a deserter from the East German Army named Günter Voigt, was arrested in Basel, and the West German govern-



VODKA, 80 PROOF. DIST. FROM 100% GRAIN. W. & A. GILBEY, LTD., CINN., O. DISTR. BY NAT'L DIST. PROD. CO.

Security & Privacy

for your home and family are assured at SMOKE RISE

They are a part of life . . . permitting children and parents to understand each other.

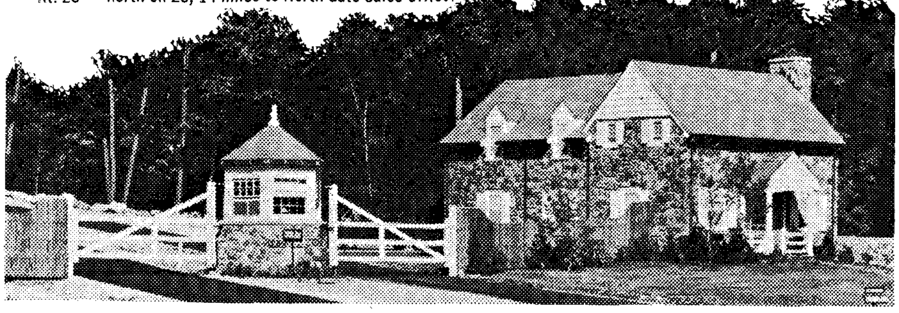
Smoke Rise is truly a haven in today's congested world, troubled by air and water pollution, and everyday fears.

It is the most exclusive Club Plan Community in New Jersey — set on 3,500 acres in the lush Ramapo Mountains

. . . with unspoiled natural settings, sounds and fragrances, fresh air, mountain brooks and lakes. $60,000 to $250,000 homes are set on one to six acre sites . . . each more beautiful than the next. Guarded on three sides by miles of watershed land, on the fourth by the ever-guarded North Gate entrance from Rt. 23.

The heritage of refinement and culture have been maintained during its 24 years of development . . . offering resident Club Members their own horse stables, horse shows, flower shows, sailing regattas on Lake Kinnelon (no gas motors), swimming, skating in winter, skiing nearby, fishing, hunting, trap shooting, 18 miles of woodland trails, 5 tennis courts, etc. Residents commute daily via private bus to Manhattan (55 min.). Excellent shopping and schools.

Write or phone for color brochure, or an appointment visit to **Smoke Rise of Kinnelon, N. J. Inc. (201) 838-4900.** Originators and developers — J. A. Talbot, Jr. & E. B. Leone. Directions: Lincoln Tunnel to Rt. 3 to Rt. 46 to Rt. 23 — north on 23, 14 miles to North Gate Sales Office.



ment is now attempting to extradite him.

The Baader Affair left an uncomfortable feeling in West Berlin that the city administration is no longer master in its own house—which, of course, is exactly what the Extra-Parliamentary Oppositionists want to achieve. Governing Mayor Klaus Schütz and several members of his administration have received so many threatening calls and letters that they have asked for special police protection. “The Germans always had a father complex, and they need the assurance of authority,” a friend of mine said recently. “They want someone like Willy Brandt or the late Ernst Reuter to tell them what is going on and what is being done about it. Schütz can’t do it. He is a brilliant intellectual, but he doesn’t get through to the people.” As a result, there is political confusion in the city, including some right-wing radicalism. I’ve heard more than one West Berliner say, “The police ought to shoot first and ask questions later, the way the S.S. did.”

By and large, the West Berliners’ morale is sound, but in recent days some have begun to wonder whether Chancellor Brandt’s politics of accommodation with Eastern Europe may not result in concessions at the expense of West Berlin. Others maintain that this is highly improbable, since Brandt, a former mayor of West Berlin, is devoted to the city as a symbol of freedom and progress. Berliners are also speculating on what the Four-Power talks, now in the preliminary stage at Allied headquarters, may mean for the future of West Berlin. Such misgivings bear no relation to the economic outlook, which is bright. The economy, like that of West Germany, is booming, with no hint of a recession. The city’s Autobahns have been extended, new buildings are going up, several skyscraper hotels have recently opened, and more people are visiting Berlin than ever before in history. Yet there are Berliners who are fearful about their city’s long-term prospects. Some leading local industries have transferred their headquarters and research installations to “safer” sites in the Federal Republic, and if this trend continues West Berlin could become merely a vast factory town—still free, of course, but grim, like East Berlin, and hardly the stirring symbol of democracy that West Germany and the Allies have tried so hard to make it.

—Joseph Wechsberg

• •

JULY AND THE BOAT

July
and the boat
ninety feet from shore—
we dove and came up splashing
August
around us. When we could stand,
September
trembled, was still, and ran down our backs
with the river; as we climbed the high banks,
October
clung until we dried and kissed,
then slid away with our footprints.
November
crumbled in color under us
as we rolled. When we stood apart at the top, small
lines formed around your eyes
and under my fingers your skin turned rough—
December
strung the sky with bells, clouds, and the smell
of snow. When we looked out, the moon was
fat over the river, and, half a year below,
summer
drifted bow-down, darkened amber—
so we ran, sliding and falling, to
shore and dove with momentum enough
to come up close, and climb into
the boat and
July.

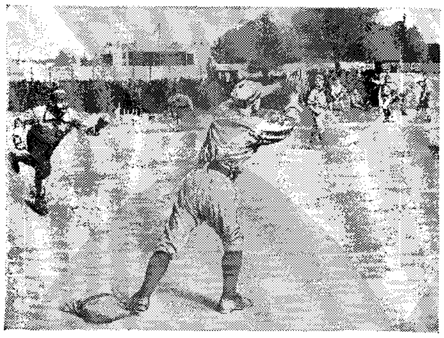
—Thomas Snapp

Free illustrated guide for lovers

Virginia is for lovers.
History lovers,
sports lovers,
antique lovers,
garden lovers,
wonder lovers,
mountain lovers,
beach lovers.

And our free 100-page booklet on Virginia is yours for the asking. Visit, write or call:

Virginia State Travel Service
Richmond 23219, 911 E. Broad St., (703) 770-4484. New York, 10020, 11 Rockefeller Plaza, (212) 245-3080. Washington 20006, 906 17th St., N.W., (202) 293-5350.



"THROWN OUT ON SECOND"

A charming print of our national pastime. Limited edition, beautifully hand-colored. Size: 11" x 16". Price: $24.00 postpaid. Handsomely framed in ivory mat with 1⅛" antique green and gold frame, it makes an ideal gift. Size, framed: 17" x 22". Price $42.50 plus $3.50 shipping. Small new catalog includes the following subjects: golf, tennis, football, baseball, squash, crew, lacrosse, skiing, whaling, fishing, yachting, croquet, curling. Free on request.

MG **The Munson Gallery** *(estab. 1860)*
275 Orange Street, New Haven, Conn. 06511

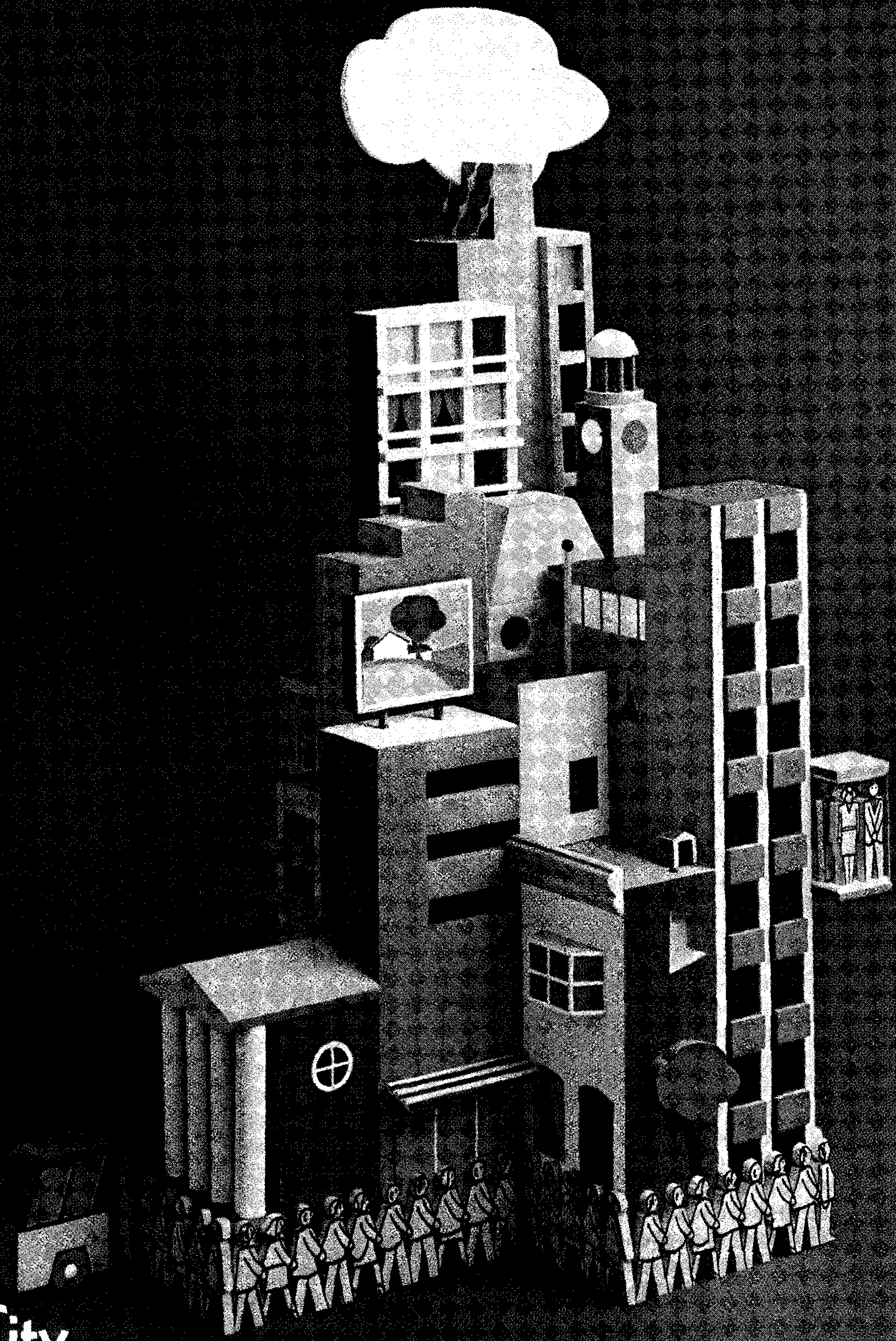
A JAMAICAN TRADITION

Less Pomp—Delightful Circumstance!

Relaxing, casual unspoiled charm. International cuisine, beautiful air-conditioned accommodations, lovely gardens and only moments away from famous Doctor's Cave Beach. All sports and sightseeing nearby.

$11 daily per person, dbl.occ. May 1 to Dec. Includes Continental Breakfast
Sidney F. Attwood, General Manager

GLOUCESTER HOUSE
MONTEGO BAY, JAMAICA
See your Travel Agent or call
LEONARD HICKS ORG., NEW YORK 765-5800



Irving City

Take all the construction financing in which Irving Trust's Mortgage and Real Estate Division has been involved in the past twenty years. Put it all together and you come up with an impressive skyline: more than three billion dollars worth of office buildings, shopping complexes, housing developments and other projects from coast to coast. ☐ Needless to say, the Irving is a leader in construction loans. And we're old hands at translating your blueprints into brick, mortar and steel. ☐ At Irving Trust Company, we back you up with more than money.

IRVING TRUST COMPANY
One Wall Street, N. Y.
A Charter New York Bank, Member F. D. I. C.

100% BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKIES. 86-86.8 PROOF. SOLE DISTRIBUTOR U.S.A. MUNSON SHAW CO., N.Y., N.Y.

Which Vat 69?

It's a matter of taste.

If your taste is for lightness, ask for Vat 69 Gold Label. If you prefer the classic taste, ask for Vat 69 Black Label. Only Vat 69 offers you a choice of Scotches—and whichever one you choose, you can be sure it's superb. Because both bear the great Vat 69 name—honored throughout the world for over a hundred years.

VAT 69 GOLD LABEL.
The Golden Light Scotch with the Golden Light Taste.

VAT 69 BLACK LABEL.
The Traditional Scotch with the Classic Highland Taste.

BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS
BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
VAT 69
86.8° PROOF
IMPORTED FROM SCOTLAN
VAT 69
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
GOLD
GOLDEN LIGHT
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISK
PRODUCED IN SCOTLAND • FOUR-FIFTHS QU
A BLEND OF 100% SCOTCH WHISKIES • 86 PR
BLENDED BY
DISTILLERS Wm Sanderson & Son Ltd

THE RACE TRACK

Canadian Special

LAST week, your correspondent trundled off to Toronto's Woodbine to see the hundred-and-eleventh running of the Queen's Plate, and it had a thrilling finish, the victory going to Almoner by three-quarters of a length over Fanfreluche. Top Call was third, and Dance to Market, who led into the stretch, was fourth. Fifteen ran. There is a glamour, as yet untouched in these changing times, around this race for Canadian three-year-olds which sends this sentimental old racegoer, who likes a good show, across the border whenever he can make it. It's a fine sight when the Governor-General's Horse Guards in full dress, the red-and-white pennons on their lances fluttering in the wind, escort the representative of the Crown down the stretch in a landau. (This year, it was the Honourable W. Ross Macdonald, Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario.) This kind of pageantry beats all the massed bands and drum majorettes you can crowd into an infield. There's a touch of Royal Ascot, too, with gray toppers bobbing around in the enclosure. This year, by the way, the starter and the paddock judge also wore gray toppers.

I thought the runners for the Queen's Plate were about the same sort as the three-year-olds we have around New York this season—that is to say, evenly matched. Bees Wax, winner of the Plate Trial six days before, was the best-looking of the lot in the paddock at saddling time, but in the race he ran out of speed so utterly that he didn't finish the mile and a quarter. Dance to Market, a rangy bay, went well as far as the turn for home, where Fanfreluche, a filly by Northern Dancer, wore him down and took the lead. Almoner was much the best. He got away slowly and was ninth around the clubhouse turn, at which point Hawley, Canada's top jockey, who rode him with skill and confidence, steered him to the outside, and from there on he had clear sailing. He made a wide turn into the stretch, but even so he won going away. A medium-sized dark-bay gelding, Almoner is by Victoria Park, my favorite Queen's Plate winner. His dam is Coup, by War Relic, a son of Man O' War. Like Personality, Almoner has just turned three. His form at two was two firsts out of twelve tries. Last January, Phil Sherwood, who bred and raced him, sold him to Malcolm Smith, a Toronto businessman, for $25,000. Almoner's share of the purse was $57,395, plus a gold cup and fifty guineas from Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II of England. He is trained by Gerry Lavigne, who used to ride on Canada's prairie circuit. Almoner isn't entered in the Manitoba Centennial Derby at Winnipeg on July 15th, which Queen Elizabeth is expected to attend.

A sidelight on the fortunes of a racing stable: E. P. Taylor has bred fourteen winners of the Plate, nine of whom carried his colors to victory, but he didn't even have a starter in this year's race, and, what is still more surprising, there was nothing in it that was bred at his Windfield Farms. And, for the record, the winner of a run-of-the-mill race that followed the Queen's Plate was Northern Native, a full brother to Northern Dancer, who was Mr. Taylor's last Queen's Plate winner.

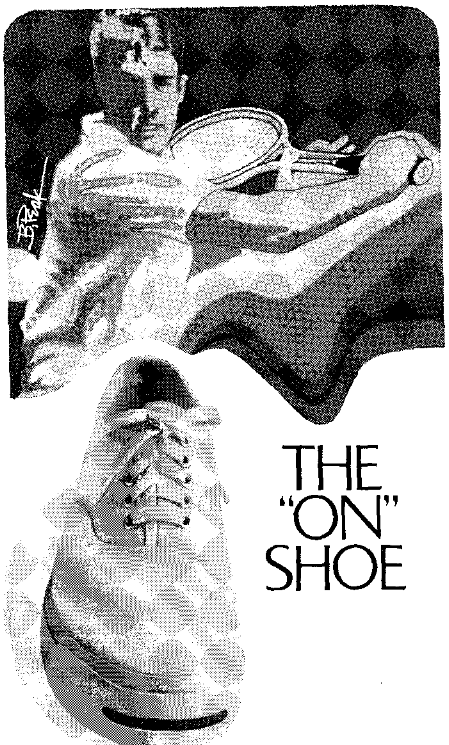
ONCE more, Mrs. Hastings Harcourt's Cathy Honey just missed in a leg of the Triple Crown for fillies, finishing second to John A. Morris's Missile Belle in the Coaching Club American Oaks, the final event of the trilogy, at Belmont last Saturday. I didn't see the race, being in Canada, but one of this department's outriders reports that Cathy Honey got away slowly, as she did in the Mother Goose, and simply couldn't catch Missile Belle, the runningest of the seven three-year-olds who went to the post. Kilts N Kapers was a distant third, and Office Queen, winner of the Mother Goose, was fourth. It was the second major success for the Morris family at Belmont last week. In the Colts and Geldings Division of the National Stallion Stakes, Mrs. Morris's Proudest Roman wore down little Three Martinis in the stretch, and won by a head. Most of the other happenings at Belmont weren't worth remembering.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

The main curse for the dinner at the Guscott home last night consisted of ham and mutton.—*Cheryl Cypress in the Boston Globe.*

Just give the menu, please.



The Tournament Purcell. Weightless Dacron® uppers. Plus exclusive Posture Foundation support. Non-skid herringbone soles for game-forcing traction.

Jack Purcell®
B.F.Goodrich

7 miles at sea...
an island of pleasure

Harborside Inn
Edgartown, Mass.

on the Storybook Island of Martha's Vineyard

A delightful resort overlooking picturesque Edgartown Harbor. Sun and swim in our outdoor pool. Sail or fish in our fleet of pleasure boats. Golf nearby. Famous *Navigator Restaurant* and *Boathouse Bar*. Free TV in every room.

Master Charge and BankAmericard accepted.

Harborside Inn
Edgartown, Mass. 02539
N.Y.C. 758-2188
Chicago 782-1781
See Your Travel Agent

A

Giambelli
50th
RISTORANTE ULTIMO
GOURMET ITALIAN CUISINE

Banquet Facilities
Luncheon • Cocktails
Dinner
46 EAST 50th STREET
MU 8-2760

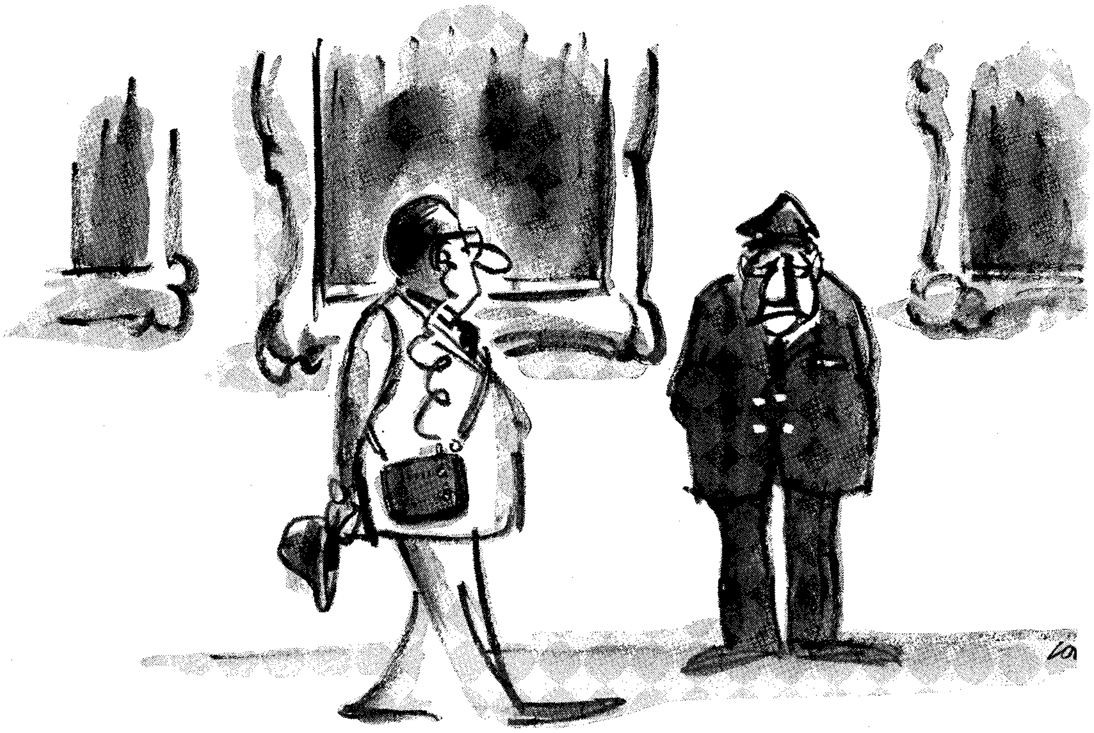
Diner's Club
American Express

BOOKS

The Making of a Soldier

"WELLINGTON: THE YEARS OF THE SWORD," by Elizabeth Longford (Harper & Row; ten dollars), is a spacious, definitive, absorbing, and magnificent biography. This, the first of two projected volumes, ends after Waterloo, where the Duke, at the age of forty-six, has fought his last battle. (He was born in 1769, only a few months before Napoleon.) The subtitle, announcing that the book is a tale of action, is by no means inaccurate. From 1794 to 1815, Wellington's life was primarily dedicated to the Anglo-French world war of his period. He took part in minor expeditions in northern Europe and in grand campaigns in India, and, of course, directed the brilliant Peninsular War, in which, at the head of a small English army and with the intermittent help of Portuguese militia, some regular Spanish forces, and some Spanish guerrillas, he drove the French government and army out of Spain, then crossed the Pyrenees to bring the war home to the French. But though Lady Longford writes—and clearly, too—of strategy, tactics, large campaigns, and small skirmishes, she is mainly concerned with the character of her subject.

Men of action are supposed to be simple; Wellington was complex. Furthermore, he was—and is—difficult to know. He did not court his contemporaries; Lady Longford points out that he lacked Nelson's "desire to love or be loved by the many," and that, in contrast to Napoleon, who assiduously worked on his legend, he did not court posterity, either. His indifference to good and bad publicity ("Publish and be damned"), to accurate and inaccurate biography ("The Duke of Wellington has nothing to say to the forty or fifty Lives of Himself which are at present in the course of being written"), and to acclaim and rewards (a letter to his young brother Henry: "I believe I forgot to tell you that I was made a Duke") is monumental. So is Lady Longford's achievement in introducing the reader to an exceptionally shy man. Great men should never be shy, for in them it looks like arrogance. The Duke was never arrogant; he did, however, become exceptionally self-confident, although until middle age—that is, through most of this book—he was so remarkably underestimated or ignored that the mystery is that he developed any self-esteem at all. A conglomeration of traits—shyness, unwillingness to pose or play a part (which surfaced as frankness or bluntness), self-assurance, and immense capabilities—produced a military personality that for years disappointed many of his contemporaries. Nobody seems to have objected that at Waterloo, commanding the Allied forces, which were officered by royalties and nobilities togged out to the nines in brilliant uniforms and decorations, the Duke wore civilian clothes, which he found more comfortable, nor did anyone mind that he sent his troops forward to rout the French with no more inspiring words of command than "In for a penny, in for a pound." Some Whigs who had opposed the war against Napoleon finally admitted that Wellington was not a monster when they learned that he had spent the night after victory crying over the casualty lists. It was not the first time he had wept at the cost of winning; he wrote of the aftermath of battle, "It is impossible to think of glory." That was the trouble. Napoleon thought of glory, Napoleon's marshals thought of glory, Wellington's officers thought of glory, eighteenth-century personalities as divergent as Frederick the Great and Lafayette thought of glory. Military glory did not really go out of fashion until after the First World War, and the Duke, who said of his career that "it is a bad thing to be always fighting," suffered for being ahead of his time. His language caused him great difficulty. Lady Longford points out that his bare, terse, unambiguous, and unrhetorical prose was extremely effective in conducting his business. It is a modern style, and her quotations from his letters make him seem a very up-to-date writer. But his plain-spoken dispatches offended officers who expected their own and their units' gallant exploits to be written about with appropriate verbal flourishes. Officers' influ-



"And to your left is Arthur Peabody. Art has been on the staff here since 1949. He is married and has three children—Denise, Laura, and Kevin. His hobbies are pinochle and golf."

ential relatives back home were furious, and civilian newspaper readers felt let down. The Whigs, on the ground that they were a genuine peace party rather than merely a domestic opposition, ought to have been happy because Wellington never crowed about winning, but he never lost a battle, and his victories constantly reinforced Tory ministries.

Wellington's men cared nothing about his literary style; they adored him because his military style was thrifty with their lives. He taught his infantry to lie down and take cover before a battle, though all other European armies insisted that soldiers stand in ranks, looking brave and, with luck, terrifying. This insured that some men would be hit by enemy fire and that all the rest would be tired before they began to fight. Wellington's sensible tactic was invariably successful, but no one seems to have copied it at the time. Napoleon had so beglamoured the imagination of Europe that Wellington's innovations were not taken seriously, especially by Napoleon.

Through most of this book, Napoleon is an offstage character. He does not appear in person until Waterloo, when his disregard of Wellington's skill proved disastrous. Because Napoleon had embarked on despotic and expansionist policies, like Hitler, and because there is no good way to do a bad thing, he came at the top of his career to resemble Hitler, especially in the breadth and depth of his contempt for other men. Hitler said, "I have seen our enemies. They are little worms," and Napoleon called Wellington "a Sepoy general." When, in Spain, Wellington defeated Napoleon's best commanders, the Emperor received the news with the hostile incomprehension with which Hitler met his generals' defeats, and refused, like Hitler, to allow the men at the front to alter his political or military decisions. The error of underestimating Wellington began long before Napoleon ever heard of him; it began when Wellington's mother decided to place him in the Army. In 1787, when he was not yet eighteen, she bought him a commission, because the only thing he cared noticeably about was music, and the only thing he did well was play the violin. His mother was the widow of an Irish peer, Lord Mornington, who had left the family badly off because of his two expensive hobbies: landscaping and music. He had been a musical child prodigy, and as an adult he composed and performed, but in the eighteenth century gentlemen did not make

TO HAVE AND TO HOLD
ST. THOMAS

Run away together—with St. Thomas traveling companions.
Vanity kit, passport case and jewelry roll
—places to tuck away everything.
And all hand-crafted of sensuous, simulated python.
When you run away—take us with you.

AS SHOWN ABOVE—BLACK/WHITE PYTHON VINYL. EACH PIECE—$8.50.
HAND CRAFTED IN U.S.A. BY ST. THOMAS, INC., GLOVERSVILLE, N.Y. 12078.

At J.W. Robinson, Los Angeles and branches; Foley's, Houston and branches; B. Altman & Co., 5th Ave. and branches; and other fine stores.

When in Philadelphia visit Madame Wellington, **the biggest thief in town**

WELLINGTON JEWELS COUNTERFEIT
JEWELERS TO THE WORLD
Bellevue Stratford Hotel
Broad & Walnut, Phila. 19102

Do a world of good for hungry people. One check will feed, heal, educate.

CARE—New York, N.Y. 10016

The Buccaneer
On its own three Beaches

First time arrivers, like many-time returners, tend to fall in love with its varied charms. . .

Small wonder The Buccaneer is St. Croix's Number 1 hotel.

THE BUCCANEER, St. Croix, U. S. Virgin Islands.
For reservations contact Ralph Locke, 315 East 72 Street, Box S, New York City. JU 6-3070.

CHRISTMAS CARDS

☆ The Museum's 100th anniversary catalogue of Christmas cards and presents—rare American blown glass, sculpture, ancient jewelry in gold and silver, and for the first time a selection of rings; books and prints, and the magnificent 1971 Engagement Calendar, "Flowers for All Seasons". ☆ New designs for the famous Museum cards include works by Fra Angelico, Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, Rembrandt, El Greco, Bruegel, and Degas, medieval enamels, frescoes, della Robbias, and early American crewel embroidery. All cards and presents, except the books, are made especially for the Museum and can be bought *only* by mail or at the Museum itself. The 48-page color catalogue will be mailed about September the first.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art
255 Gracie Station, New York 10028

Please send me the Museum's new catalogue of Christmas cards, 25 cents enclosed N5

*Name*__________

*Address*__________

__________ZIP______

People are talking about

THE DIVINE MISTRESS

A biography of
ÉMILIE DU CHÂTELET
The Beloved of Voltaire

By SAMUEL EDWARDS. "A lively, racy, and compassionate book which brings to life an extraordinary couple. . . . Émilie was a woman of thoroughly modern mind who would appear amazing in any age."—*N.Y. Times* $6.95

McKAY

MONTEGO BAY
at the
Royal Caribbean
HOTEL

A sophisticated bit of JAMAICA that swings . . . blue mountains, crystal waters, a beautiful 600 ft. private beach. Fully air conditioned, 175 rooms, a staff of 300—no conventions—adults only. Privately owned by Mr. & Mrs. Lawrence M. Paul. See your Travel Agent or
LEONARD HICKS ORGANIZATION

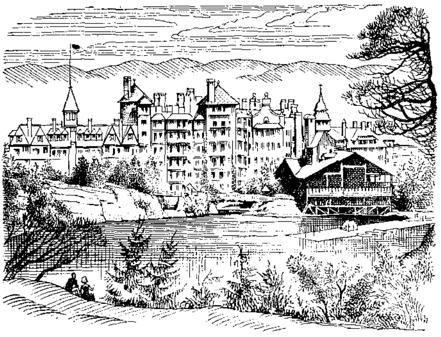
A Silent Woman-how can that be? Patient traveller, do not scoff; Drawn from the very life is she. And mute, because her head is off!

the Silent woman
RESTAURANT
WATERVILLE, MAINE

money from music. Lord Mornington's orchestra was supported out of Lord Mornington's pocket. The future Duke, his third son, Arthur Wesley (later Wellesley), seems to have been the only one of his children who inherited his alarming musical talent, and Arthur's mother decided that he was "food for powder and nothing more." The boy was sickly, reserved, and bad at games, and he shared the contempt for a military career that had made his mother choose it for him. (A notion that needs looking into is the widely held idea that under those unjust *anciens régimes* the privileged orders were enjoying their privileged lives; Arthur's privileged life begins as happily as Odets' "Golden Boy.") The young man spent nine years trying—and failing—to find something better than soldiering. While his brothers and sister pushed their fortunes in England, he was in Ireland, benefitting from a morsel of patronage—the job of aide-de-camp at the court of the English viceroy in Dublin—and filling the family seat in the Irish Parliament. He was a poor courtier and a poor politician. There is not much documentation of Wellington's early years; no one was likely to comment on such an obscure young man. Lady Longford has collected what reliable material she could find—it may be all there is—and it is sad reading. In 1793, she tells us, he burned his violin as a gesture of resignation and began to work at learning to be an Army officer. However, he was still trying to find a civilian job a year or so before he was sent to India, in 1796. He was twenty-seven and a colonel whose only experience of battle had been in a brief campaign in the Low Countries. There he had learned, he said later, "what one ought not to do."

In India, Wellington changed. In Ireland, he had learned to drink heavily; in India, not to. In Ireland, he was often sick and lacking in energy; in India, indefatigable. In Ireland, he loathed his constant begging for patronage jobs; in India, he battled for promotion. Early references to Wellington, Lady Longford notes, call him "awkward" and "unpolished," and he was turned down in his solitary recorded courtship because he had no money and no prospects; in India, he became the handsome, snapping-blue-eyed lady-killer of Goya's portrait. He crisscrossed the subcontinent, administered vast cities, put down corruption, won battles, and developed what he apologetically described as "the disposition . . . to consider nothing impos-

The Unspoiled Resort



Mohonk
MOUNTAIN HOUSE

Seven thousand acres of unspoiled mountain beauty for your family to relax and play on, share nature's wonders. Congenial hospitality. All sports—golf on scenic course, tennis, boat, fish, swim in spring-fed lake. Hike forest trails, stroll lovely gardens. Movies, musicales, variety of other entertainment. 300 rooms. Also cottages. Delicious meals. See your Travel Agent, or call (212) 233-2244.

MOHONK MOUNTAIN HOUSE
90 miles from N.Y.C., NYS Thruway Exit 18
LAKE MOHONK • NEW PALTZ, N.Y. 12561

beyond the looking glass
by Kathrin Perutz

Marilyn Bender in the New York Times Book Review calls it, "Funny, clever." It's the story of how America's beauty business works—and makes millions. $7.95

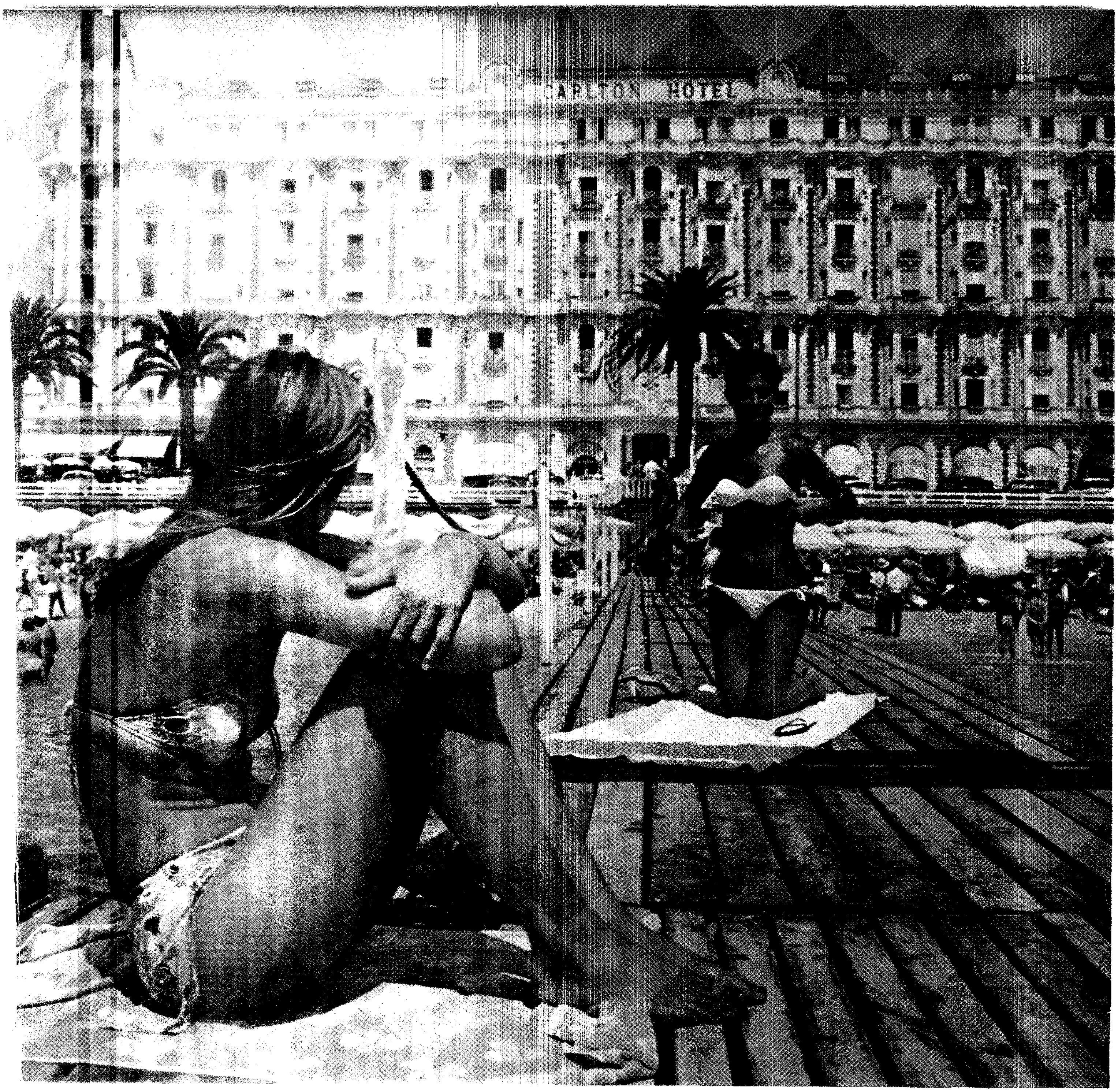
MORROW

delightful Frenchy's wonderful food
AAA
1901 e. north ave. • milwaukee • wis

Fine Foods Cocktails

CLEVELAND, O.
(Public Square & Hanna Building)
BEACHWOOD, O. ROCKY RIVER, O.
AKRON, O. COLUMBUS, O.
ATLANTA, GA. PITTSBURGH, PA.

The Pewter Mug
Estab. 1962



The Cote d'Azur of France–

azure skies, azure water, golden sunshine and a great welcome!

"The French are going out of their way to show genuine warmth and kindness of heart," writes Temple Fielding in his Travel Guide To Europe.

What's more, the French really *mean* it. The Gallup Poll reveals that they now regard the United States as their *best friend*.

The French Government has given you a break by lowering the dollar-franc rate of exchange by 12½ percent. This means that you get one day free for every week you spend in France—even on the Côte d'Azur.

The Azure Coast—a hundred and fifty miles of azure skies, azure water, sunshine and good hotels.

Fun on the beaches, fun in the casinos, fun everywhere.

All the way from the elegance of Nice, Cannes, Antibes and Monte Carlo to the charm of little fishing villages. Not to mention the way-out goings-on at St. Tropez.

Free booklets. Mail the coupon, and you will receive some very helpful information. After you've read it, talk to your travel agent about plane or ship reservations, hotels and tours.

To: The French Government
Tourist Office, Dept. T,
610 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10020

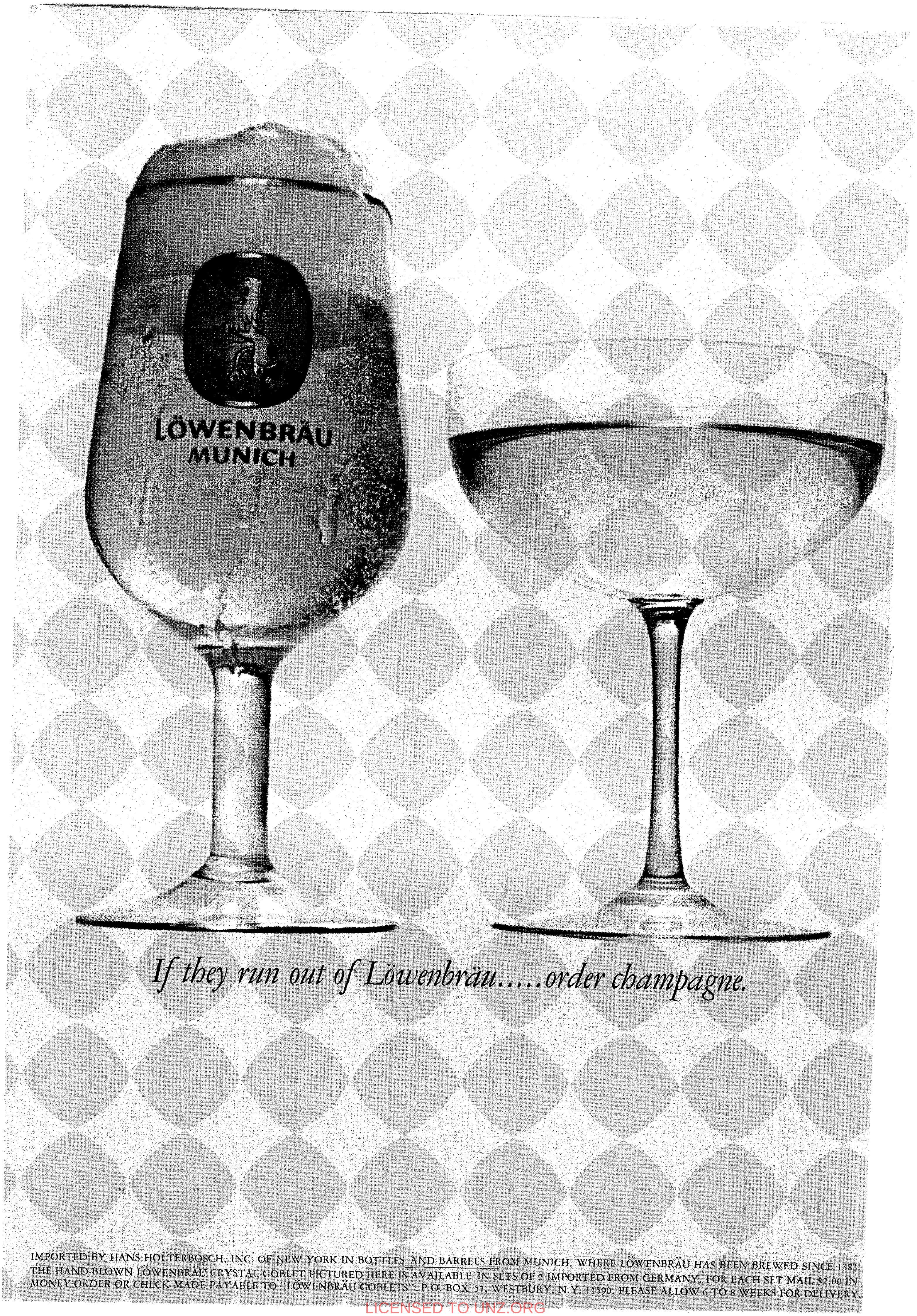
Please send me information about vacations in France.

NAME ____________________

ADDRESS ____________________

CITY ____________________

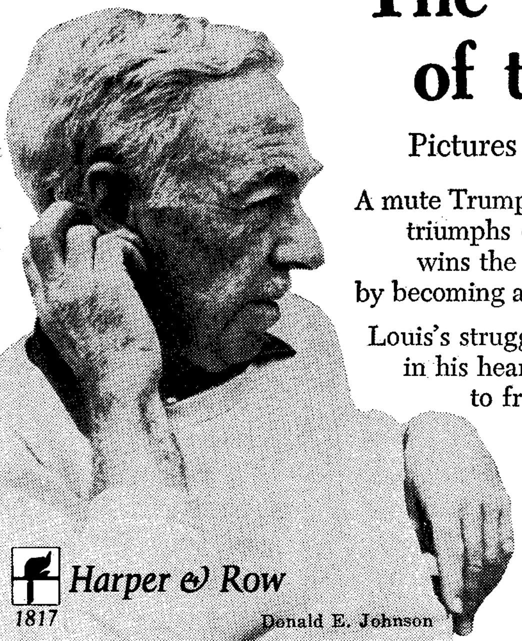
STATE __________ ZIP __________ NY-3


LÖWENBRÄU
MUNICH
If they run out of Löwenbräu.....order champagne.

IMPORTED BY HANS HOLTERBOSCH, INC. OF NEW YORK IN BOTTLES AND BARRELS FROM MUNICH, WHERE LÖWENBRÄU HAS BEEN BREWED SINCE 1383. THE HAND-BLOWN LÖWENBRÄU CRYSTAL GOBLET PICTURED HERE IS AVAILABLE IN SETS OF 2 IMPORTED FROM GERMANY. FOR EACH SET MAIL $2.00 IN MONEY ORDER OR CHECK MADE PAYABLE TO "LÖWENBRÄU GOBLETS", P.O. BOX 57, WESTBURY, N.Y. 11590. PLEASE ALLOW 6 TO 8 WEEKS FOR DELIVERY.

sible, to suppose that everything may be effected by adequate exertions." He had gone out a colonel in debt; he came home, in 1805, General Sir Arthur Wellesley, K.B., with forty-two thousand pounds in prize money. All this made less difference than one might think in the warmth of his reception at home. His mother still downrated him. England was not interested in his Indian victories, because the French no longer threatened India. The Duke of York, the head of the Army (who is remembered because his mistress, Mary Anne Clarke, traded in Army commissions and promotions), disliked Wellington—Lady Longford does not know why—and was not eager to promote or employ him. But Wellington did have enough money, at last, to marry his sweetheart. Their marriage ended a romance.

By now, Lady Longford has got through only a hundred and twenty-five pages; Wellington's great Peninsular campaigns are still to come, and they fill up most of the rest of the volume with his incredible exertions and nearly incredible frustrations. Here the minute documentation of his life begins, a good deal of it unflattering. Though Lady Longford does not wish to write as an advocate, she frequently feels it necessary to take the Duke's side. While Wellington is battling French armies, Whig M.P.s, Tory Cabinet members, and incompetent British officers, Lady Longford fights with other historians on his behalf. It does seem strange that so artful and energetic a commander is ranked by some military historians as not very good. But however the dreamy violinist transformed himself, the Iron Duke never developed a true killer instinct, and his self-confidence never grew into huge ambition. This was true of George Washington, too, and perhaps these restraints have contributed to historians' underestimation of both men. Other similarities between Wellington and Washington are striking. Both were young when they lost their fathers, and both had deplorable mothers; both struggled up from the poor end of a well-connected family, and both were conscious of their inadequate formal education. Both enjoyed unqualified adulation for only a short time, and what each liked best about being a national hero was the attention of the ladies. Both were under the impression that they did not complain—Wellington speaks of "my duty to serve with unhesitating zeal and cheerfulness, when and wherever the King or his Government may think



The long-awaited successor to
CHARLOTTE'S WEB and STUART LITTLE
E.B.WHITE'S
The Trumpet of the Swan
Pictures by Edward Frascino

A mute Trumpeter Swan named Louis triumphs over his handicap—and wins the female of his desiring—by becoming a famous trumpet player.

Louis's struggle to express the music in his heart is a paean to courage, to freedom, to love—and to swans everywhere.

$4.50 All ages.
At all bookstores

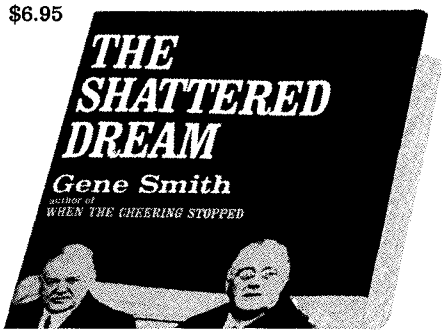
Harper & Row
1817

Donald E. Johnson

The story of two Presidents. One who was out of touch with his times and his people. The other who brought new hope out of the shattered American dream.

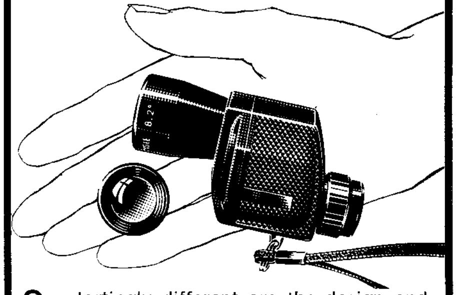
19 photos
$6.95

MORROW



THREE LIONS
English Pub & Restaurant
Open 7 days from 8 A.M. to 3 A.M.
FREE DINNER PARKING (after 6 P.M.)
305 E. 41st St., N.Y.C. • Phone 867-3220

One thing every visitor to NEW YORK MUST see:
ROSELAND
DANCE CITY • 52ND ST. W. OF BROADWAY
NIGHTLY exc. MONDAY • MAT. SATURDAY 1:45
THUR. continuous from 2 P.M. • SUN. continuous from 2:30
Reasonably Priced Restaurant and Cocktail Service



THE HAVERSCOPE

So startlingly different are the design and performance of the HAVERSCOPE SYSTEM that you won't really believe it until you see it and use it. ■ With its standard objective, the HAVERSCOPE SYSTEM is an 8x, wide-angle (8.2°), 24mm monocular telescope—more powerful than most field glasses and binoculars. For an even larger field, just quick-change objectives and you have a 6x, super-wide-angle (11°), 18mm telescope. ■ The prismatic, fully coated optics are of the same uncompromising quality that you expect from the finest Japanese cameras—crispness, brilliance and complete planarity. ■ As an added bonus, the objectives may be used as 3x and 5x wide-field magnifier/loupes, of unexcelled definition and clarity. ■ Weight 3¾ ozs., length only 3½". Comes with handstrap and soft, flat, zippered case that fits snugly in gentleman's pocket or lady's purse.

☐ Send me the HAVERSCOPE SYSTEM with case and exchange objectives. Satisfaction guaranteed. Refund in two weeks if not delighted. My check for $18.95 plus $1 for post. & ins. is enclosed. (Calif. resid. add 5% tax.)

Name__________
Address__________
__________Zip_____
NY0627
haverhill's
584 Washington Street
San Francisco, CA 94111
Phone (415) 981-5688

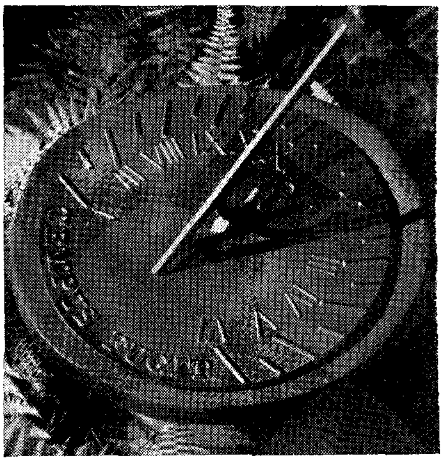
How fast should you expect a $5,000 to $50,000 portfolio to grow under investment management?

Whether you are investing in common stocks for retirement income, children's education or freedom from financial worry, you want your money to grow as rapidly as possible. Yet, perhaps for reasons beyond your control, you may find your capital is not building up as fast as you expect it to.

To help solve this very problem, investors in more than 55 countries use The Danforth Associates Investment Management Plan. The professional supervision it offers can, we believe, work to balance the risks of common stock investments and help you better achieve your capital growth goals.

Find out how you may begin benefiting from this tested plan with as little as $5,000 in cash or securities. For a free copy of our 42-page descriptive booklet, including a complete 10-year "performance record," simply write Dept. M-6.

THE DANFORTH ASSOCIATES
WELLESLEY HILLS, MASS., U.S.A. 02181
Investment Management • ***Incorporated 1936***



Sundials
New Ipswich, N.H.
03071 Box 7

solid bronze
$30 post paid
other designs
free catalog

LUNCHEON • DINNER

The Yellowbird Room

The Pierre

5TH AVENUE & 61 STREET • TE 8-8000

proper to employ me"—but both fussed and raged all the time, although they submitted to constitutional authority. For neither of them thought of challenging a system that allowed everybody to criticize him at his most difficult moments.

In her introductory note, Lady Longford says, "It has always been easier to present the out-and-out egotist redeemed by genius than the hero with unfashionable weaknesses such as reserve and rigidity." I am not certain that Wellington's weaknesses are as unfashionable as his virtues: self-discipline, devotion to duty, acceptance of limitations—in short, making the best of it. As the world grows more rebellious, men like Wellington became harder to understand. And yet nations are lucky when their saviors are not overreachers but men whose lives, like those of Faulkner's Negroes, may be summed up: "They endured."

—NAOMI BLIVEN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

A TALE OF TWO FAMILIES, by Dodie Smith (Walker). This charming present-day English period piece is set in a big, comfortable country house at a somewhat *distant* commuting distance from London. Miss Smith, whose style is a little more cozy and a little more chatty than usual, tells of two brothers, George and Robert Clare, married to two sisters, May and June, and of what happens when the two couples, now in their forties, suddenly become close neighbors, meeting daily. It all begins when George, a rich, sexy businessman, and his nice, managerial wife, May, take a long lease on a gorgeous dower house and find that an enchanting six-room cottage is included in the rent. They invite Robert, an impecunious book reviewer with a rather wispy personality, and June, his nice, rather brave little wife, to share their good fortune by inhabiting the cottage free. Each couple has two children, one grown and one nearly grown, the genders and ages so arranged that sex is constantly threatening to raise its ugly head among all these double first cousins. And the Clare brothers' elderly father, an amiable retired real-estate man, comes to live at the dower house, and the wives' sprightly widowed mother, whose seventy-year-old knees are acclaimed by all, comes on a visit. Well, George, the smiling and deservedly adored phi-

Raspberry Rum for kids? Hardly.

Finally, a sophisticated hard candy for adults — flavors like Creme de Menthe, Coffee, Butter Rum, etc. Worth looking for.

Ann Raskas®
THE CANDY FOR GROWN-UPS

OLD-FASHIONED
RUM

Ann Raskas Candy Co., St. Louis, Mo.

NEW YORK THEATRE

"WONDERFULLY POWERFUL" —*Barnes, TIMES*
CHILD'S PLAY
MAIL ORDERS FILLED: Evgs.: $8.50, 7.50, 6.90, 6.00, 4.80. Mats. Wed. and Sat.: $6.00, 5.50, 4.80, 4.30, 3.60.
ROYALE THEATRE 242 West 45th Street, New York 10036

"BROADWAY'S WITTIEST MUSICAL IN YEARS." —*Clive Barnes, NEW YORK TIMES*
PROMISES, PROMISES
MAIL ORDERS FILLED: Mon. thru Fri. Evgs. $12, 10, 9, 8, 6, 5, 3. Sat. Evgs. $15, 12, 10, 9, 6, 5, 3. Mats. Wed. and Sat. $7.90, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3.
SHUBERT THEATRE 225 West 44th Street, New York 10036

"GREAT FUN! A BREEZY, BEGUILING COMEDY." —*Walter Kerr, NEW YORK TIMES*
FORTY CARATS
MAIL ORDERS FILLED: All Evgs. $8.50, 7.50, 5.75, 4.80, 3.80. Mats. Wed. & Sat. $6.50, 5.50, 4.80, 4.30, 3.80.
MOROSCO THEATRE 217 West 45th Street, New York 10036

"THE NEW HIT IN TOWN!" —*Lewis Funke N.Y. TIMES*
HELLO, DOLLY!
MAIL ORDERS FILLED: Mon. thru Fri. Evgs.: $9.90, 8.0 7.50, 6.90, 3.60. Sat. Evgs.: $11.90, 10, 8.60, 7.50, 4.8 Mats. Wed. & Sat.: $7.50, 6.90, 6, 5, 3.60.
ST. JAMES THEATRE 246 West 44th Street, New York 1003

HOTEL Meurice

Centrally located two block off Fifth Ave. Around the co ner from Central Parl Unusually large, tast fully furnished a commodations.
Singles from $19.0
Doubles from $26.0
Suites from $29.0

145 WEST 58th STREET
NEW YORK 19, N. Y.

Air Conditioned
212-247-7440

landerer, soon discovers that June is not at all the quiet little dumpling he has been patting on the shoulder for the twenty years or so he has been married to her big sister. And June gets all flustered, while life grows brighter and begins to seem dangerous. There is a satisfactorily ambiguous ending.

GENERAL

AGAINST THE EVIDENCE: THE BECKER-ROSENTHAL AFFAIR, by Andy Logan (McCall). Herman Rosenthal, a small-to-middling (in terms of investment) gambler, was assassinated by four gangsters at one-fifty-seven in the morning on July 16, 1912, in front of a night club just off Times Square. His murder became a national scandal, because although the actual killers were gangsters, they had, according to Charles Whitman, the district attorney of Manhattan, been hired for the job by Police Lieutenant Charles Becker, who wanted Rosenthal dead for having accused Becker of corruption. Becker was tried, convicted, and executed, and Whitman became, as he had hoped, governor of the state. The case also made the career of a young reporter, Herbert Bayard Swope. The only trouble—as Miss Logan tells us—was that the evidence against Becker, a tough cop who took graft, was manufactured in the office of the ambitious district attorney. The city's population, already aroused to righteous wrath against its allegedly corrupt, brutal police force, had been persuaded by the newspapers to prejudge Becker. (Nobody seriously objected to the impropriety of Whitman, as governor, hearing—and rejecting—the clemency plea of the man he had prosecuted.) The elements of the urban to-do included ethnic animosities, Tammany vs. reformers, and other familiar stresses. But Miss Logan is not out to nudge us into perceiving her fascinating story's contemporary relevance. She is telling a tale, she is drawing characters, she is describing the criminal and political worlds of New York before Prohibition altered them, and, by the bye, she is reminding us of the peril of turning any political movement, however worthy—such as the improvement of police work—into a crusade.

CHARLES OF ORLEANS: PRINCE AND POET, by Enid McLeod (Viking). The poetry of Charles d'Orléans (1394-1465)—direct, fresh, pure,

The New Yorker Subscription Order Form

☐ One Year (52 issues) $10.00
☐ Two Years (104 issues)...... $17.00
ADDITIONAL POSTAGE: Canada, Latin America & Spain $1.00;
Other Foreign $3.00 per year

Your Name ______
Street ______
City ______ State ______ Zip ______

☐ Enter a new subscription in my name
☐ Renew or extend my subscription

Please Enter the Following Gift Subscriptions:

To ______
Street ______
City ______ State ______ Zip ______
Gift card to read: "From ______"
☐ One Year ☐ Two Years

To ______
Street ______
City ______ State ______ Zip ______
Gift card to read: "From ______"
☐ One Year ☐ Two Years

To ______
Street ______
City ______ State ______ Zip ______
Gift card to read: "From ______"
☐ One Year ☐ Two Years

I enclose $______ to cover ______ subscriptions.

25 West 43rd Street, New York, New York 10036

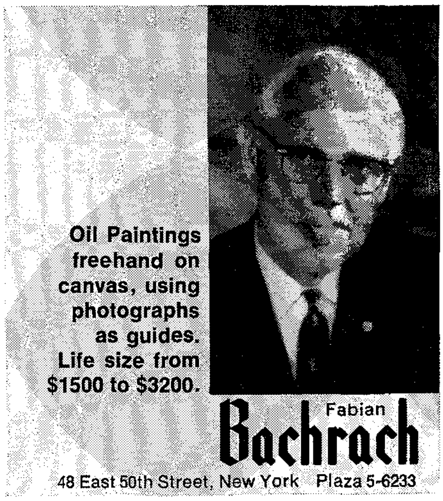
◆◆

CHANDLER'S
240W52NDST
CHANDLER'S
49E49STNYC

Now there are two prime steak houses. Choose between Chandler's East and the exciting, new Chandler's West in the heart of the theatre district . . . both serve the same superlative steaks, chops, roast beef, luscious live trout and lobsters . . . seven days a week at the conventional hours and after-theatre, too. Reservations:

CHANDLER'S WEST 240 W 52nd St. 581-4772
CHANDLER'S EAST 49 E 49th St. 751-1960

◆◆



Oil Paintings freehand on canvas, using photographs as guides. Life size from $1500 to $3200.

Fabian Bachrach

48 East 50th Street, New York Plaza 5-6233

Sophisticated Real Estate Service
New Haven, Conn., and suburban areas.
Computerized real estate analysis

H. PEARCE COMPANY
393 State Street/North Haven/Conn.
(203) 288-2501

MONSIGNORE
ELEGANT CONTINENTAL CUISINE
LUNCH • COCKTAILS • DINNER • SUPPER
STROLLING VIOLINISTS—CHARGE CLUBS
61 EAST 55th STREET • EL 5-2070

sweet, and witty—remains untouched by time; it is as immediate as it is wonderful. The marvel, as this absorbing biography relates, is how the man managed to be the artist, scholar, and statesman he was. For Charles was an important political figure during one of the most wretched eras in French history. He was a first cousin of Charles VII, that unimposing king of France who was still called "the Dauphin" long after Joan of Arc had him crowned at Reims. Charles d'Orléans was taken prisoner at the Battle of Agincourt and held in England without ransom for the next twenty-five years, during which time his wife died and his lands were despoiled. He was released to help make peace; new rulers in England and Burgundy had grown tired of the war, and Charles, who had suffered as much as anybody from it, was eager to aid negotiations. There are two strands in his biography. The first is the European poetic tradition—Charles' mother patronized Eustache Deschamps; one of his English keepers, the Earl of Suffolk, married Chaucer's granddaughter, and, in Charles' time, they entertained John Lydgate; François Villon was once let out of jail by the town fathers of Orléans to write a poem in honor of Charles' little daughter. The other strand is European politics at their most irrational and sanguinary. The charms of the first—in this book, anyhow—atone for the horrors of the second, and Miss McLeod handles both superbly.

The American Corporation: Its Power, Its Money, Its Politics, by Richard J. Barber (Dutton). This excellent book, written for the general reader, discusses the problems posed by the fact that big business gets steadily bigger. The author is simple and precise as he describes the astronomical size of American corporations as well as the infinitesimal size of the groups who control them. Mr. Barber's aim is not to frighten his readers but to enlighten them. Though he is talking about economics—the international capital market, say, or the organization of conglomerates—he is asking Americans to seek political solutions. He does not start from the premise that business is inherently wicked, but he believes that institutions as huge as American corporations may become innocently dangerous—like the friendly elephant who sat on the eggs to help the hen—if they are not held accountable for those policies or activities that affect the general welfare.

Speaking to Each Other: Volume I, About Society; Volume II, About Literature, by Richard Hoggart (Oxford). The author of these two fine collections of essays is on leave from the University of Birmingham to serve as an Assistant Director-General of UNESCO. Mr. Hoggart's pieces all reflect his experience as a student and a teacher, and his concerns about the society and culture that have been evolving in postwar Britain—especially about the role of literature in helping to make a world that is not merely new but genuinely brave. Much of what he says applies to other countries besides his, among them ours. His prose exemplifies the etymological connection between humaneness and the humanities. He is not a showy writer, but he is an exact one, and whether he is describing a contemporary collision of manners between Englishmen of different social classes or the failures and successes of Samuel Butler's "The Way of All Flesh" we see just what he sees, we know just what he means, and we have gained in wit and warmth.

Ludwig van Beethoven, edited by Joseph Schmidt-Görg and Hans Schmidt (Praeger). So lavishly illustrated (mostly in color) that it might be called a picture book, yet containing numerous concise essays by Beethoven scholars on the Master's life and works, this is the handsomest volume of its sort to appear thus far. The editors are members of the Beethoven Institute, in Bonn, and the contributors are among the foremost specialists. The illustrations depict manuscripts, close friends, old prints of landscapes and cityscapes familiar to Beethoven, and even the ear trumpet he began to use as deafness threatened. There are about two hundred and fifty of them. A fine contribution to the Beethoven bicentennial. Twenty-five dollars.

•

After a Michigan woman suggested that the word "exaggerated" be changed to "confused," Mrs. Samuel M. Neill of Leland, Miss., one of the 60 Resolutions Committee members, marched to one of the microphones set up in the giant hall and declared:

"There is *no* confusion. It is planned. Subversive elements plan to make American children live in an environment that is good for them."—*Washington Post.*

Quick, somebody! Call the F.B.I.!

Gaudí alone is worth the trip to Spain.

Antonio Gaudí, (1852-1926).
Spanish architect and sculptor.
Man of fantastic structural imagination.

So far ahead of his time, his work has no age.

Gaudí. Meticulous planner of illogical structures and dramatic enigmas. Each calculated to intrigue you. Stir you. Hold you. Make you feel.

Gaudí is for thrill-seekers.

Go to Spain for Gaudí alone. But while you're there, take in Miró and Picasso. Take in Goya.

El Greco. Velázquez. They're for thrill-seekers, too.
All the art of Spain is.

And so is all of Spain.

SPAIN
IS EXCITEMENT:
DISCOVER IT.

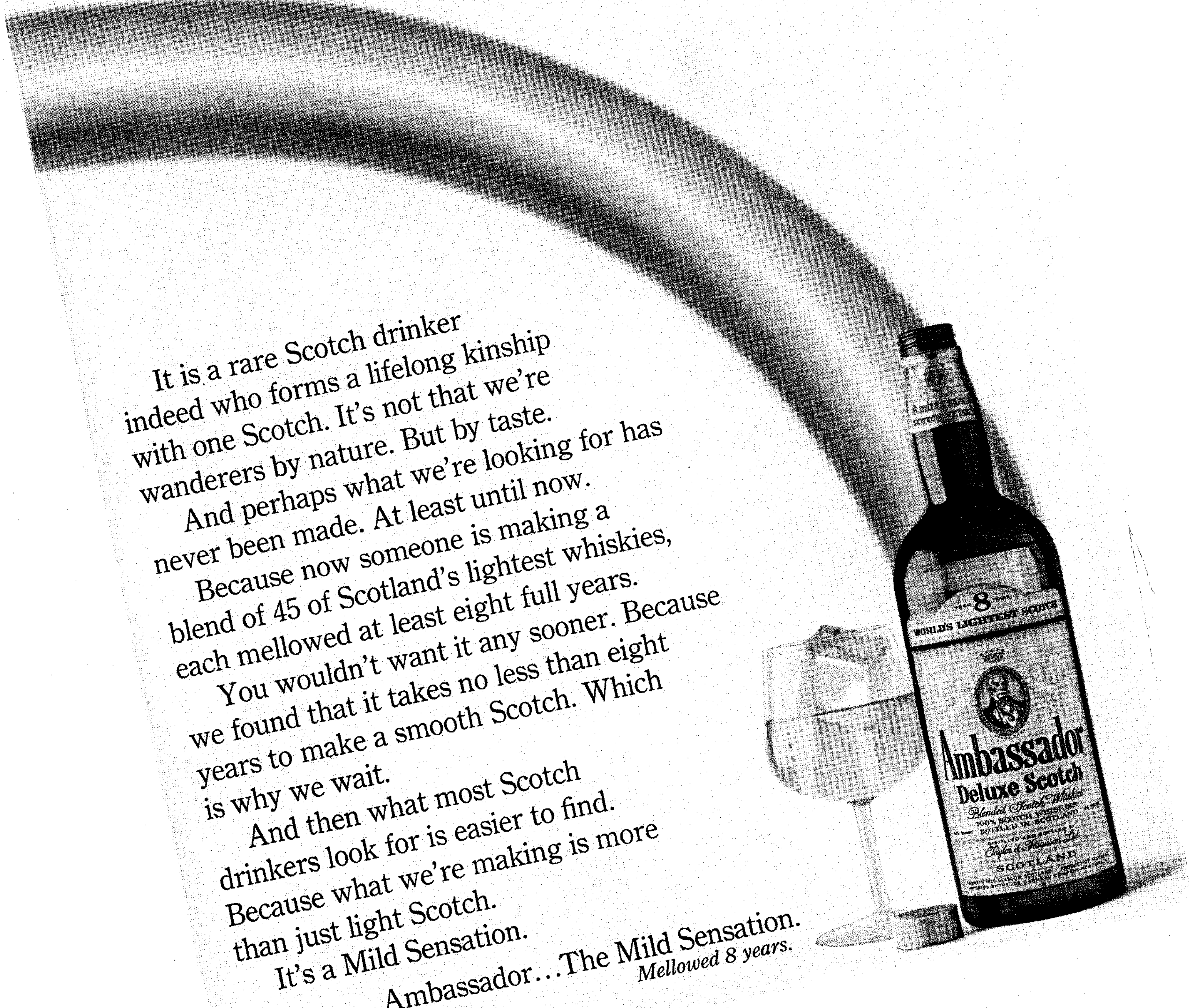
Fly to Spain on Iberia, International Airlines of Spain, where only the plane receives more attention than you.

For further information contact
the Spanish National Tourist Office.

Chicago: 180 North Michigan Ave. 60601 • (312) 641-1842
Miami: 338 Biscayne Boulevard 33132 • (305) FR 9-3792
New York: 589 Fifth Ave. 10017 • (212) 759-3842
San Francisco: 209 Post St., (Suite 710) 94102 • (415) 986-2125

VERNIER RADCLIFFE MEMORIAL LIBRARY
LOMA LINDA UNIVERSITY
LOMA LINDA, CALIF.

A Mild Sensation is what most people look for and almost never find.


8
WORLD'S LIGHTEST SCOTCH
Ambassador
Deluxe Scotch
Blended Scotch Whisky
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
SCOTLAND

It is a rare Scotch drinker indeed who forms a lifelong kinship with one Scotch. It's not that we're wanderers by nature. But by taste.

And perhaps what we're looking for has never been made. At least until now.

Because now someone is making a blend of 45 of Scotland's lightest whiskies, each mellowed at least eight full years.

You wouldn't want it any sooner. Because we found that it takes no less than eight years to make a smooth Scotch. Which is why we wait.

And then what most Scotch drinkers look for is easier to find. Because what we're making is more than just light Scotch.

It's a Mild Sensation.

Ambassador...The Mild Sensation.
Mellowed 8 years.

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKIES, 86 PROOF. THE JOS. GARNEAU CO., NEW YORK, N.Y. © 1969